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W. N. McMILLAN'S EXPEDITIONS

AND

BIG GAME HUNTING

IN

SOUTHERN SUDAN, ABYSSINIA & EAST AFRICA

BY

B. H. JESSEN, C.E., F.R.G.S.

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W. N. McMILLAN'S EXPEDITIONS

AND

BIG GAME HUNTING

IN

SUDAN, ABYSSINIA, & BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

BY

B. H. JESSEN, C.E., F.R.

With One Hundred and Twelve Illustrations and One Map

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Preface.

THROUGH a fortunate circumstance it has been my privilege to accompany Mr. W. N. McMillan on several of his Expeditions in the Southern Sudan, Abyssinia, and British East Africa, and hence I have been enabled to record some of the experiences which befell us during the three and a-half years of stirring life among savages, wild animals and unknown countries.

We were also enabled to map the several routes traversed, and, in some cases, succeeded in filling in some patches, which until then had remained a blank on the maps of the world, a privilege which, no matter how seemingly unimportant, would fill the heart of any explorer or geographer with just pride, and which, I hope, will place Mr. McMillan's name on record among the geographical annals of the world for ever.

With regard to the, in only too many cases, bad or peculiar English in the book, I have only to draw the readers' attention to the fact that, although I have resided among English speaking peoples for twenty-five years, I was born in Norway, and, I am afraid, it takes quite a few lifetimes to learn the English language properly.

With regard to the geographical records, maps, etc., they can, of course, not be taken to be absolutely accurate, but the conditions of the countries and climate, and more especially the

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short time used will, I am sure, be sufficient excuse for any discrepancies which may be discovered later. No special effort was really made at any strict scientific survey except in some isolated cases.

The book naturally divides itself into four parts, according to the different Expeditions made, such as "The First Blue Nile Expedition," "The Sobat and Boma Expedition," "The Melut and Kerin route and second Blue Nile Expedition," and the journey to British East Africa.

The subject matter proper, descriptions of the countries traversed, with their geographic, politic and economic conditions, etc., has been interspersed with stories of big game hunting and anecdotes of camp life, in order to make the matter more popularly readable.

I am indebted to Mrs. McMillan for the outline of some amusing incidents which occurred during my absence from camp on the Sobat river, and to Mr. C. W. L. Bulpett for a large part of the subject matter in the two last chapters of the book.

The photographs were taken by different persons, but the largest numbers must be accredited to Mrs. McMillan, whose untiring efforts at obtaining good records of everything of interest throughout her stay with us during the Sobat Expedition were most commendable.

The sketches are mostly improved copies of originals made by the writer on the spot.

B. H. J.

To

MR. AND MRS. W. N. McMILLAN,

in hearty appreciation of the honour, pleasure, and valuable experience which has been privileged me through their kindness and courtesey during the three years and a-half of stirring incidents spent among the wilds of Africa,

I MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

B. H. J.

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THE AFRICAN EXPEDITIONS

OF

W. N. McMILLAN.

BOOK I.

FIRST BLUE NILE EXPEDITION, 1903.

THE AFRICAN EXPEDITIONS

OF

W. N. McMILLAN.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARIES.

IT was in order to recuperate his health that Mr. McMillan first went to Abyssinia in 1902, and while in Harrar and Adis Abeba he conceived the idea of attempting to navigate the Blue Nile for commercial purposes.

At that time little was known of the Blue Nile from the junction of the Yabus River up to the junction of the River Muger, a distance of about 300 miles. From this point to Adis Abeba, the Capital of Abyssinia, there is a road or track, and as the distance is only about 80 miles, the journey can be made by camel or mule caravan in six days. The railway from Djibouti, in French Somaliland, had only been extended as far as Diri Dawa, on the Abyssinian border, and as King Menelik, for diplomatic and other reasons, refused his sanction for its further extension, the outlook was rather meagre for the proposed extension of the road to Adis Abeba. Consequently it was necessary to proceed from Diri Dawa to Harrar or Adis Abeba by caravan, a most expensive and arduous undertaking, requiring some fourteen days of hard marching to accomplish.

TO MR.
McMILLAN

The freight on goods shipped to or from Adis Abeba was so high as to make it almost prohibitive, consequently another opening for the trade products of the country was badly required.

The Sudan Government at Khartoum were naturally anxious to divert the Abyssinian trade in their direction, and hence it will be seen that if the Blue Nile was found navigable it would prove of invaluable importance for export into the Sudan.

The natural resources of Abyssinia are immense. Cereals of all kinds can be raised with a minimum of labour, and coffee and cotton are also cultivated in places. The gum and ivory trades are of some importance, and as the mineral wealth of the country is still practically unknown it is fairly safe to predict a prosperous future for the land of the Negus.

Alluvial gold is washed out of the river beds all along the western borders, but so far no gold in quantities large enough to ensure success if worked on a large scale has been found. This I should judge is due to the volcanic nature of the mountains along the border. Closer investigation by experts, however, may develop unexpected treasures.

On the whole it will be seen from the above that Mr. McMillan's undertaking was well worth risking a good deal for, and ought to have reaped for him the gratitude of both countries concerned, as well as of the whole commercial world.

An undertaking of this kind would naturally be very expensive, but fortunately this was only a matter of detail to Mr. McMillan, and no expense was consequently spared in order to ensure success. Unfortunately, however, the best equipped expeditions do come to grief sometimes, no matter how well fitted out they may be.

CHAPTER II.

OUTLINE OF MAIN EXPEDITION.

IN the autumn of 1902 Mr. McMillan, who had then returned to England, began to equip his Expedition.

Three steel boats, built in sections, were ordered, and all the necessary paraphernalia was bought and shipped to Adis Abeba.

As the country along the Blue Nile was unknown, and of course it was impossible to tell how long time it would take for the boats to reach Roseires, and they could only carry a limited supply of stores, it was decided to build a small steam launch, 40 feet long, which was to be sent up the Blue Nile from Khartoum as far as possible in order to relieve the Expedition coming down. This secondary Expedition was given in charge of the writer, and as I had to proceed on my journey ahead of the main Expedition I of course knew nothing of their exploits until afterwards, and will therefore only give a rough outline of it here.

Everything had gone first rate and the Expedition members had started off from Djibouti through the Donekil country towards Adis Abeba. The Expedition at that time only consisted of Mr. McMillan, Mr. Brown, Mr. De Bois, correspondent to the newspaper *Figaro*, William Marlow, Mr. McMillan's servant, and some Somalis and Abyssinians.

On the road through the Donekil country Mr. De Bois strayed away from the caravan, and was foully murdered and

mutilated by the treacherous Donekils. The murderer was caught after considerable trouble, taken to Harrar for trial, and finally hanged. This, however, delayed the Expedition a month, but finally Adis Abeba was reached. Here the Expedition was joined by Dr. Koreander, Capt. Fairfax, Mr. Lang, a mining engineer, and Mr. Clark of the British Legation.

After some days' rest the Expedition again started off on their last journey towards the junction of the Muger River with the Blue Nile, or Abai as it is called by the Abyssinians in that district.

After an arduous journey through a very mountainous and difficult country the Blue Nile was reached in safety at last, and preparations were at once begun for the downward journey to Khartoum. The boats were put together, a rather difficult task as the joints would not fit, loads were assorted, and the caravan made ready for its return to Adis Abeba. The river was very low, and looked anything but promising, and as it was full of small cataracts and very crooked, great care had to be taken in navigating the boats. A party was sent down the river some miles to report on its navigability, and as they returned and reported it possible a start was finally made. For the first few miles everything went well, but then a bad cataract, curving into an S shape around rocky points, was encountered, and here the Expedition came to grief. One boat upset and the other sank, thus depriving the Expedition of all their stores and most of their ammunition, making it of course impossible to proceed further. There was nothing left for them to eat but one chicken and some flour, and as the caravan had been sent back, and there were no villages near, they were rather in hard straits. Messengers were at once sent after the caravan to bring it back, while a camp was made among the boulders on the beach. To cap the climax a storm came on that night, in the middle of

which one of the Somalis was caught by a crocodile and dragged towards the river. Luckily he was saved just in the nick of time, but his hand had been crushed and his head was badly lacerated and torn, and on the whole it was a marvel he escaped with his life.

The caravan was fortunately stopped and brought back, after which the whole party returned to Adis Abeba, where they split up for their several destinations. The doctor, who had with him a lot of money and valuables, lost all he had in that wreck, but was refunded fully later on through Mr. McMillan's generosity.

It will be seen that they had had a very hard time of it, and had accomplished but little of the actual work contemplated, but great experience had been gained, and consequently Mr. McMillan, nothing daunted by his first failure, promised to return the next year to try again with better boats.

This is, of course, a very brief outline only of the main part of the Expedition; a detached description has been written by one of the members, which may be published separately.

CHAPTER III.

MR. McMILLAN'S AUXILIARY EXPEDITION IN STEAM LAUNCH "ADIS ABEBA."

ON March 9th, 1903, the writer left Barry Docks on the Moss Line steamer, *Nitocris*, having the launch Adis Abeba securely lashed to the forward port deck. We were bound for Alexandria, where the launch was to be shipped by rail to Khartoum. Here she would be put into the water, whereupon we were to go by our own steam up the Blue Nile as far as possible in order to meet the McMillan party coming down. Regarding the launch itself I will give a brief description of it, and the way it was fitted out.

It was built in Brimscombe, close to Stroud. Its length over all was 39 feet, beam 6 ft. 6 in., with a mean draft of 24 in. when loaded. It was fitted with a single high pressure engine, and horizontal tubular boiler, and could steam about 6½ knots under favourable circumstances. The boiler was fitted out in a special way, and steam could be generated by using either wood, coal or oil fuel, as the circumstances would demand. One ton and a half of crude oil was to be carried, sufficient to steam 750 miles. As it might be desirable to steam at night in certain cases a powerful acetylene searchlight was constructed and taken along. Several parts of the engine were duplicated, and spare propellers were also carried.

On the trip out to Alexandria the launch was filled with

water by the seas breaking over the sides, the floor was broken up, the stern sheets smashed, and some more minor damage was done, and as the ship was rolling heavily at the time the boat was subjected to very severe strains, but stood it admirably. Finally, after an uneventful passage of sixteen days, Alexandria was reached in safety March 25th.

Everything was supposed to have been arranged for the reception of the launch and its safe passage to Khartoum, but this proved not to be the case, and a lot of running about, telegraphing, interviewing, and writing had to be done before a start could be made. A duty of 8½ per cent. was demanded on the *ad valorum* value of everything. Freight was charged on the tonnage of the trucks which the launch and accessories occupied, and as no trucks but a fifteen and a twenty-five ton one were available, freight was charged accordingly.

As this was my first trip to Egypt I naturally took a lively interest in everything I saw in that marvellous country, and all my spare time was spent in sightseeing. The first impressions received by a European arriving in this historic country are so strange and varied that it would fill a book in itself, and consequently I must omit it here. The ruins after the bombardment of Alexandria by the British Fleet were visited, then the Mosque, Pyramids, Museums, and historical buildings in Cairo, and strange and lasting are the impressions one receives from it all, and one unconsciously drifts back into the times of the Pharoahs.

Unfortunately my time was so taken up with the work on hand that very brief visits only could be made to the several places of interest.

On April 3rd everything was ready and I started off for Luxor and Assouan, and finally Shellal (the Arab name for cataract), at the Great Dam, was reached April 8th. Here the launch had to be towed as far as Wady Halfa, 226 miles further up the Nile.

A trial trip was made with the launch in the Dam, which was then full, and a most romantic little cruise it was. We steamed in among the old ruins of Philae, which were half covered with water. The tops of tall date palms were just visible above the water, and looked like small islands, reflecting themselves on the quiet surface. It seemed a great pity that these magnificent old ruins should thus be given over to partial destruction, but the increase in population of Lower Egypt needed the fertilising waters of the Nile for their crops, and hence the grand works of the old Egyptians had to be sacrificed after having resisted the elements for thousands of years.

On the way up to Wady Halfa the scenery on both sides of the Nile is most romantic and interesting. Ruins of old temples and towns are passed on both sides, until at last the grand rock temple of Abu Simbel is reached, where the steamers lay to in order that passengers may view this wonderful spot. After that it takes but a few hours to reach Wady Halfa, where the Sudan Railway commences.

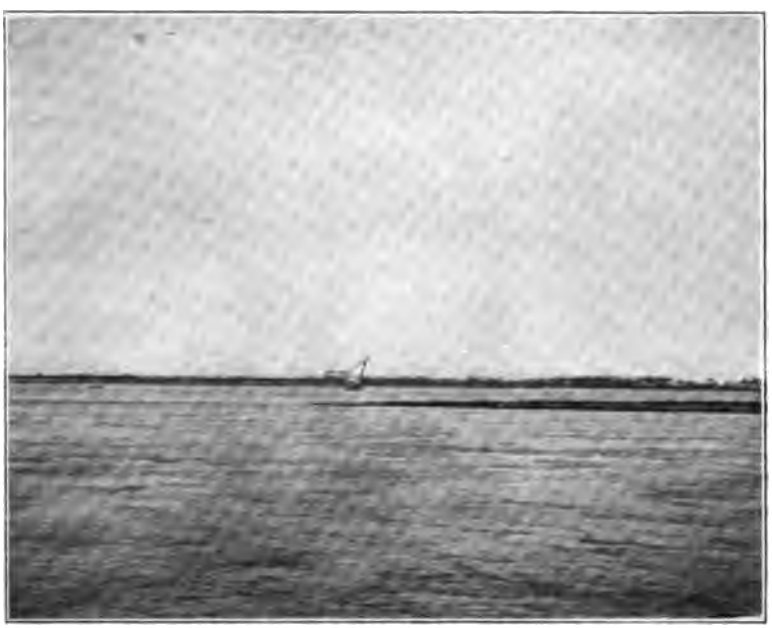
Here the launch had to be transhipped and put on trucks for its journey to Khartoum, a task which was successfully accomplished through the courtesy of Col. Macaulay, then Director of the Sudan Railways, who lent me a hundred natives to pull the launch up a steep embankment.

We now started off on our journey through the desert, and a fearfully hot and dusty journey it was in spite of the excellent accommodation. The fine dust penetrated everything, and in the morning when you woke up at Aby Hamed you could write your name on every object in your compartment. Here hot or cold baths await you at the station bathrooms, which everybody most thankfully patronise. Whoever conceived the idea of building these baths ought to receive the V.C. I think.

From Abu Hamed on, the railway skirts the banks of the Nile, and the scenery again becomes varied and pretty in places.

KHARTOUM.

We crossed the Atbara river, spanned by a substantial bridge, built by the Pencoyd Bridge Co., of Philadelphia, passed through the town of Berber, now connected by rail with Port Sudan on the Red Sea, and hence a town of great importance, and numerous other towns and villages. At last Khartoum was reached late at night, after a twenty-eight hours' railway journey. It had been a hot journey, as the thermometer had registered 109 in the shade midday.



THE BLUE NILE AT KHARTOUM.

The railway terminus of Khartoum is at Halfaya, on the right bank of the Blue Nile, while Khartoum proper lies on the opposite bank. A Government steamer takes you across in a few minutes, and as there was no landing pier you had to scramble up a very steep bank the best way you could.

The first impression one gets of Khartoum from Halfaya is not at all unfavourable. It lies scattered over a distance of

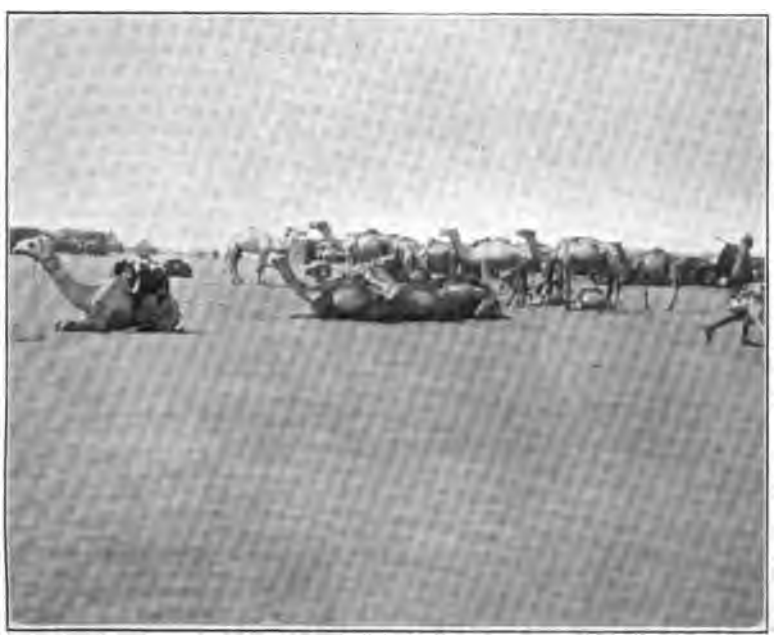
about four miles on the south bank of the Blue Nile, and owing to the many stately date palms scattered among the Government buildings it looks rather pretty. The Sirdar's Palace especially gives an air of importance to the place, which cannot escape notice. On closer inspection, however, and after the newness of it all has worn off, Khartoum proves to be anything but interesting. There is a native college of some pretensions, some

STREET IN OMDURMAN.

English barracks, large Government workshops, a palace, Government buildings, a club, three banks, one fairly good hotel, a post and telegraph office, some brick buildings, and a lot of native mud huts, &c.; and last, but not least, a botanical and zoological garden, of great interest. Besides being the capital, Khartoum is the naval station of the Sudan, possessing some gunboats, a small floating dock, and shipbuilding and machine works at Halfaya.

OMDURMAN.

Opposite Khartoum, at the junction of the White and Blue Niles, lies Omdurman, of Khalifa fame. All that one can say of Omdurman is that it consists of a labyrinth of mudhouses, and that it is as hot as a furnace, and smothered in dust. The Omdurman battlefields lie to the north of that city, with barren sand mountains for a background. Not a tree or bush is visible for miles, only sand and dust on which the sun beats down with



CAMEL MARKET.

a power and fierceness that makes the air quiver and blur the view. I was told, however, and afterwards experienced it myself, that during the fall of the year the climate is nice and cool, and quite healthy.

After getting my things into the Grand Khartoum Hotel I at once began to make preparations for the journey up the Blue Nile.

The *Adis Abeba* was launched and fitted up, men were

engaged, and as soon as my provisions, which I had bought in Alexandria, arrived they were stowed away in the launch. A small punt was built to carry the fuel and accessories, and at last on May 7th we were ready for a start. I had been received most courteously by H.H. The Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, and all the Sudan officials with whom I had the honour to have any dealings. A pass had been secured and instructions sent on ahead to all Muders, Mamors, and Sheikhs of districts up the Blue Nile to give me all the assistance in their power.

Just before starting I received a letter from Colonel J. L. Harrington, then British Resident at Adis Abeba in Abyssinia, telling me that he expected Mr. McMillan's expedition would reach Famakka about June 20th, so I had plenty of time in which to get to that place.

The men I engaged consisted of a headman or Rais, a sailor, a fireman, and a boy whom I called Sambo, all green, and none of them had been on a steamer before. The Rais who was to steer had no knowledge of a steering wheel, while the fireman had not fired a cookstove even, so I prepared for squalls and hard work.

The Blue Nile as far as Roseires has been so thoroughly described by previous travellers that I hope I may be excused if I only give a short description of the incidents which befell us on our way up to Famakka and back.

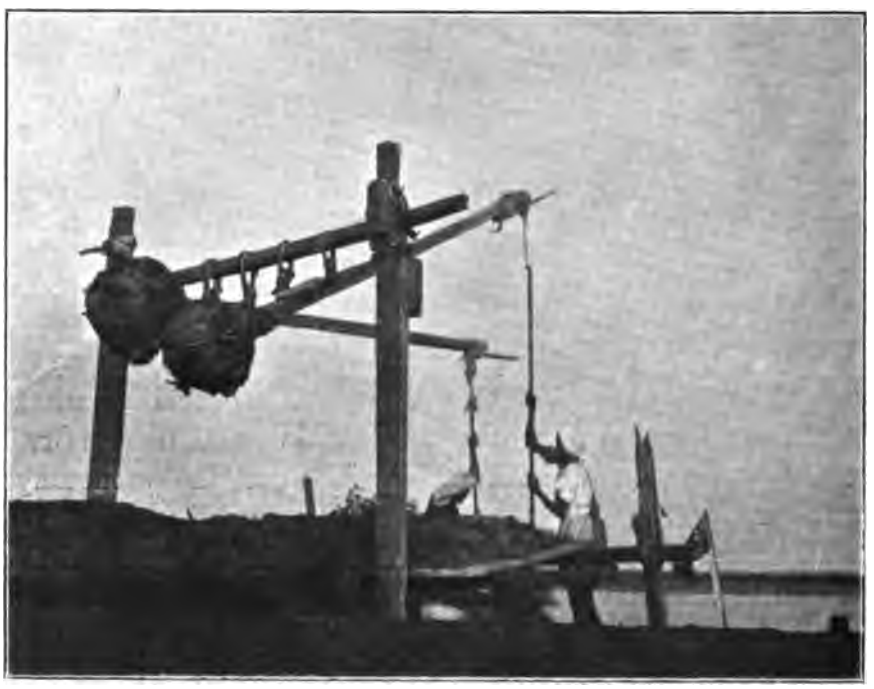
CHAPTER IV.

THE BLUE NILE.

ON May 8th we got off up the Blue Nile, the punt securely tied to the side of the launch, and I began already to wonder how far into Abyssinia we could get. Unfortunately we had to start off on oil fuel as there was no wood to be had for a hundred miles. The first day we only went 13 miles, and stopped overnight at a small village called Um Dom, where we got some milk. As the Nile from Khartoum to Kemlin is bordered on both sides by low banks overgrown with bush and small trees the scenery is very uninteresting, and there is really nothing to be said about it except that the monotony is wearisome.

The second day we began to run on sandbanks, and made very little headway. After that we came to a place where progress seemed impossible, but the way natives get boats over shallows is marvellous. They put their backs to the side of the boat, give a kind of song nearly always ending in Alla, and off she goes a couple of inches. This they kept up for eight hours, and we had crossed a sandbank half a mile long, with only seventeen inches of water anywhere, while we were at the time drawing twenty-two. This repeated itself on a smaller scale the fourth day, and we were over the place where we were supposed to have been stranded, and had reached Kemlin, seventy-five miles from Khartoum. Here I was very kindly

received by the Mudeer, Major Dickinson, who asked me to dinner and offered me a bed for the night. Before leaving, the Major lent me a first-class 303 rifle, and gave me fifty cartridges. Soon after starting we ran into a sandbank again, but found a small channel just wide enough to float in. This took us about half a mile ahead, when all of a sudden it stopped and we had no more than fourteen inches of water anywhere. About



THE WAY WATER IS TAKEN FROM THE NILE.

twenty yards ahead, however, was a small waterfall with about six inches drop formed between two boulders. Here was plenty of water. All the natives available round about were called out, and within an hour a channel had been dug and the *Adis Abeba* was hauled through the small cataract successfully. Shortly afterwards I shot my first crocodile, a small one.

We had about the same kind of adventures every day now,

stuck on banks, wriggling through somehow, got the pump full of sand, and had to make innumerable stops. We were now running on wood, and had to stop at wood stations and found great difficulty in securing anything but green wood, as this was not the season for steamers. Assistance was given by the natives everywhere, and wherever there was a village the whole community turned out dressed in their best. A man on a camel

WASHING DAY IN KHARTOUM.

had been sent on ahead as far as Wad Medani from Kemlin, warning the Sheikhs of our arrival in order to have wood ready, so nearly everything went smoothly for a while. The Mamor at Rufaa was very courteous, and asked me to dinner, giving every assistance. On the eighth day we had our first accident. The brass propeller struck a rock, and all the blades got badly bent, so we stopped at Abu Haraz for repairs. We pulled the launch

half way over on her side, and I went into the water under her stern to take the propeller off. It had become stuck and a large lever was applied. Somehow the lever slipped and struck me a powerful blow on the side of the face, and sent me several yards out in the river, where I was picked up unconscious. I came to after a while, and escaped with a couple of bruises, an open gash in my mouth and a swollen face. The propeller was finally taken off and a new one replaced.

The next day we reached Wad Medani, where I called on the Mudeer Colonel Gorringe, who gave every assistance. During the night we had a rise in the Nile of three feet.

This helped us to reach Hajar Gufa, a place of which the handbook says that after January further progress for steamers is impossible, as there is a granite reef running right across the river. We found a loophole, however, and passed through after an exciting ten minutes, part of which we actually stood still between two rocks. I was just congratulating myself when burr went the engine, spinning round at a terrific rate. The propeller had struck a log, and all the blades were knocked clean off, so off we went drifting right towards the rocks. We got out the anchor and fortunately she stopped. A man swam ashore with a rope, and at last we got her safely in. Another cast iron propeller was put on, and we were off again.

On the 20th May we reached Sennar, 241 miles from Khartoum. Here we stopped one day to rest, as we had been at it Sundays and weekdays since leaving Khartoum. There is really very little to say about these villages, a lot of native huts huddled together in the greatest disorder, dirt and rags everywhere. Wad Medani and Rufaa were the only places of some size, and where stores of all kinds could be bought at reasonable prices. I was too busy getting along, and had too much to do in the launch to go ashore much. The fireman was just beginning to catch on, and the Rais could manage the wheel in quiet water.

On May 23rd we reached a small cataract at a place called Dacila, and an exciting time we had of it. The punt was alongside as usual, and we had got over the most dangerous part when we went into very strong currents, where we stood absolutely still. Meanwhile the steam was going down, and as we had rocks on both sides we could not run ashore. Finally I decided to cut the punt adrift, and asked for volunteers to take their chance in her going down over the rapids by herself. The sailor and the boy went, and no sooner was the punt loose than we shot ahead and got safely over the rest of the cataract. Meanwhile the punt went flying through foaming water among the rocks and sunken trees, and how she escaped being smashed was a marvel, but she did. She was afterwards towed up along the shore. We called at innumerable places, the largest of which were Singa and Katkoj. We lost one more propeller, and had a lot of excitement and minor accidents, and finally reached Roseires on May 30th. I was nearly exhausted with the heat and overwork. Two small meals a day, and work in 130 deg. at times for 10 hours takes a man's strength. The engine room was terribly hot, and as the fireman was laid up with a scalded foot I had to do everything myself, and I was glad to get a rest. We had gone 378 miles, so all the bearings were in a bad state, and it took us five days to get into shape again. The gunboat ***Sultan*** was lying at Roseires, and I received every assistance and courtesy possible from Messrs. Middleton and Fothergill, the engineers on board.

CHAPTER V.

ROSEIRES CATARACT.

THE natural beauty of Roseires and surrounding country is very fascinating. Lying as it does on high hilly ground surrounded by thick forests and small hills, while the cataract right below with its pleasant sound of swift running water lends a charm to the place which is irresistible, and as the hunting is excellent, it is no wonder that Englishmen staying here do not wish to go to Omdurman or Khartoum. There were three Englishmen there, not counting the two on board the *Sultan*—Capt. Smyth, Bimbashi Hanke and Mr. Gorringe, a brother of Colonel Gorringe at Wad Medani. Capt. Smyth I did not see, but the other two gentlemen, together with the Mamor, were all very obliging, giving all the assistance they could. I learned that the cataracts were very dangerous just then, as the water was low, and that a felucca even had never gone up or down except at High Nile. Quoting from a report of 1889 on Roseires cataract by the late Capt. N. M. Smyth, V.C., we read as follows:—

"The Roseires cataract has never been navigated by a steamer, but it is reported that before 1881 sailing boats passed up and down regularly, and since then, rafts using oars or paddles have passed down the stream carrying goods.

"The cataract is about six miles long."

From the above it will be seen that Capt. Smyth's opinion

with regard to the navigability of these cataracts was not favourable. Mr. Middleton of the *Sultan* had been all over the cataracts, and offered his valuable services along with that of the *Sultan's* best Rais, four sailors and a large hawser. I sent my Rais and the *Sultan*'s up to go over the cataracts during the day, and if their report was favourable we would start on the morrow.. The Rais's returned and shook their heads ominously, and my Rais, who was no good by the way, was afraid to try. Nevertheless, Sheikh Nimmer of Roseires and thirty men were engaged to go along the shore in order to pull the ropes if necessary, as I had made up my mind to try and steam up.

Finally we started on June 5th. On board were nine natives and three Europeans, the two engineers from the *Sultan* and myself. The engineers had lifebelts with them as they could not swim. We went slowly ahead for a mile against a very strong current. The punt, by the way, and all unnecessary articles had been left behind, oil included.

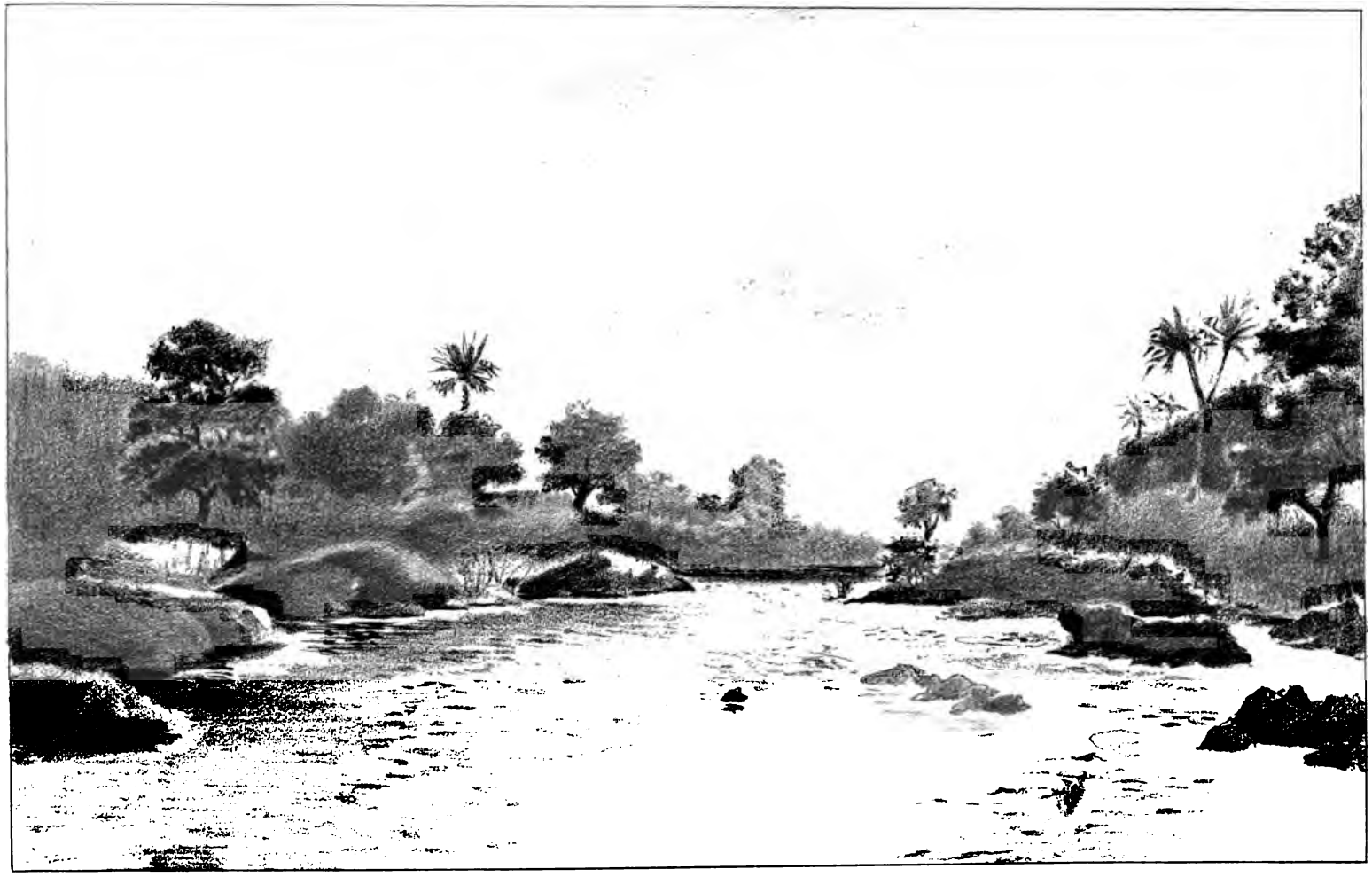
After we had gone a mile the fun began. The steering wheel came off and the launch went flying down stream, on to a pebbly beach, half upsetting. Nothing broke, however, so off we went again, and finally we got up among the rocks and into the cataracts proper. We were forcing ahead slowly in between two dangerous looking rocks, in a very strong boiling current, but she steered awfully bad in strong turbulent water, and before we knew it she simply veered to one side and struck some rocks under water, where we fortunately became stuck. Progress in that direction was abandoned. Again luck was with us and nothing was hurt. After an hour's work we got her off, and down stream on to a sandbank, where we stopped to deliberate. I decided on another channel, and off we went again. A little further up we came to a bad looking place among ugly rocks, and currents running in all directions. The current near our shore was going up stream to a rock around which the main

stream came rushing, boiling and seething, making immense whirlpools and dashing against a big rock below, where it was forced to one side and curved round down stream. There was no other way so we had to try, but we had no sooner got the launch's nose into the whirlpool than she became absolutely uncontrollable, and went flying bow on to the rocks below. So quickly did it all happen that I had no time to reverse the engine before bang! she went on to the rocks. Everybody thought her lost, and we stood, waiting for her to sink, but she did not; and after examining her, we found she had only a scratch on her bow, so she must have been as strong as a rock, end on. Meanwhile, we had got into a very tight hole, and how to get out was the question. The water was rushing and foaming all around us, and after pulling her to one side, we got into a back eddie which took us up to the gap between the rocks, through which the main stream came roaring down. It was an awful looking place, and, seemingly, impossible to get through. On our side a huge rock, outside of which, at a distance of three yards, the top of a large boulder could be seen at times a little below the surface. This boulder caused enormous whirlpools to be formed, some being at least four feet deep at times, and then it also caused a very strong back under-current. Up above the water was smooth and good-looking for quite a distance. The Sheikh said it was impossible and the Rais would say nothing. The Sheikh walked ashore, he had had enough of it he said. I went up on the rock to think the situation over and it took me an hour to make up my mind. As it was equally dangerous to go back I reasoned that if the launch was to be lost she should at least go down fighting, so I ordered the ropes out and got steam up to the blow off point. My idea was to run her full speed right out alongside the boulder and then by the aid of ropes and steam try to climb up into smooth water. The first attempt was a failure, as she

simply put her nose right under, leaned over to one side, and looked as if she was going straight to the bottom, shipping quantities of water. The undercurrent took hold of her and flung us right back to where we started from. This made me determined that we should succeed or sink, so another attempt was made, steaming slowly. We got alongside the boulder shipping a little water over the bow and one side, then we bumped side on to it, and the Rais called out "Stop the engine." On the contrary I called to the men to pull like fury, and put full speed on. Ahead she went slowly inch by inch, grating along the boulder, and at last we shot ahead and were in smooth water. It was an exciting moment and we were all glad to take a little rest up above on a sandbank. For the rest of the day we had some minor excitements, such as running on to blind rocks, and getting the propeller blades badly bent. By the way, we had put on the old brass propeller before starting after straightening it. At last we tied up for the night. The two engineers from the *Sultan* were perfectly exhausted, and went to a small hunting hut they had in the neighbourhood, and I was glad to go with them to get a cup of tea and something to eat, as none of us had had a bite that day. Mr. Fothergill went out and shot a couple of partridges, so we had a delightful supper, with whisky and soda and cigarettes after, then a much needed rest.

The next day dawned bright and promising, and after getting steam up I started off again, the two engineers walking along the shore, they had had enough of it too. After having gone for an hour we came to the worst place in the Roseires cataract, and goodness knows it looked bad, very bad, but I had now made up my mind to win or go down, so out with the ropes. The men got frightened, packed their things and sent them ashore, and those who could not swim were ordered off. The difficult point was to get round a rock jutting out of the stream a little way ahead,

and to clear the whirlpools, which were enormous—we could almost see the bottom through some of them. The Nile at this point had a peculiarity which we had to take advantage of. It rises and falls several feet at intervals of two or three minutes. When it is low the water is comparatively smooth, and when high like a boiling cauldron. A double set of ropes were put on the bow, and a check rope on the stern. This check rope saved the *Adis Abeba*. As someone had to give directions to the several gangs of men at the three ropes, and as the engines were to be stopped I took a position on the big rock at which we were lying. At last she was pushed off into the stream at low water. One of the bow ropes became entangled in some rock under water at once, and became useless, but it delayed operations long enough for the water to rise, and before we knew it she was in the middle of an enormous whirlpool, and the men at the remaining bow rope could only hold her still. She leaned over and shipped great quantities of water, and at last the men at the rope could hold on no longer. Round she swung and off down stream at a great rate. Meanwhile the man at the stern rope was letting this go too, and had the tail end in his hand when I caught sight of him and shouted to hold on for all he was worth. It took me but a minute to get to him, and none too soon as he had been pulled out into deep water. We pulled with all our strength on it and were overjoyed to see the *Adis Abeba* slowly sliding sideways into smooth water. Unfortunately her rudder struck a rock and was bent nearly horizontal, and badly cracked it at the neck or part connecting it to the post or iron shaft. It was taken off, heated in the fire and strengthened, but it was weakened so much that it was a question if it would stand the strain. However, I determined to try if we could get through the cataracts with it. We found it impossible to get any further on the side we were, so I steamed across in order to try the other side, thus doing without the Sheikh and his men, who were prac-



Blue Nile at Abu Shendi - (near Famakka)

stayed here 44 days

tically useless anyway, too lazy and indifferent for words. I had on board eight men and the Rais. To cut it short after some more hairbreadth escapes, capsizing and bumping on rocks and shipping of water, we got into comparatively smooth water at last, and were making a final dash for a sandbank across a swift current, when off went the rudder. Fortunately we had enough speed on to take us through, and we got ashore all right, having accomplished the feat of getting through the Roseires Cataracts at practically Low Nile, and doing it nearly all under our own steam. All that was left of the rudder was the iron post. This I took with me to Roseires, where I secured a couple of old iron sheets, and through the courtesy of Mr. Middleton, who supplied tools and a couple of helpers, I was enabled to make a new rudder in a couple of days.

On June 8th we were again ready to start, and off we went for Famakka, meeting with strong currents and very low water in places. At one place it took us about two hours to go one mile on account of strong current and down grade, combined with a strong head wind.

The scenery now began to be interesting and beautiful. Fine forest on both sides, and very high banks, with mountains visible in the distance. The further we went the more wild and rocky became the scenery. At Dakhila we had our first glimpse of Fazogli Mountain in the distance. Hopes ran high, and we pushed on, as I had determined to stop at Famakka for repairs, cleaning and painting.

On June 12th the river suddenly narrowed up between rugged rocks on both sides, and very soon we entered a narrow but deep channel, the beginning of the Famakka cataracts. I had been told by an Egyptian officer, who did not know, by the way, that these cataracts were small and easy to go through, and yet no boat had ever gone through them, according to the natives. However, we steamed right on, and in a little while we were in

the middle of a surging, roaring cataract, full of rocks and undercurrents. At Abu Shendi, a small place at the beginning of the cataracts, we had taken the Sheikh of the village on board to show us the way, but he knew nothing about it, never having been through before, so I did my own piloting. The first trial at a rapid settled the matter at once. The current was so strong that the water rose up all round the launch, and in less than half a minute she was half filled, twirled round like a top and thrown into a little cove between the rocks. For my part I had enough of cataracts, was tired of them in fact, so I turned round and went back to Abu Shendi in order to investigate matters before trying again. Accordingly I took the Rais with me and started off that day.

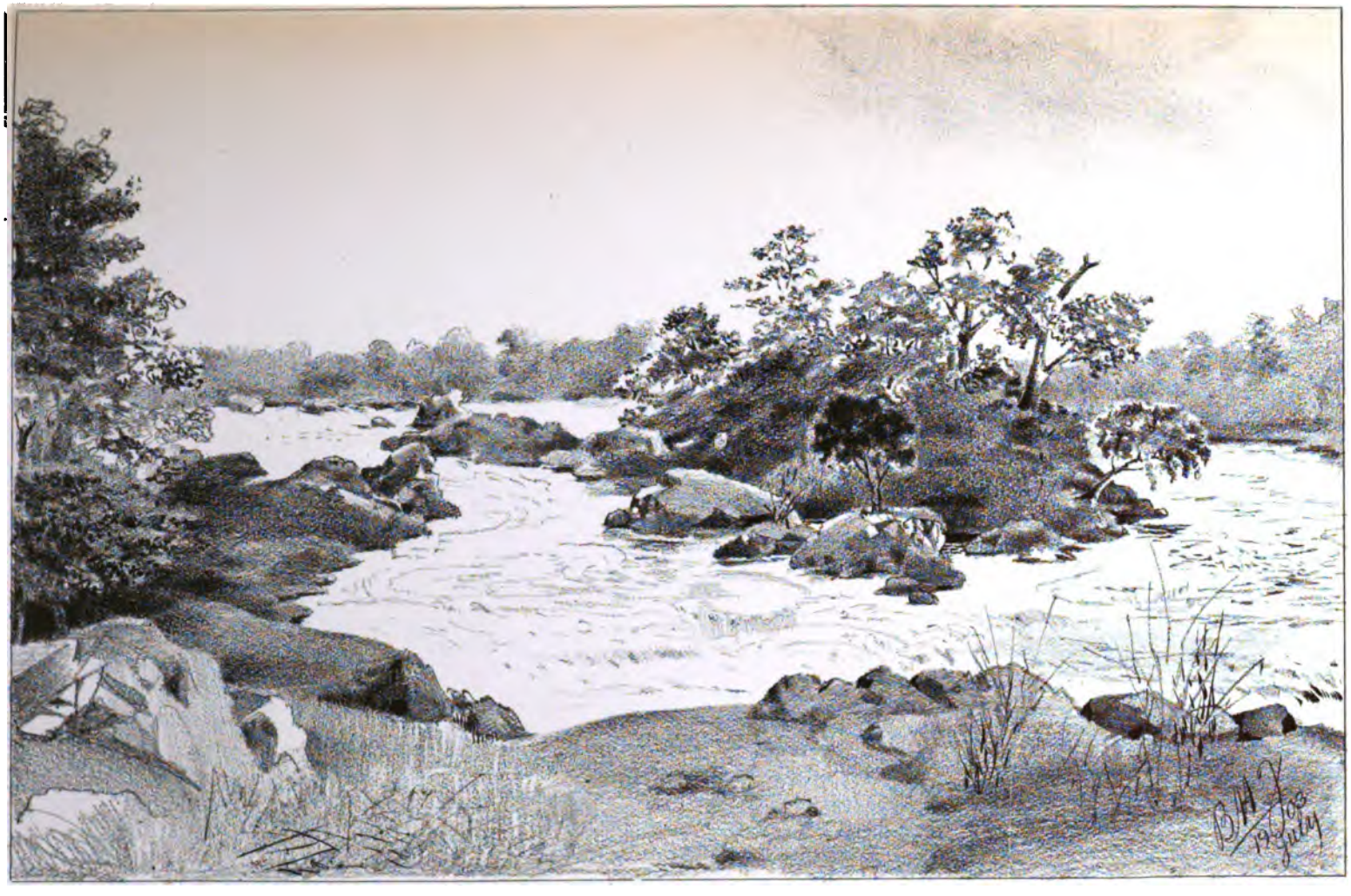
I found the cataract to be in four parts, the lower the only dangerous one, but the two upper ones were so full of boulders and had so little water in them that no boat could get over until the Nile rose at least three feet more, so all we could do was to wait.

I went to Famakka the next day, only three miles from Abu Shendi. On the opposite side of the river the Fazogli Mountain reared its head 2,600 feet above the sea level. It is steep and rugged, but treeclad from top to bottom. Right under the mountain lies the village Fazogli, its conical yellow straw huts looking very pretty among the dom palms and trees of many shades of green.

The chief industry of Fazogli is tobacco. Dura, Lubia beans, and Sem sem are also raised, while some gold is found in the kors, coming down from the Beni Shangul district. Malarial fever is very prevalent during the rainy season, and the zeroot fly kills off all pack animals.

A road or track was reported to exist from Fazogli into Abyssinia.

There seems to be a large amount of coffee and gum



Beginning of Famakka Cataracts - Blue Nile

passing through this district from Abyssinia, and consequently a customs station has been established at Abu Shenina by the Sudan Government.

The river below winds its way peacefully and quietly along between high grass-clad banks, and no one would suspect it being as dangerous as it is a few miles further up and a mile further down.

Old Famakka proper was deserted, and lying as it did on a high rocky hill sixty feet above the river, with no trees to obstruct the view, it presents a peculiar sight with its many straw huts, apparently in good repair, and a large stone building surrounded by a stone wall, the old fort that used to be, all utterly deserted. By close inspection we found it to be overgrown with grass, weeds and bushes, and occupied by lizards only. The garrison had been withdrawn some time before, and as soon as the soldiers left the natives who used to live there went down to the fertile plains below.

As I could get no news of Mr. McMillan's party I returned to the boat and commenced washing and painting her, and putting her into shipshape once more. This took five days, and as we arrived June 12th, and one day had been spent at Famakka, this brought us to June 18th, two days off the time when Colonel Harrington said the party might be at Famakka. I waited until June 23rd, but as no news was to be had of the party I began to suspect trouble.

The Nile meanwhile had gone down six feet, instead of rising as everybody had predicted. I could not stay doing nothing any longer, so I organised a small party, consisting of myself and three natives, one mule (very old and stiff), and one small donkey. The mule, the donkey, and two men were lent to me by Sheikh Ahmed of Fazogli.

In the early morning of June 23rd I started off on the mule, the baggage being on the donkey, while the men walked. The

road was a narrow footpath, winding snakelike among high grass, through forests, over mountains and hills, over small rivers and mountain torrents, through bogs and pretty grassy plains in places. The scenery became beautiful further along. The river became more and more rocky, with innumerable cataracts and small waterfalls. The forests became more dense, the trees larger, some assuming an enormous size in girth at least. I measured one giant—it was a gongolais tree—sixty-two feet in circumference. To get a steamer up this way was impossible with such low water in the Nile, and I began to wonder how the boats which Mr. McMillan and party had with them were to be brought down. For three days and a half I rode on, then we came to the Wombara river junction. Here the natives would go no farther, as they insisted that it was the end of the Sudan. Lewis Pasha in passing here some time before had driven a pole in the ground some distance below at the riverside, and the natives had an idea that it was done to mark the end of English rule. From the Sudan handbook this appears to be true, as Wad Tur el Guri, who used to rule over the district beyond the pole, was defeated by Ras Makunnon of Abyssinia in 1897, and the district occupied in 1898 by the Abyssinians.

The natives here spoke a language which my men could not understand. At last we found one man who could speak Arabic, and from him we learned that many days march further south an Englishman with two guides had been inspecting the river, and had gone south again, and that a party of English and Abyssinians, with three boats, were camping further south waiting for high Nile. I was glad to know so much, as it relieved me of all doubt, so I turned round and started for the launch *Adis Abeba* again.

I had been almost eaten by mosquitos, soaked by the rain, and blistered by the sun and poisonous flies, and I had a high time of it riding back, as I got a bad dose of fever before starting.

A HUNT NEAR JEBEL GUBBA.

In the afternoon of one day my two guides and I arrived at a couple of conical straw huts, lying on the top of a hill a few hundred yards from the banks of the Blue Nile. We were about thirty miles south of Famakka, and as we had had a warm day of it, I thought I would put up here for the night. It appeared that the occupants of the huts were an old Sheikh and his family, and as he offered me one of the huts I very gladly accepted. I got my things housed, and went to have a chat with the old man, who seemed greatly excited over something. It appeared that a large village lying down in a valley, on the other side of the mountains, had been raided by some marauding band. Seven men had been killed and forty women and children had been taken away. Nobody seemed to know where the marauders came from or where they went to, so the country for miles around was in a state of great excitement. Surely a wild country this. However, I had made up my mind to go out shooting a little as my provisions were about done, so after the excitement of telling the tale had subsided somewhat I asked the old man if there were any lions or leopards about. He said, "Yes, there were a few, but you very seldom see them in the day-time—you can hear them at night, though." I asked, "Is there any large game about?" "Yes, lots a few miles inland."

I finally secured his son for a guide and tramped off. The sun was high yet, and I had about two hours and a half before it would be dark. Off we went through grass and bush and forest, over hills and through valleys. Here and there the woods would open up and display a perfect park land. Gentle slopes and embankments clothed with a most luxuriant growth of pale green grass interspersed with flowers of many colours. Clumps of trees and stately palms picturesquely arranged, with occasional bunches of reeds, bushes, and rugged rocks. At the back of it was a forest, and towering high above it all was Jebel Gubba, rearing its head well into the clouds, a mighty mountain,

deeply furrowed by dark ravines and gullies, and densely wooded. Huge boulders and torn jagged rocks were piled up in immense heaps at the foot, while the top was encircled by a wreath of clouds, and the moisture formed innumerable little rivulets, which fell in glittering cascades over the precipices, and disappeared in the shape of mist among the forest below. Truly a magnificent sight, and one unconsciously looked round for the castle, and I would not have been astonished if a gamekeeper had come along and ordered me off.

These were impressions by the way, while all the time I was looking for game, and it ought not to be wanting in a place like this. We trudged along until we came to a spot where the rocks opened up on a grassy valley beyond, with branch valleys running in all directions. As I looked up, there, right in the middle of the opening, stood a magnificent waterbuck, its head crowned by long curved horns, held high, its nostrils wide open sniffing the air suspiciously, and every muscle ready for flight. No sooner did I lift the gun than it was off like a flash down one of the side valleys and into the forest beyond. My guide, who was a tracker, and I went off after it, and it was not long before I discovered it standing among some bushes behind a rock. Its head and shoulders were hidden among the foliage, so it had not seen us yet. I succeeded in crawling near enough to try a shot, sighting for its heart. I let fly. Down it went on its knees, its head touching the ground, but it was only for a second, when up it rose and off again like a flash. To judge by the blood it left in its track it must have been mortally wounded, and I concluded it would only be a matter of half an hour's chase at most before it would have to give in.

Now anyone who has followed a wounded animal will know what an astonishing amount of ground one can cover in a very short time, and that time is altogether lost sight of in the excitement of the chase. We ran and stumbled along as fast as

we could. It was an easy trail to follow, and at every turn and every opening in the forest we expected to see my noble buck laid low; but no, although we came on small pools of blood where apparently the animal had been standing, it was still moving, and moving pretty fast at that, so on we went tearing through the bushes, and getting tangled up in creepers and underbrush, and falling now and again.

At last my guide stopped and said, "The sun is going down, sir, and we are far away from home, we had better give it up until to-morrow." Such a suggestion was to me simply ridiculous, the animal might be drawing its last breath within a few yards of us, and besides by to-morrow it would surely be eaten up by the lions, leopards or hyænas, so I said "How far are we from the village, about." "A little over six miles." "What! six miles?" Why the fellow was clearly off his reckoning, but what do these natives know about miles anyhow? However, this last suggestion sobered me somewhat, so I began to look round. Sure enough the sun was going down, and anyone acquainted with the tropics will know it takes but a few minutes between sundown and dark. It was clouding over a bit too, and threatened to rain, so I had to give in, and we went to work and marked the place in order to find it again the next morning. Meanwhile the sun had gone down. Only a faint golden light was yet lingering caressingly round a far off mountain top. Presently it disappeared, and the mountains drew their dark cloak over them, and peace and quietness reigned in the forests. Only the mournful, plaintive sounds of some lonely bird was heard from time to time with varying intervals, and the crackling noise we made, making our weary way back through the bushes. There was, of course, no path, and all we had to go by was a faintly visible mountain in the grey distance. I was soaking wet with perspiration, and as the excitement of the chase was

over I began to feel tired, and realized that the fever was coming on me again. My brain became wide awake, and what the old Sheikh had said about lions and leopards came very clearly before me. I began to pick my way with great care, and admonished the guide to make as little noise as possible. He seemed to my overstrained nerves to be extraordinary clumsy, could not possibly put a foot down without cracking something. Strange I had not noticed this before to-day, why a lion would hear us a mile off. I wondered if rock, trees and bushes at home developed such fantastic shapes at night as these; I did not remember seeing anything like it. There was that bird again, it seemed to follow us, and its mournful tones became more and more sorrowful, positively wailing at times. Oh-h-h-h-h, oh- oh- oh- ho-o-o ho, such it kept on, first long with a rising and falling inflexion, then a few short sorrowful, declining notes, then a long and a short one, as if it would say with a long sigh—"Ah! well it must be." It got on my nerves, I began to listen for it, and only wished it would keep on without stopping, the suspense was killing. Goodness knows I had enough to think about, without having my nerves up in the tree tops. What with stumbling and falling and getting skin and clothes torn from me, and listening for the approach of some animal, I should think that graveyard bird could have kept quiet. Had I been at home, out to a party listening to ghost stories, and had walked home through a graveyard afterwards, while the moon threw fitful rays of light through torn and stormchased clouds, that bird would have been in order, but here I should think it would be glad to sleep. But no there it was again, kind of mocking this time, and—Horrors! there *was* something crashing through the underbrush this time. I became as limp as a rag, and for a moment all feeling seemed to leave me, and I simply stood waiting for the end. It was pitch dark so I was helpless, the gun was of no use, I could see nothing to shoot at,

besides these animals can jump over thirty feet. Oh-h-h-h-h, oh, oh, ho, ho-o-o-o Ho—there it was again ; but this time it made me positively mad ; it was too much really for human endurance. My blood got stirred up, and I came to myself, and I did not care a hang what became of me. Meanwhile my guide came up and said : " Please come along, sir, it is too dark to shoot gazelle now, sir." Gazelle, what was the fool talking about—gazelle was it ? It took me some time to get the real meaning of it into my mind ; it gradually dawned on me, however, and then what a relief. I even forgot about that bird, and there I had expected a lion to jump at me any moment.

Off we tramped again, and presently heard a faint "Hallao" in the far distance, some man calling us from the village, and a little while after we saw a light, and it did not take us many minutes then before we were among the huts, being asked a hundred questions all at once by the men. We had been three hours getting home. I went for the old Sheikh at once : " I thought you said there were lions, &c., about here at night " I said. " Why, yes," he said, " there are. Only last year a man was killed by a leopard close by." " Well, but what about this year ?" Well, we have not heard of any this year, sir." I felt like going out to shoot that bird, but it began to rain, so I desisted. It rained until twelve o'clock the next day, so I had no time to look for my waterbuck, and had to leave without it.

Two miles from the huts we came across fresh leopard tracks in a sandy river bed, so the old man was right after all.

After having been away seven days I reached the *Adis Abeba* pretty well done up, and was glad to get a dose of quinine and go to bed. Three of my men here were down with fever, so the boat was a perfect hospital.

When I finally became well all the men were down with fever, and as our quinine was nearly done the outlook was rather gloomy.

The Nile began to rise slowly, which made us all feel good, hoping that our long idleness would soon be over.

As the rains commenced the place became unhealthy, and the mosquitos came round in swarms, making me look as if I had the smallpox. What with mosquitos at night, and the fearful zeroot fly in the daytime, we were kept very much alive. Fortunately there was plenty of game about, and guinea fowl could be shot anywhere. The river was full of fish, but they were rather hard to catch and not very good eating. Our vegetables ran out, however, and as none could be had in the neighbourhood just then I felt the want very badly.

I finally despatched a runner to Roseires in order to see what he could get from the Mamor, and some days later I received a bag of onions, some quinine, and a bottle of whisky.

As there was nothing to do but wait I secured a guide and began to do some hunting, which in the beginning was anything but successful, and absolutely ruined the men's faith in my shooting.

My guide, by the way, had a reputation for being a first class tracker, and a good shot; he had been a soldier with the Dervishes, I was told. The day was fine and the forest looked beautiful in its newly put on green, and the grass was just high enough to enable one to see small game at a fair distance. We were just turning round the corner of some rocks, when there, not fifty yards in front of me, were three beautiful gazelle, one a fine buck, peacefully grazing among the trees. I sighted for the buck, fired and missed. The bullet went over. I seemed to be in bad luck that day; saw lots of game, and nearly always close at hand, but I could not kill anything. I felt a bit annoyed, but put it down to being out of practice, and promised myself to make up for it on the morrow.

Meanwhile my guide seemed to have lost confidence in me, and although I, after missing a shot, looked at the gun with

apparent earnest doubt as to its being any good, sighted along the barrel, and examined the mechanism, I seemed to fail to impress him with the idea that it was the fault of the gun and not me, as I, after going through such a performance, found him looking the other way and actually attempting to whistle. The next day, however, we were off again, and had not gone very far when I saw a fine gazelle about sixty yards away, its broadside turned towards me. There was a tree alongside me with a convenient branch sticking out, on which I rested the gun, in order to be dead sure this time. I fired and the animal gave a quick jump and turned its large dreamy innocent eyes towards me. Its head was erect, its ears sticking straight up, but it did not give the least sign of dropping. It had not seen me evidently, but I was too astonished for a while to reload. Finally I came to my senses, loaded and fired again. I heard a crash and saw a flash of brown disappear in the distance, and that was the end of it. I rubbed my eyes and looked at things, surely there must be something wrong with my eyes. Things did seem a bit blurred. I heard a sort of subdued humming alongside me; I looked, and there was the guide sitting on the ground, cutting away at the end of a stick, and humming one of those horrid native songs to himself; songs they call them; the monotony of them simply exasperates one, and reminds one of the noise of an ungreased cart wheel. The unconcern of the fellow! Why, the guides I had seen would jump up at a shot, and be ready to run after the game at once. This one only looked up and said with evident assumed earnestness: "Going straight ahead, sir, or after the gazelle?" I gave him the most contemptible look I could muster at the time, and said: "Straight ahead, of course." I was as mad as a hornet and gruff as a bear. A mile further on the wood opened up on a long grassy meadow, with here and there a single tree or bush. At the far end of this plain we saw three

brown patches slowly moving among the grass; gazelle again. The very name seemed to take my nerve away by this time. The distance was altogether too great it seemed to me, but there was no cover so I had to shoot from where I was. I played nervously with the gun for a while, when I accidentally caught side of the guide's face. There was a sort of sarcastic grin on it, and when I looked at him he turned his head upwards and a little away from me as if he were looking at the sky. There wasn't a cloud in sight anywhere, so it was plain enough to me what he was looking for—trouble, that was it, "Trouble" spelt with a capital T at that. I would soon give him trouble. "Here," I said, "you shoot;" and between my teeth I added something sweet. I knew very well it took a crack shot to hit at that distance; it looked like 250 yards to me, but I didn't alter the sight. "No, sir," he said, "I no shoot, you shoot, sir." "Go on," I said, "You shoot, my shoulder hurts me." "All right, sir, I shoot." It was my turn to smile this time, and I did, while he went over to a tree, took a rest and careful aim and fired. Great Scott! What was that? Why one of the animals jumped high in the air, fell down and—why bless my soul, it didn't rise again. Was it possible? Well if that wasn't the greatest luck I had ever seen. My guide did not seem to think much about it; he had dropped the gun and was running off shouting "Morta, morta," which meant that the animal was dead. Meanwhile I started to stride off the distance and right enough it was a lucky shot, the distance was about 250 yards, or a little more, and the sight was not set for it. Of course I couldn't say anything to him about it, he would not understand anyway, and besides he was in ecstasies over the prospect of fresh meat, that was plain enough. Well, I did some more of my crack shooting that day, and went back to the boat disgusted, mad. I won't weary the reader with any more of these harrowing descrip-

tions, suffice it to say that during the next two days, with the exception of a couple of animals which I actually killed at seemingly impossible distances for me, I did no better, but wounded a whole lot. A field hospital with a veterinary surgeon and a staff of nurses would have been a Godsend for the neighbourhood just then, and I warrant they would have had their hands full. What with gashed backs and necks, splintered horns, and some broken legs, the last the result of no sighting at all, or firing in mad fury after some runaway, which ought in all conscience to have fallen a prey to my gun, there would have been a hot time of it in that hospital. However, it finally dawned upon me that perhaps the gun sights were wrong. One hundred and fifty yards was measured off from a rock, the gun levelled in a couple of forked sticks, and the spot sighted at on the rocks marked. I fired and went to look. No sign of the bullet anywhere. A piece of board eight feet long was next placed in position, and the mystery was solved. The bullet entered fully eighteen inches above the spot sighted at. So the front sight was too low, and a good deal too low at that. It was a consolation and a relief to find this out, but meanwhile my reputation was absolutely blasted and could not be redeemed.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO KHARTOUM.

THE Nile kept on rising and falling, sometimes as much as six feet in a few hours, indicating heavy thunderstorms among the Abyssinian mountains.

I was down with fever again and was becoming very thin and emaciated, and earnestly wished that some news of Mr. McMillan would arrive before I should become any worse. I could hardly walk as it was, but succeeded in visiting the cataracts one day when the river was high, and found them to be absolutely impassable for any kind of craft, so I notified the Sheikh at Famakka to stop the boats should they come until I could communicate with them.

On July 25th, after having been lying at Abu Shendi forty-three days, a messenger arrived with a letter for me. I knew something was up, but was altogether unprepared for the contents. It was a telegram ordering me back to Khartoum at once as the Expedition was not coming down the river. I was more disappointed than I can find words to express. I walked or sat on the beach the whole night with the result that my fever became worse.

We left Abu Shendi in the morning of July 26th, and reached the head of the Roseires cataracts the same day; having a strong current with us, we made splendid headway. As the Nile was only in half flood yet the cataracts looked

worse than ever, and I was in doubts about going down or waiting until full Nile. Those cataracts had taken my nerve completely, or rather the launch had, as she was as cranky as an old tub, besides, as my part of the Expedition had been successful so far, I was most anxious to bring the boat safe to Khartoum. I almost wished I had not come up the cataracts, and felt like a man who had to risk all on one card. However, a careful survey would be made before proceeding.

The Sheikh and his men at Roseires were sent for, and the Mamor was asked to have wood in readiness in case we should be able to slip through. My men returned with a letter from the Mamor, wherein he expressed the opinion that the cataracts were impossible, and that the Sheikh could do nothing for me just then. I went to Roseires myself, but with no better result.

Meanwhile the Nile was rising, and in the morning of the 30th it had risen four feet since our arrival. I determined to have a try without any help. I had not yet seen how the boat would behave going with the current in turbulent waters. There was a side channel about half a mile long, running between huge boulders on the inside of an island. At the head of this channel was a waterfall of six feet. As it made a sharp curve I could not use the ropes, and the only thing to do was to make a dash for it. The main channel was impossible. We got to the head of the fall, and I must say I felt anything but easy. However, I put steam on, drew a long breath, and let her fly. It was all over in a few seconds, but I do not think I have travelled quite so fast on a river before. It was very exciting. We had now smooth sailing for half a mile, when we came to a place where there was no other way but to run out into the middle of the river and make another dash for it at full speed to a sandy beach to keep steerageway, and as the current went seven knots, we seemed to go at a terrific speed. The water was roaring and boiling all around us, dashing against and over the huge rocks, and

altogether it looked ugly. I thought suppose the rudder goes now, or something goes wrong with the engine, then we can say goodbye. No swimmer could possibly live in these waters, as the whirlpools and undercurrents would make short work of him in a second.

We sailed along, however, and at last reached the beach in safety. To go any further by the main channel was impossible. There was a side channel, however, but so small and crooked, and with such swift water that I was in doubt if I could get through. It was full of rocks, and as the water was muddy we could not see what we had to contend with. Finally a trial with ropes was determined on. The shape of the channel was a perfect S. We got through after bumping against a few rocks, and taking in some barrels of water, and then out we went again into the main channel and managed to pull up on a small beach just above the last and worst part of the cataracts. Here we were absolutely stuck as the water right across the river, and for a mile down, looked like breakers after a storm. There was nothing to do but wait until the Nile became high, and I wasn't sorry to take a rest. Going through cataracts in a small steamer is about the most exciting experience one can have, and as I was alone with four natives, none of whom had gone through cataracts before, and whose language I had heard for the first time four months previously, the nervous strain was something terrible. Here we were only some miles from safety, and then home with all its attractions looming up in the distance, but we were nailed fast, perhaps for fifteen days. I was tired of cataracts, and wished they were in Hong Kong or some other place. I inspected those cataracts every day until August 3rd, and then a scheme occurred to me which seemed feasible. I thought to tie four logs, two to each side of the launch, to steady her and to break the water, also to act as fenders in case she should drift on to the rocks. I sent for men who cut the logs, and after tying them to the launch,

A Bit of Forest from the Roseires Cataracts. Blue Nile

ROSEIRES CATARACT.

I took my men down to the bad places in order to let them see what they would have to go through. They all decided to go through with me, so I ordered steam up for the morning of August 4th.

Steam was up at last, and all valuables, papers, etc., were put ashore in charge of a native from Roseires, the only man who witnessed our journey down. We made three unsuccessful starts, but at the fourth attempt we managed to get out into the current. I was steering myself as I dared not trust any of the natives, and it proved a terrible task. The current was so strong and so full of counter currents and whirlpools that the rudder had to be put from one side to the other in quick succession, and still she would hardly answer the helm. In a couple of minutes, in which time I had almost forced across the stream in order to clear the turbulent water, the part which I thought impossible for anything to pass through alive, as I had seen big trees disappear in a moment, a whirlpool suddenly got hold of her bow, and twirled us round and sent us flying towards the bad part. I saw at once it was impossible to clear, and made up my mind to run through at full speed as the only chance. The native at the engine managed to obey my order and turned on the st eam, and then nearly went mad with fright. He held on to the rail with both arms, and called out "Hassan, Hassan," his own name, and "Allah," and became as limp as a rag. The fireman started praying, and one of the natives in the bow lay down on the floor. I cannot explain how it happened, but we plunged in, the water roaring and rushing all around us and into us, then we were swung round and went sideways into the next cataract, then a few moments of intense anxiety and suspense amid the deafening roar of the waters, and wonder of wonders we were through and in smooth swift water below the cataracts. I had managed to stick to the helm through it all and tried my best to keep her

straight, and now it did not take long to get her under control and off for Roseires. The men were wild with joy and shouted themselves hoarse and called me all sorts of nice names.

In half-an-hour's time we were safely tied alongside the beach at Roseires, where the Mamor and officers met us.

The rest of the voyage is hardly worth describing. We started off for Khartoum the next day, August 5th, and reached our destination after an uneventful journey of five days on August 10th.

The voyage of the *Adis Abeba* had thus been successfully accomplished, and all I wished for were final instructions, so that I could return home as I was very sick, and for some days had to stay in bed.

The result of this auxiliary expedition was that we had proved the Roseires cataracts navigable in a specially built launch, and as the attempt had never been made before we were naturally a little proud of our achievements.

As quite a lot of trade is carried on between Abu Shenina near Famakka and Khartoum *via* Roseires, and the goods are transhipped at the top of the cataracts and carried overland to Roseries, the successful issue of the venture ought to be of some commercial value to the Sudan traders. If a launch is ever built for these cataracts it ought to be made broad and steady, with a speed not less than ten miles an hour. The draft ought not to be more than twenty-four inches, and the propeller made of gun-metal extra strong.

My instructions arrived at last, and I lost no time in returning to London, where I met Mr. McMillan, and heard of the very hard experiences he and his party had encountered. I was glad, however, to learn that another attempt was to be made in a year's time, and meanwhile an expedition was to be organised for a journey south towards Lake Rudolf in the spring of 1904.

From the middle of Roseires Cataract Blue Nile
(Banks beginning to overflow)

BOOK II.

W. N. McMILLAN'S EXPEDITION, 1904.

SOUTH-WESTERN ABYSSINIA.

CHAPTER I.

SOBAT AND BOMA EXPEDITION.

FAR towards the south, between the giant mountains of Abyssinia and the ancient historic river, the White Nile, there lies a country which, until recent years, has remained a blank on the maps of the world.

From time to time rumours of this country have been carried to us by travellers who have told us of hunting grounds beyond the belief of men, and of a soil so fruitful that anything thrown on it would grow and bear fruit.

We have also heard of a strange people, savage and barbarous, some of whom were cannibals and more like animals than human beings.

The dangers and hardships of travel, combined with the great expense, was thought to render it impossible, and for that reason perhaps no one seemed to care to survey this unknown land. Such brave hearts as Captain Bottego of the Italian Army, and Captain Welby and Major Austin of the British Army, did go through part of this country, but the result of their investigations and experiences certainly was no incentive for anyone to try it again.

Captain Bottego was killed at a time when he thought he was getting into somewhat civilized country, while Major Austin (who has given to the world a book telling us of the most horrible hardships and sufferings) will probably never quite

recover from the results of that journey. Of his faithful followers only twenty-five per cent. returned; the others died of disease or were foully murdered by the natives.

Nevertheless, in the face of such discouraging records, Mr. W. N. McMillan, of St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A., organised an Expedition in the fall of 1903 to go through part of these countries.

The object of the Expedition was twofold, the main one being to survey as much as possible the unknown countries lying between the Baro river at Itang and Lake Rudolf, and more especially to ascertain the topography of a mountain plateau called " Boma," lying directly south of the river Akobo, in latitude 6° 35′ N., and longitude 34° 30′ E. The secondary objects were hunting, and wherever possible to collect birds and butterflies for the British Museum.

When the Expedition was finally decided upon, the party was made up of the following Europeans and attendants :—

Mrs. W. N. McMillan and maid.

Mr. W. N. McMillan, organizer of the Expedition.

Sir J. L. Harrington, in charge of the Sobat Expedition.

Mr. C. W. L. Bulpett, General-Manager and Adviser, and in charge of the Boma Expedition.

Dr. Singer.

Mr. Ph. Zaphiro, Taxidermist and Interpreter.

Mr. B. H. Jessen, Engineer.

Two English servants for Mr. and Mrs. W. N. McMillan, Messrs. Marlow and Destro.

One English servant for Sir J. L. Harrington, Mr. Towell.

Twenty-two Somalies and Abyssinians during the first part of the journey from Khartoum, and

A boat's crew of ten Sudanese,

making a total of forty-three people. This number was at times, as will be seen later on, increased to over 400 men.

THE LAUNCH "SOBAT."

As Sir John had recently been knighted and appointed Ambassador to King Menelik's Court, he was to go with us as far as Gambela on the Baro river, if possible, from which point he was to proceed to Adis Abeba by special caravan. It had also been decided that Mrs. McMillan, the Doctor, and Mr. Towell, Sir John's servant and Expedition storekeeper, were to accompany him on his journey, Mrs. McMillan and the Doctor doing the journey through Adis Abeba, &c., to Jibouti in French Somaliland, and then back to England.

Instructions had been sent to the Ras Tessamma of Gore, through King Menelik, to have men, transport animals, and grain ready for the Expedition's arrival at Gambela.

A steam launch was bought from Messrs. Yarrow & Co., London, with dimensions as follows:—

Length over all, 75 ft. 0 ins., greatest beam, 9 ft. 3 ins.
Greatest depth, 4 ft. 6 ins., draught light, 1 ft. 6 ins.
Draught loaded about 2 ft. 0 ins., speed on trial, 9¼ knots.
Engine, single cylinder, high pressure.
Boiler, Yarrow & Co.'s patent watertube, suited for burning oil, wood or coal fuel.

The propeller worked in a tunnel provided with Yarrow's patent flap system, and cleared the bottom of the boat by one inch, thus preventing striking the river bottom. There were two rudders, one on either side of the propeller.

A small engine and dynamo were provided for electric lights and fans, but they broke down before any use could be made of them.

The boat was fitted up with two cabins, one forward and one aft. The forward one had accommodation for three persons, and the after one for six. Over all was a strong roof fitted with stanchions and awnings, where the party could pass their time in the open air and watch the progress of the flotilla.

Besides this boat, a small eighteen foot oil motor launch

was ordered from Messrs. Vosper & Co., Portsmouth, and two small rowing boats, one of tin in four sections, and one of canvas in two sections were also ordered.

The forty foot launch, *Adis Abeba*, which had been used the previous spring and summer on the first Blue Nile Expedition, was lying in readiness at Khartoum, Sudan, from which point the Expedition was to make its start south.

THE BEACH AT OMDURMAN.

As the writer went ahead of the main party in order to attend to the shipment and fitting together of the boats, and to provide for fuel along the route, no account will be given of the main party's journey to Khartoum.

The two launches, &c., were shipped from London on November 14th, the big launch being cut into three sections of twenty-five feet each for easy handling.

On December 7th the launches arrived in Alexandria, and after considerable delay on account of bad weather, &c., they were got off on their long journey to Khartoum December 12th, 1903.

I will avoid giving details of this journey, as the technical difficulties attached to a shipment of this kind through Egypt and the Sudan has been described in the first part of this book.

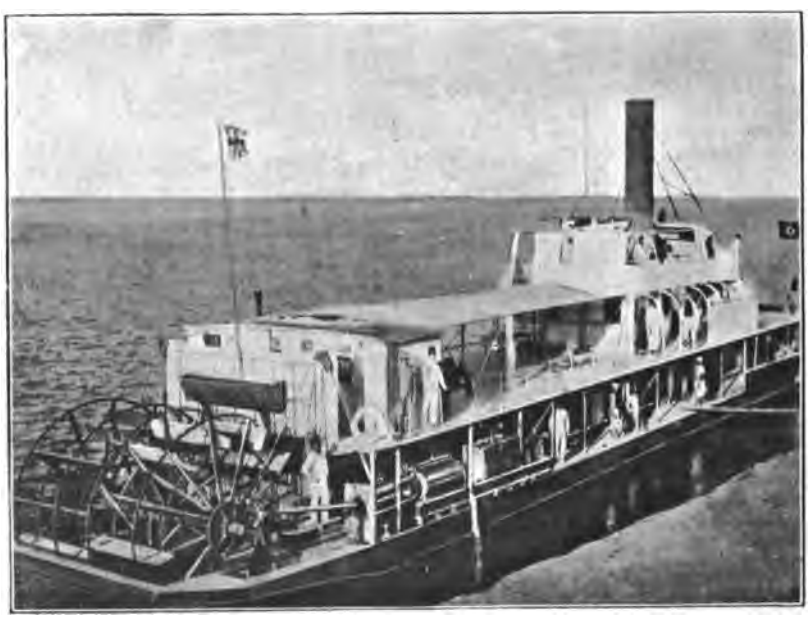
In our case everything went smoothly, and the launches arrived in good shape at Khartoum January 5th, 1904. Here they were put together by the Sudan Government steamer and Boats Department, the Navy Yard of the Sudan.

Two large punts, forty feet by ten feet, were ordered and built for carrying stores and wood fuel, and for the accommodation of servants and men, some live stock, and three-and-a-half tons of fuel oil. The fuel question was all important, as stretches of nearly one hundred miles had to be traversed where no fuel was obtainable, consequently special provision had to be made for it.

For an extensive Expedition of this kind the preparations and outfit had necessarily to be on a very large scale. Omissions and mistakes might easily be made and prove fatal, but under such able leadership as Sir John Harrington, Mr. McMillan and Mr. Bulpett, all of whom had great experience in expedition work, everything went well and to everybody's satisfaction; in fact the Expedition was most lavishly and even luxuriously fitted out, no expense having been spared. Materials for the Expedition had been requisitioned from nearly every part of the globe, and when all was piled up on the beach at Khartoum the heap was so large that it nearly appalled the writer how to get it all stowed away on board the punts and launches. About 400 boxes and bundles, three-and-a-half tons of oil in tins, a couple of tons of wood fuel, four donkeys, a dozen sheep, four poacher's dogs in kennels, some dozens of

chickens, and baskets and bags of all kinds of fresh vegetables, made an array which which would have puzzled any man how to put away in such a small space; in fact it finally proved impossible, and other arrangements had to be made.

Meanwhile all the members of the Expedition except Sir John had arrived in Cairo, December 16th, 1903. Sir John had been recalled to England, and did not return until the 13th January. At last, however, the whole party arrived at Khartoum, but owing to the many delays and the quantity of goods and stores, now increased by a heap of personal luggage, it was finally decided to hire a large Government steamer (*Kaibar* by name) to tow the whole party up the White Nile and Sobat River as far as Nasser, a total distance of 712 miles.



A SUDAN GUNBOAT.

CHAPTER II.

WHITE NILE.

ON the morning of the 25th January, 1904, the Expedition started off up the White Nile, and before many hours the historic cities of Khartoum and Omdurman had disappeared to the north of us, only the feathery heads of the tall date palms still remaining above the horizon, indicating the position of the receding cities.

The country around Khartoum and Omdurman is perfectly flat, and except for a narrow strip along both sides of the Blue and White Niles, there is no vegetation or cultivation for many miles, and only irrigation can ever redeem these apparent deserts. The view from the steamer was, therefore, very dull, almost depressing in the beginning, only a single tree being visible far away on the east bank. This was the famous tree of General Gordon, under which he used to sit day after day straining his eyes northward, waiting and watching for the relief from England, which did not come until it was too late. A more lonely or dreary spot could hardly be imagined, as the Nile at this point widens out into a large lagoon some three miles across, with low sand-covered banks where no vegetation exists. Some miles further along the Nile again narrows up, but the banks and the surrounding country remain the same for about 120 miles, when the town of Duem is reached, the headquarters of the Governor of the

new Nile Province. In spite of the dull surroundings the party on board were in good spirits, glad to make a start after so many days' waiting.

Regarding the composition of the Expedition members they were hardly less varied than the materials, as no fewer than ten nationalities were represented when we were fully equipped. As to the characters of these different members, I doubt if ever such a variety were gathered together in such a small space before. It was like a city on a small scale, nearly every class being represented, and great was the fun we derived from it.

As we were comfortably quartered on the Government steamer, we had, of course, nothing to do but to pass the time as pleasantly as possible until we should reach Nasser, and thus we had a chance of becoming better acquainted with each other. To me several of the members were new acquaintances, but within such a narrow confine it takes but little time to get on an intimate footing, more especially since all of the party were most congenial and pleasant companions. Except for Mr. Zaphiro and myself, the others had come out from England together, and, consequently, they were already well acquainted, and many an amusing story was told about incidents which had happened on the trip out.

The Doctor was an unending source of amusement, though quite unconsciously on his part. He was a young man of medium build, to whom the mysteries and intricacies of travel were new factors, and his knowledge of human nature outside the hospitals was as limited as his sight. His nervous system was so highly strung that any false note would set the whole instrument vibrating for many days. Still he was one of the best, and took everything goodnaturedly. On signing his contract he had stipulated that under no circumstances was he to have anything to do with firearms, and that besides being the

Doctor of the Expedition he was to do some microscopical research. I hope I may be excused for giving this little explanation as coming events show that man proposes and God disposes.

We steamed peacefully along, and early the next day we reached El Duam, where some firewood was taken on board. As the big steamer had a lot to tow we naturally made rather slow headway, although the current against us was only about one-and-a-half miles per hour. Hundreds of water-fowl now began to make their appearance, and the banks began to assume a more interesting character, having fringes of reeds and clumps of papyrus on each side, a thick accacia forest on the east bank, and bushes on the west.

Among the water-fowl were numerous Egyptian geese, and as either of our launches could steam much faster than we were going, and Mr. McMillan was anxious to have some shooting, steam was got up on the *Adis Abeba*, and in a short while off we went ahead of the flotilla, which we soon left far behind. For a wonder the Doctor had come along, and after Mr. McMillan had shot a score of geese with seemingly no effort we were astounded to hear the Doctor asking to be allowed to try a shot. Here, then, the Doctor received his first lessons in handling firearms, and I believe he actually succeeded in maiming a goose. These lessons, however, were fraught with fatal results to the Doctor's many well-laid plans as regards his scientific work, and had the Expedition not been so abundantly fitted out it might have been disastrous to the ammunition. I don't think I saw anything take hold of a man so absolutely and quickly before. From a peacefully disposed man with Exeter Hall views, etc., he now became positively bloodthirsty, and the microbes of the Nile could breathe in peace henceforth.

Although our Expedition had nothing to do with the White Nile and its surroundings, it might be of interest to some readers

if a few remarks were made regarding it, although a complete description of the whole region has been published by Sudan officials in their blue book and by several explorers.

The White Nile runs in a fairly straight line from the Sobat River north until the junction of the Blue Nile is reached. From here on it is called the Nile only. South of the Sobat it is broken up into many branches, the main one being Bahar el Jebel, coming from lakes Albert and Victoria. It derives its name from the colour of the water, which is yellowish white. Its owes much of this colour to the olive tinge of the Sobat River, which the Arabs call the Yellow River. The current is very sluggish, the mean velocity being about two-and-a-quarter miles per hour. The channel is very wide, and even at low Nile exceeds two miles in places, but 1,700 yards is supposed to be the mean width. The banks are very low, and when the river is in flood the water spreads for many miles over them. When the river recedes, mud banks and mud islands appear, on which the natives raise excellent crops, the soil being very fertile. Small hills or mountains appear from time to time, but at some distance from the river.

We were steadily advancing, and after reaching Goz Abu Goma, where there is a rocky spur protruding in the river forming a small cataract at low Nile, large grass islands begin to appear. The forest now began to extend to both banks, and looked very pretty. Softer contours than these accacia forests assume in spring can hardly be imagined. Some of the pale green trees looked as soft as down, but beware of coming too close as they are full of prickles. At this place the first crocodiles are encountered, and as you advance hippos begin to appear; and as several of the party had never seen these before in their native element they were watched with great interest. Islands of sud came floating down the river, many times assuming such proportions that we took them to be real islands. Different

kinds of cranes would rest on these drifting islets, adorning them with their pretty colours, and giving them a most picturesque appearance as they stood like statues among the tall reeds watching intently for fish.

SHELLUKS.

We passed Abu Zeid, where there is a ford at Low Nile. South of this place the Shelluk country commences, also broad swampy foreshores making landing impossible for many miles at a time. Only hippos could succceed in making a road through, as nothing seems to stop these animals.

We passed Jebelein, a cluster of rocky hills on the right bank. From this point on, the zerut fly is supposed to com-

mence, but fortunately we escaped that pest until we reached the Sobat, where it assisted the mosquitos most effectually in making the whole twenty-four hours miserable.

We passed the town of Renk, then Jebel Ahmed Agha, the last hill we were to see for many days, then the towns of Kaka and Mebut, where there is a telegraph station, taking on board wood, vegetables, poultry, etc., from time to time. The scenery was varying, wooded or open, and the river full of grass islands and floating sud. Beyond Ahmed Aga the right bank was covered with immense ant-hills. The tribes here were Dinkas on the east bank and Shelluks on the west, both powerful and numerous. Their villages dotted both banks at intervals and were composed of conical straw huts of various sizes. The men of both tribes are tall and well-built, many of them exceeding six feet. The Shelluks especially presented a most warlike appearance on account of the peculiar way in which they put up their hair. They all carried bundles of spears, clubs, and some hippo hide shields, which made one think they were ever on the warpath, while in reality they are now most peaceful people living on cattle raising and agriculture. As to religion they were heathen, not belonging to the Mohammedan faith. Very little clothing was worn by either men or women, their morals, however, were supposed to be very good, in fact we, like Major Austin, found that the less clothing worn the better were the morals of the people. The Shelluks about these districts are ruled over by a Sultan, while the Dinkas are split up into many tribes with a Sheikh at the head of each. After passing Melut, where the river makes a bend from east to west, we passed the mouth of the Kor Adar, a tributary which will be fully described in Mr. McMillan's third expedition. We made several excursions in the launches both for fishing and shooting. Once we went on a fishing excursion, and as we had no bait it was decided to shoot a

crane and use the entrails. Accordingly off we went in the *Adis Abeba*, and the first crane we saw was promptly shot by Mr. McMillan, and when opened we found it had a fairly large fish inside, recently swallowed. This was put on a hook, and before long there was a bite, and a fish weighing six

AN ANT-HILL.

pounds was caught. All the rivers in the Sudan seem to teem with fish, some of which attain an extraordinary size. I was told of a fish caught in the sud region which weighed 378 pounds.

From the Kor Adar onwards the country again becomes monotonous, nothing but endless grass plains on both sides.

The river becomes blocked by large grass islands and floating sud, and this increases on nearing Fashoda (now Kodok). At Fashoda we were courteously received by Matthews Bey, the Governor of the Province. To try and describe Fashoda would be about useless. It is a place that must be seen before one could really appreciate the utter dreariness of it. A low grass-covered island stretches in front of the place, separated from the west or Fashoda shore by a muddy sud-overgrown channel. Looking across the river one sees nothing but an endless expanse of flat grass-covered plains, while the west bank, where Fashoda lies, seems to be nothing but a desert. This is with few exceptions the only place on the west bank where a landing can be effected for many miles both up and down the river owing to the swampy foreshore. Fashoda is the place of Marchant fame, and many a mark remains of that hardy Frenchman's untiring energy. A good fruit and vegetable garden, and some avenues of the Australian Paw Paw tree are still in existence, as well as a small fort built of mud. Several improvements had been made in buildings, etc., but how anyone could exist in such a fever stricken, mosquito haunted, God forsaken spot it is hard to imagine. The mosquitos, and in the same season the zerut fly, were supposed to be absolutely unbearable, and would kill all transport animals, such as camels, horses, mules and donkeys, if they were not removed in time.

The climate is hot and damp the whole year round, the temperature reaching 110° in the shade mid-day. The Egyptian flag was hoisted here in 1899. After having paid our compliments and taken on board some vegetables, eggs, etc., we were glad to leave the place. A few Shelluk villages were passed a little south of Fashoda, and some hours after we reached Taufekia, a new Sudanese military station, a few miles north of the Sobat junction. This was the strongest military

post in the Southern Sudan, and is a good deal ahead of Fashoda both as regards surrounding scenery and health, although it is anything but a desirable place to stay at. We were here received by Captain Gardener, whose bungalow was prettily situated between a grove of palm trees, and surrounded by a small garden. We only stopped a few minutes, and finally reached the mouth of the Sobat river, having gone 530 miles since leaving Khartoum. Here the *Kaibar* left the launches and punts at the old obsolete Sobat fort some three hundred yards up the river, and then went back up the White Nile some distance to replenish the supply of firewood, as no more was to be obtained before reaching Nasser.

CHAPTER III.

SOBAT RIVER.

THE Sobat mouth is about 150 yards wide with high grass covered banks. At the fort, now in ruins, there were a few scattered accacia trees, otherwise the land was flat and bare. The river flows from east to west, in latitude 9° 15′, and is about as crooked as possible. It has its source in the Abyssinian hills, and runs through level alluvial plains, covered with grass, marsh, and some forests in places. The total length is about 400 to 450 miles.

Mr. McMillan, the Doctor, Marlow and I stayed behind with some men in order to do some fishing. I was lucky enough to catch a Nile catfish weighing thirty-two pounds on a thin silk troutline, and as the reel was very small my wrist nearly gave out before the fish was landed. Soon after Mr. McMillan caught a similar fish weighing twenty-nine pounds, so we had enough for the whole mess. We then moved up the river a little way, where the Doctor went ashore to investigate the flora of the land, and to catch butterflies.

So far we had encountered only half-civilised natives, Sudanese, Shelluks, Dinkas, etc., all friendly and always wearing *some* clothing. At this place, however, the Nuer tribe commences, and as these natives walk about in nature's garb, and are as a rule very tall and thin, and have the horrible fashion of covering themselves with ashes from head to foot,

one may imagine what a sight they must be to one who has never seen them before. Forgetting all about the Doctor, who had walked inland for some distance, we moved the launch down river again about 200 yards, not having had any more luck at fishing where we were. Meanwhile the Doctor had run against a couple of tall Nuers covered with ashes and carrying long spears. I will not attempt to describe his feelings, suffice it to

NUERS.

say that he came down the river bank at a great pace, boarded the launch and disappeared below in the cabin. There we found him after a while quietly eating *our* lunch; he had forgotten to bring any for himself. The fright had evidently taken the last out of him, and he felt he needed some solid recuperatives.

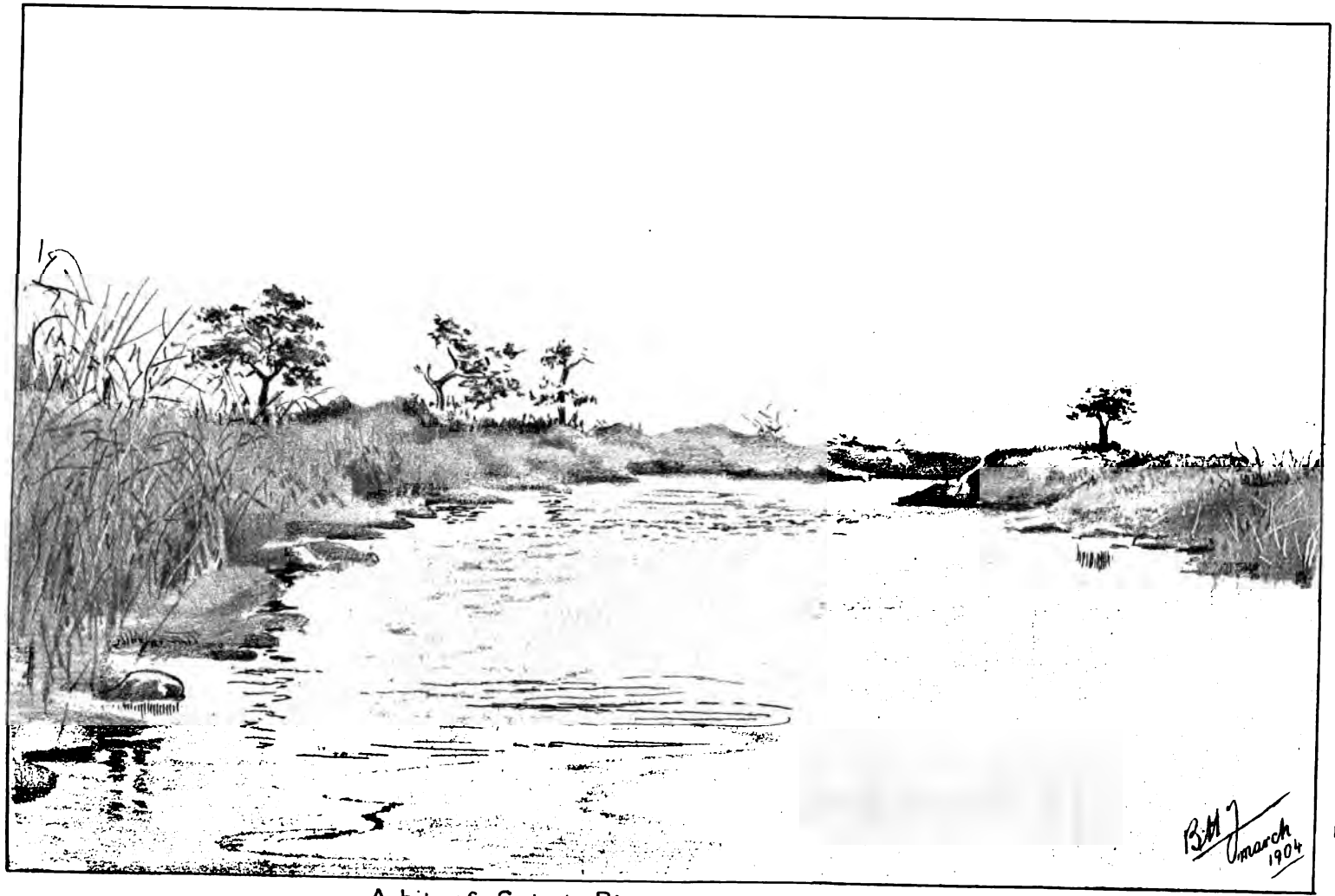
Now Mr. McMillan was what I would call a large man, at least he stood six feet three, and weighed twenty stone in

those days, and up to that time no one could have found any fault with his appetite. I consider that if a man can eat two shoulders of mutton with vegetables he must be in good health at least. However, there was the Doctor polishing off our lunch, and the equal of his appetite wanted some finding,

NUERS.

but then *he* was growing. Well, it never rains but what it pours, and hence it happened that the Doctor was in for it pretty hot over that meal.

The *Kaibar* was not expected back for a couple of hours yet, so there was nothing for it but to wait and eat the remnants meanwhile. When the *Kaibar* finally did arrive we were told



A bit of Sobat River near Nasser. - Sudan.

that the whole Expedition had nearly come to grief, as the big steamer, heavily laden with wood, had nearly capsized in attempting to turn round. Only the shallow water had saved her. However, we were all safe together again, and soon started off on our last towing stage up to Nasser.

The country around now changed completely, the banks being high, grass-covered and treeless, but to relieve the monotony all kinds of game began to appear. Hitherto, we had seen no game worth mentioning. Strange to say, all the game was on the north side of the river, which is a Government game preserve or sanctuary, so no shooting could be indulged in. It was exasperating to our hunters, but ample revenge was taken on the crocodiles along the banks, none of which were too small for a shot to be fired at them. The Doctor was fast becoming an expert with firearms. Once when Marlow had shot a crocodile, which remained still on the beach, with the exception of a faint motion of the tail, the Doctor went bravely up and fired a bullet into it which effectually stopped all further motion. This was the Doctor's first crocodile. Further down the river he had succeeded in shooting a vulture.

We called at the American mission station, prettily situated amongst a grove of date palms on the right bank of the river. The missionaries very kindly supplied us with a lot of fresh vegetables, eggs, etc., which were very welcome.

We now began to get into difficult water, as at that time of the year, February, all the rivers in the Sudan drop rapidly, and it was feared before we started that the *Kaibar* would be unable to go more than a few miles up the Sobat. We ran on to sand and mudbanks from time to time, and to make matters worse, the Rais or Sudanese captain was very bad at steering. It seemed impossible for him to keep the steamer on a straight course. The river was crooked enough in all conscience without making snakes of it in the narrow channel,

so at last we took matters into our own hands and put our Rais on. This improved things for a while, but at last we came to a bend in the river where there was a sandbank in the centre. It was getting dark, so we had to stop until next morning. This was the place where Major Austin's Expedition had to disembark and continue overland in 1899, so we began to fear we should have to go on under our own steam the

THE AMERICAN MISSION STATION, SOBAT RIVER.

next day. Fortune favoured us, however, and through strenuous efforts on our part we at last found a navigable channel and went on again. After that the river was deep all the way to Nasser, and as nothing of any consequence happened *en route*, I will only add that Nasser was reached safely at last, on February 5th, after a pleasant voyage of eleven days.

At Nasser we were very hospitably received by Captain

Headlam, who was in charge of the station. Nasser is only a small military out-post, and besides an officer and forty Sudanese soldiers there is a small village at the back of the compound. In the rainy season the whole place is surrounded by water and swamps and is anything but healthy.

A NUER BOY. MUD HEAD-DRESS.

A tall Dom palm within the compound forms a conspicuous landmark which can be seen for many miles. As we now had to unload all our stores from the big steamer and reload our punts and launches, camp was made within the compound. It was fortunate that a mosquito net dining tent had been taken along or we should have fared badly indeed. To say

that the mosquitos were plentiful and ferocious would convey no idea at all to anyone but those who have suffered the experience. Khaki trousers and canvas covered chair would not guarantee you a quiet seat. As for bugs and moths, billions, clouds of them, would come from seemingly nowhere as soon as the sun went down. They would put out your candle, fill your soup plate, get down your neck and into your ears, and some big flying ants over an inch long would hit you in the face with a resounding smack. Between them all we got all the exercise we wanted. I had a heavy gold ring on one finger which I always forgot about when I lost my temper, and the consequence was my forehead was black and blue. During the daytime the zerut fly would fall on to any bare spot of our anatomy and draw blood at every sting, leaving a lump as big as an egg.

In spite of Captain Headlam's untiring hospitality we decided that Nasser was no place for us, and made all haste possible to get away. The punts and launches were loaded to their utmost capacity with stores and fuel, the latter being now our chief trouble inasmuch as there was no more wood to be obtained for about eighty miles, excepting at a place some five miles east of Nasser. It took us three days to re-arrange things, and at the end we found that we had to leave nearly two punt-loads of stores behind, which was to be brought along later on.

At this stage Mrs. McMillan became ill, and according to the Doctor it was out of the question to proceed until her condition improved, so anxious concern was felt by all of us for her speedy recovery. Happily her strong constitution pulled her through rapidly, and on February 8th we were able to make a start having steam up on both launches.

Our flotilla now consisted of the launches *Sobat* and *Adis Abeba*, the small oil launch, the two big punts and the two

small boats. It presented the not inconsiderable area of sixty-two square feet, which had to be forced against a current running from two to three knots per hour. Consequently we could only make from one-and-a-half to two miles an hour. The *Adis Abeba*, as will be seen later on, proved of very little use on the journey up, but she saved the situation later on. Our four donkeys were sent on overland in charge of some men and they joined us later at Kaig.

We at last said good-bye to Captain Headlam, and as we slowly gained headway and Nasser finally disappeared as we rounded a bend in the river, I am sure we all felt that the Expedition had commenced in real earnest, and but for the small military post at Itang, where an Egyptian officer only has charge, we bade farewell to civilization for several months.

In a few hours we reached the wooding station where we had to cut fuel by our own efforts, consequently the whole crew, Somalis and all, were provided with axes and saws, and we kept on cutting wood for two days. Even Sir John took a hand and got blistered badly for his pains. The Doctor, who amongst his many other accomplishments was an athlete, got hold of a tomahawk and went at a branch lustily. Once he made a miss, the axe passing beyond the branch, causing the handle to snap off short at the head, and besides bruising his hand it put a damper on his ardour for further exercise of that sort, from which he did not recover for the rest of the trip. Finally we had all the wood we could carry so off we went again. Unfortunately single cylinder high pressure engines are great steam eaters, and an enormous lot of fuel is required to keep them going. They are therefore anything but the best type on a river where the fuel is scarce. We had about a ton of oil on board, however, which was to be kept for an emergency, and a fortunate thing it proved.

The Sobat River is about one of the most monotonous that

anyone could wish to travel on. The banks in February are high and steep, and from our launches we only now and again were able to look over them on to endless, flat burnt-off grasslands beyond. For many miles not a single tree is visible, and only now and again a Nuer village would appear out on the plains.

These Nuers are a cattle-raising people, living almost entirely on milk and fish, and strange to say they possess the finest bighorned cattle in the whole of North Africa. The Nuer ox is now well known for his enormous size of horns the world over. From time to time we would see a string of tall forms stand on the banks nearly always poised on one leg, the other resting on the knee of the first one, and balancing themselves on a spear. They were a ghastly sight, the covering of ashes giving them the appearance of lepers. As to their customs, religion, etc., we could of course gain little or no information, as we only stopped at night, but they are known to be heathens and strictly moral.

On February 11th, at 9.0 p.m., we reached the junction of the Pibor River with the Sobat, 212 miles from the Sobat mouth, where we stopped overnight. This was the end of the Sudan, as the Abyssinian boundary comes to the junction of these rivers, when it follows the Pibor south until the river Akobo is reached, whereupon it follows that river south-eastwards and so on down to Lake Rudolf. On the morrow, therefore, we were to enter upon new territory.

CHAPTER IV.

PIBOR AND BARO RIVERS.

THE Pibor River is a sluggish stream of a greenish colour, and although fed by numerous large rivers, which in flood assume quite imposing dimensions, it had at that time of the year scarcely any current, and very little water at the junction. In flood, however, it is navigable for large steamers for about 150 miles south, and according to Government reports it is supposed to have its source from some swamps away to the south in a district lying near the Bahar Zeraf. A new survey of the river, however, might prove that its source is among the Boma Mountains, a theory I am inclined to favour. As nearly all these rivers seem to have the trick of being narrower and shallower at the mouth than higher up, it would be easy enough for a gunboat to pass the main branch of the river, which might have been closed up by sud and reeds, and to have followed a misleading open channel.

Early on February 11th we started off again, and immediately began ascending the Baro river, as the continuation of the Sobat is called from this point on until the Abyssinian mountains are reached. A lot of Nuers were camping along the beach on fishing excursions. They were huddled together around small fires which they kept up for the double purpose of warmth and cooking. They must have felt rather cold in their nude condition as the thermometer often went down to

60° during the early morning hours. As clothing is an unnecessary article among these natives, they seem to have no ambition outside their stomachs, and judging from their leanness, I should say they had their hands full attending to that one organ. They must have had as much trouble feeding their stomachs as we had to feed our boiler, neither seemed to prosper. Fire-wood being practically non-existent along the banks, they had to carry their wood with them, and as matches, of course, were an unknown luxury, they either carried a smouldering stick with them, or they had so called fire-sticks, from which they generated fire by friction, and very clever they were at it too. A small dry stick would be laid on the ground, whereupon another stick, a little thinner, would be put end on to it, and twirled dexterously around between the palms. Thus a hollow would be made, and as both sticks were very dry some wood dust was soon formed in the hollow made, the constant friction of the twirling stick would at last make the dust glow and smoke, whereupon dry grass would be piled on it, and by dint of blowing on it a fire would very soon be blazing. It took but little time, comparatively speaking, but it was very hard work, and generally required two men to accomplish. While in the New Hebredes Islands in the Pacific Ocean I had occasion to see the same methods used, only there the fire was generated by rubbing one stick against the other.

The river now began to be very narrow in places, and the current increased considerably, so our progress became slower. The crocodiles increased in size and numbers, and hippos began to appear, along with a lot of game, on the north bank. Numerous waterfowl of all kinds swarmed everywhere. We saw herds of giraffe, waterbuck, tiang, heartebeaste, white-eared cob, and other gazelle, and some roan antelope, but being anxious to get ahead, and afraid of wasting fuel, no stops were made.

THE FIRST LARGE CROCODILE.

Coming to a narrow channel an enormous crocodile was seen lying on a sandbank apparently fast asleep. Sir John promptly put a ·450 bullet into it, which disabled and kept it from sliding into the water. We all had a shot at it, and I am sorry to say that during the excitement I fired a shot so close to Mr. Bulpett's ear that it deafened him for a while and made him use some very just, but not exactly Parliamentary language.

CUTTING UP THE FIRST HIPPO.

Upon measuring the crocodile it proved to be fifteen feet three inches long, but as it was considerably below the record it was left on the beach where the natives found and ate it, as the writer found out on the return journey to Nasser for the remaining stores. A little further along Mr. McMillan, who was standing in the bows, shot at a hippo, which immediately disappeared below the surface. As he had fired from a ·250 or ·257 rifle with soft nosed bullet no one thought any more of it

just then, but as we necessarily had to go along in the direction where the hippo sank, the river being very narrow, we got quite a shock when the whole flotilla stopped all of a sudden. Investigation showed that the launch *Adis Abeba* had stranded on the back of the dead hippo. By the aid of a boathook we managed to lift one of its legs and tie a rope to it, whereupon we towed it ashore. It was an enormous beast, but not one of the largest size, so the tusks only were taken.

On we went again, and that night, February 11th, we stopped a few miles west of the junction of the Baro river and the Adura. The Adura is only a loop of the Baro, and has flowing water during the rainy season only. The river so far had been anything but interesting. The same high banks with rank grass, sometimes twelve feet high, prevailed, and at the back the same endless plain of grass as far as the eye could see, or where the grass had been burned an endless expanse of black charred stumps. The river itself reminded one somewhat of an English canal, only no trees or hills were visible to relieve the monotony. A small island of sand or mud would appear at times only to impede our progress as the water at such places was either very swift or very shallow. In one of these narrow reaches a baby hippo followed in our wake for a considerable distance evidently taking the launch to be its mother. It was a very pretty sight, and had we been going home instead of out we could undoubtedly have caught the little fellow easily.

The task of navigating had devolved on me as we did not have a single man on board who knew the river. It was a most arduous task, but owing to my previous knowledge of river navigation on the Blue Nile, where I learnt a great deal about currents and the appearance of the water where the channel was supposed to be, we had gone along pretty well so far, but now the fuel began to run short. The life on board was most pleasant, and as to our meals I am afraid to

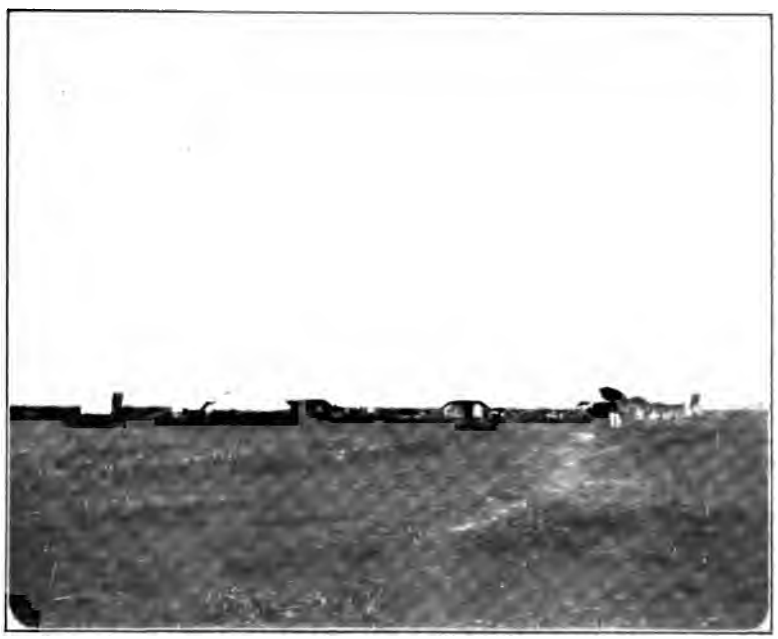
say anything about them in case I shock the feelings of some other explorers. I will only say that Mrs. McMillan was on board; hence we lived in hotel style, and even had menus on board the *Kaibar*. The talks at the dinner table were both amusing and instructive, and as Sir John and the Doctor were adepts at repartee there was many a wordy war between these two gentlemen. Sir John having recently been knighted, all his friends began calling him Sir John. This the worthy knight objected to, and insisted that during this voyaye all were to use his old title of Colonel, and for every offence £1 was to be paid. It was a fortunate thing for Mr. McMillan that his pockets were gold lined, as on one occasion I remember him paying £2 in two hours. Nearly everybody on board had been given a nickname for one reason or another. Mrs. McMillan was called "The Nuisance," having been given that most expressive title by Sir John in London, as he was sure any woman would be a nusiance on a trip like this. I am sure, however, that Sir John changed his opinion during the trip, as had Mrs. McMillan not been with us several of the members would have suffered from ennui, as the monotony of the country along the Sobat and the first part of the Baro was simply killing. Mrs. McMillan was the first lady to accomplish this journey, and showed great fortitude and courage throughout. As to her maid Miss Louis, a lady who has the knack of getting younger as years go on, I think her performance simply marvellous. Sir John was called "the Immaculate One" at times, depending on the collar he wore, but to me no nickname or title could suit him better than simply Sir John or Colonel, as he looked the Colonel, every inch of him. I must add that he was undoubtedly the best loved man among the Europeans and Sudanese, and the best hated man among the Somalis, who feared him at the same time. Mr. Bulpett was called "The Revered One," or simply "Uncle Charles,"

apparently because he was a confirmed old bachelor. At the same time he was no woman hater, but the title suited him admirably. The Doctor was called the Baby, a title which explains itself. Mr. McMillan was called "Merodi Sahib" among the men, merodi meaning elephant. Zaphiro had many names, which were used according to his behaviour. He had recently engaged himself to an Irish lady while in London, and was very busy learning to write sentimental English. The writer being in charge of the flotilla was called "Skipper" by the Europeans, but "Grumbler" by the Somalis, no love being lost between us. The rest retained their own names.

As stated before, our fuel supply was getting alarmingly low, in spite of our having used a good deal of oil to help along. Having so much to carry there was only room for a limited supply of wood. A council was, therefore, held on the morning of the 12th February, while we steamed on towards the Adura Junction, and it was decided, as soon as we reached the above junction, the party would make camp while the launch, *Sobat*, and one punt ran back to Nasser for some more fuel and stores. At 10 a.m. we arrived at the junction, 226 miles from the Sobat mouth, where we had an exciting time for a few minutes, the current at this point being the strongest we had encountered so far. At 12.30 p.m. all the camp outfit was ashore.

I do not think a more desolate spot for a camp could be found anywhere, the only saving feature about it being the plentiful supply of water. Imagine an endless stretch of flat plain with nothing on it but the blackened stumps of burnt grass, with here and there a patch of white ashes. Far beyond against the horizon columns of smoke and flame appeared, indicating where the grass was still burning. The slightest puff of wind would raise clouds of ashes and black dust, literally smothering us.

However, the launch was ready, and at 12.30 p.m. I was off down the river again. It was quite the most pleasant sensation I had experienced so far on the trip to find ourselves actually flying past the banks instead of crawling along at a snail's pace, as we did when going up. Already at 4.0 p.m. the junction of the Pibor was reached, and we now expected to reach Nasser that night. After sunset, however, we were still some three



CAMP DESOLATION, BARO RIVER.

miles from Nasser, and in the dark we kept continually running on to mudbanks. At 9.0 p.m. we were only a mile from Nasser, but there we ran into a cul-de-sac, from which we found it impossible to extricate ourselves in the dark, and finally gave it up. Our Soudanese sailors were splendid men and worked actually like niggers. Even in the dark they would jump fearlessly into the river and

flounder about for long distances trying to find a channel. Taking into consideration the numerous crocodiles I must admit it made me quite nervous at times. My boy "Sambo," as I called him, was especially fearless. When asked once whether he was not afraid of the crocodiles he simply said, "Oh! plenty more Sambo in Khartoum." The next morning after getting out of our pocket, which took us nearly an hour, we arrived at

FLOTILLA AT CAMP DESOLATION.

Nasser, loaded stores at once and returned to the wood station the same day, where wood cutting was commenced.

We had been met by Captain Headlam at Nasser, and he at once, with his usual courtesy, lent us a squad of ten men to assist in wood cutting. These men walked overland. Captain Headlam, himself, came along in the launch, as he wished to do some shooting. For two days we cut wood, filling the punt as well as the launch. It might be

appropriate to mention here that the little forest near Nasser will very soon become cut out, as even at the time when we were there we had some trouble in finding the right kind of wood, and had to go inland for about half-a-mile for it. The fuel question then along these rivers is all important, and as a Government steamer goes up the river as far as Gambela (at that time to Itang only) once a year, using some tons of firewood; it will only be a question of a very few years before some other fuel must be resorted to. Coal, when we were in Khartoum, cost about £5 per ton, and oil was, comparatively speaking, equally dear, and had to be brought up from Alexandria, a distance of 1,600 miles, consequently their use was prohibitive at that time.

On February 15th, at 4 p.m., we started on our return journey for the camp, and running night and day, having some luck in clearing mud and sandbanks, we succeeded in reaching the camp again at 11 a.m. on the 16th, having accomplished the journey in four days less one hour-and-a-half, but it had been killing work for all of us, as we had only been having two hours' sleep during the last forty-eight. Considering the state of the camp,, however, we felt it our duty to do our utmost in order to relieve the party. We were given some hearty cheers on our arrival, as we had not been expected for two days yet. The camp had been called "Camp Desolation," and a more appropriate name could not be found for such a graveyard. In spite of all, some waterbuck had been shot even here, and as I came ashore, Mr. Bulpett just returned from a hunting trip, he called it, a chimney-sweep trip I thought it must have been by the look of him, as I must confess I did not know him at first sight. He was simply smothered in soot from head to foot, and as the heat was intense, the perspiration had made little well defined rivulets down his soot-covered

countenance. Nobody seemed to notice it except myself, but to me it looked most ludicrous.

In the morning of the 17th February the whole camp had been transhipped to the boats again, so we made a fresh start, but against a very strong current. The river had narrowed up considerably, but fortunately was deeper in proportion. In order to save fuel we had steam up on the

A STOP ON THE BARO RIVER.

Sobat only, having found that the *Adis Abeba* consumed a quantity of it, giving very little assistance and steaming very badly. We had succeeded in negotiating the narrow part and were getting along well for some hours when we discovered a native sailing boat lying by the right bank. On board of her was a Russian, Captain Arnoldi, and his wife, who had come down from the Russian legation at Adis Abeba and were on the road to Khartoum. As they had run

short of stores and consequently were stuck, it was decided to take them along and let them go back with the launch *Sobat* when she should return to Nasser for the remaining stores. Their boat was taken in tow, thus adding to our already over heavy burden, but we managed to jog along somehow. From time to time we passed some Nuer fishermen in dugouts spearing fish. Their method was primitive to a degree. They used an exceedingly long thin rod with a small iron harpoon fixed to one end and attached to a line. With this they kept stabbing away hoping to strike some fish on the bottom, and this they very often did. Another method used was the common one of throwing a spear at a fish as it came to the surface. There is a peculiar eel-like fish in these rivers which breathes by means of lungs, and consequently has to come to the surface for air. These fish are exceedingly fat and are on this account highly prized by the natives. When caught they are split open and either sun-dried or smoked. The places where these operations are done can be smelt a mile off at least, but the natives do not seem to mind a little thing like that.

We now came to a small island where the river was so swift that it was found impossible to make any headway at all, towing all the boats, so we decided to leave the launch, *Adis Abeba*, one punt, and the native boat behind, and make two journeys of it. In this way we succeeded in getting round the island the same day. On the first journey Sir John came back with me, and as the channel was very crooked and we misjudged the speed, we had to cut off the corner of a sandbank in order to clear the off shore. We bumped, rose out of the water a bit, but slid over somehow. Getting back late at night we stayed over until next morning. Leaving one punt and the *Adis Abeba* behind we steamed on the next day and made good headway. We passed the

villages of Malwall, Barakwik, Machar, and Jokau, all Nuer or Anyak, stopping at Barakwik awhile to ship our donkeys, which had arrived before us, over to the other shore. Here we succeeded in getting a few sticks of wood.

On February 19th we reached the eastern junction of the Baro and Adura rivers. Although the Adura seems to be but an overflow branch of the Baro it is possible that some river like

BARAKWIK.

the Bela, for instance, drains into the middle of it. Major Austin, on his Expedition to Gore in 1900, followed the Baro, unfortunately, instead of the Adura, so no definite information existed then regarding this loop. On our arrival we found the Adura dry, with a sandbank stretching across from bank to bank some ten feet or more in height. At this point, which is called Kaig, we found the river too low for further progress just then, so camp was made, and the launch went back for the ***Adis***

Abeba, and the punt left behind, and in a couple of days returned with them all quite safe. The river still kept low, and as there was no prospect of an early rise messengers were sent off to Itang and Gore for carriers, whilst fuel, which could be got here in great quantities from the Gemeza tree forests, was being cut for the return journey of the launch to Nasser in order to bring up the remaining stores. Kaig proper consisted of a

THE WRITER AND BOY SALIM FORDING DONKEYS AT BARAKWIK.

few scattered huts lying about a mile in from the river. At the place where we stopped we found that an Egyptian officer and some soldiers had made it their temporary headquarters preparatory to removing to Itang as soon as the river should allow it. Three Greek traders were also there trying to establish a trade in gum and ivory. Two of them were suffering badly from fever, and were glad, I think, to hear we had a Doctor with us. Our camp was both pretty and comfortable, lying as it did

in a grove of giant gameza trees at a bend in the river, surrounded by rather pretty scenery. At least it appeared pretty to us in comparison with the monotonous bare lands we had passed through. At the back of the camp, about a mile inland, were open plains simply covered with game, such as waterbuck, bushbuck, whiteared cob, tiang, heartebeast, ostrich, giraffe and reedbuck, so the party could shoot as much as they

THE DOCTOR'S WATERBUCK.

liked. Here Mrs. McMillan shot her first specimen of big game, and so did the Doctor. He went out one morning with his shikari (he had actually aspired to have a shikari assigned to him by that time). and came across a waterbuck, which he promptly opened fire on some hundreds of yards away, walking towards it all the time. As the game was very tame, not having been shot at before for some time perhaps, the buck turned its large innocent eyes Doctorwards, wondering what the whistling

music meant which was going on around it. The Doctor had been firing with the 100 yard sight up the whole time, and had expended some fourteen cartridges without any result. He had now come to within sixty yards of the animal, also to the conclusion that something was wrong with the rifle sight. He promptly put it up to 400 yards, fired, and great was his joy to see his quarry fall down dead, and, astonishing to relate, it

THE EUROPEAN COLONY AT KAIG.

turned out to be the biggest horns of the kind shot in that camp. Well, the Doctor knew all about sighting after that, and the hyænas and lions, if there were any about, must have been grateful for the Doctor's arrival in those parts. Their work was made easy.

I started back with the launch *Sobat* and two punts, having Captain Arnoldi and his wife on board. We had a

most exciting journey as the current was very strong and the river about as crooked as possible. About half way down in rounding a point we suddenly came upon a hippo standing clear out of the water at the mouth of a kor. As we were going about twelve miles an hour the animal had no time to plunge into the river before we were on it, and so it turned tail and went bounding up the kor. If anyone imagines a hippo cannot run he is greatly mistaken. Big and clumsy though they look they get over the ground at an amazing rate, and they can keep it up for miles. We stopped for Captain Arnoldi to have a shot at it, hoping it would stop a short distance up the kor, but on investigation we saw it a mile inland still going strong.

February 26th we reached Nasser, having barely been able to crawl over the shallow sandbanks, the river having fallen six inches since we were there last.

The next day the Arnoldis left for Taufekia on the White Nile in Captain Wilson's boat, an English officer who was stationed some miles down the river. I must say had they stayed another couple of days on board the launch I should have had to live on my wits on the return journey, as both Captain and Mrs. Arnoldi had extraordinary healthy appetites, and an aversion for pure river water, which made my two bottles of whisky feel very empty indeed.

Early on Sunday work was begun loading the remaining stores. At 10 a.m. we had finished, and at once returned to the wood station for fuel. Captain Headlam and Captain Wilson, who met us at Nasser, took a lot of cattle down to Wilson's post, which Captain Wilson had previously brought down from Abyssinia. His cattlemen, all Gallas, were given a berth on one of the punts in order to be taken back as near as possible to their homes, and were to work their passage. They were about the sorriest lot of men I have ever seen.

Sick, thin, and completely played out after their long march with Captain Wilson they proved to be an awful drag on us as not one of them was fit for any kind of work.

The next four days were devoted to wood cutting and loading, and very hard work it was.

AN ABYSSINIAN LETTER CARRIER TO KAIG.

So far we had been having excellent weather, and except for two or three light showers with lightning twice, we had sunshine from morning till night. The wind until March 1st had been blowing up river, but on that date it died away

completely at Nasser, and on the 2nd it commenced blowing down the river. The thermometer had registered as high as 110° in the shade at mid-day, while it went down as low as 62° at night. The dew began to be heavy at night, and what is called the light rains in these regions were expected daily. The river was still going down, but only about half an inch daily. Even this was rather alarming for us, as we had been having our work cut out to get over shallows on our way down with empty punts and launch.

During the afternoon of March 3rd we again started off on our final return journey to Kaig camp. At the very start some sud got round the propeller which delayed us an hour, as a man had to get into the water and cut it off. The current was very swift and we could make but little headway with our heavily laden punts, but we kept at it all night and at 6.30 in the morning we arrived at the Pibor junction. Here we saw a small forest about a mile inland between the Pibor and Baro, which we had not noticed on our previous visits to this place. The current after passing the Pibor was a little better, and we were getting along rather well when all of a sudden the feed pump valve got out of order and filled the engine room with steam and hot water. It took us four hours to repair the damage. We had two more stops that day on sandbanks, but managed to get within two miles of the Adura junction, which we reached 1 a.m., March 5th. It took us seven hours' hard steaming against a very rapid current to reach the small island, where the strongest current was encountered. Here we found that the fire had to be drawn and the boiler blown down as it was priming badly. One of the Sudanese firemen did a thing which I think worth mentioning. As the boiler was a water tube one and we were burning wood, the ashes got clogged up between the tubes to such an extent that it was all but impossible to make steam.

Consequently no sooner was the fire drawn, the firebars being quite red hot, before a man we called "Tarbush," an exceptionally strong and plucky man, put on wet bags and crawled into the box in order to clear the ashes away from the tubes. A plank had been laid on the firebars, and this immediately began to burn under him, but he kept on, and by dint of sticking his head out of the door occasionally for air, stuck to it until he had finished the job properly. Water was thrown on him from time to time of course, or he would have been burned up, as the heat was terrific. This was all done to save time as we knew the party at the camp were anxiously waiting for us. In two hours we were off again.

On March 6th we ran short of wood, and as we had previously burnt all the available lumber not absolutely necessary, such as gang planks, the foot walk on top of the launch roof, the roofs of the punts, a lot of boxes, etc., I found that, as there were yet some twenty miles to go before we found trees, there was nothing for it but to break up one of the large punts and burn it. After passing Barakwik, we at once stopped and commenced our work of destruction. This took us until 11 p.m., when we had a rest, and got off again at 2 a.m., March 7th. We finally reached Kaig at noon the same day, completely fagged out, having had scarcely any sleep for three days.

Everybody in camp was glad to see us, I think, as they had been waiting long enough—in fact, the camp had been called "Camp Too Long." Every head of game obtainable had been secured, and large quantities of skins and heads had been prepared and dried ready for shipment home as soon as an opportunity offered. In taking the stores, medicals, etc., ashore, the Doctor found that his iodoform had become damp, so he promptly spread it out on calico sheets alongside his tent. During the day a breeze sprang up and the

whole camp was covered with the beastly stuff. Wherever you went you felt as if you were in a hospital. You could not forget that smell even if you took a bath among the crocodiles, it was so awfully fond of you.

I was told of an accident which had happened to a dog, which Mrs. McMillan had taken a special fancy to.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

It appeared that Mrs. McMillan had gone out on a shooting trip, taking her two dogs with her. After a successful trip the party were going to return, when one of the dogs was found missing. Diligent search was at once made, but without avail, and finally the party returned to camp.

The incident was reported, and men from the camp were sent out all over the place in order to find this much beloved animal, which, by the way, was just about useless for hunting purposes to my mind. Sir John became very worried too, and offered rewards of brass wire to any native who could find the dog. The state of Mrs. McMillan's animal-loving mind was by this time hard to describe. She had visions of lions, leopards, and hyænas having a war dance around her darling, and at times she could actually hear the crunching of bones. Well, there is a limit to human endurance, of course, and, I believe, the flood gates were opened, and copious tears were shed on Jack's terrible end.

After that, sleep, the consoler of all earthly troubles, descended on the camp, and nothing more happened until the next morning. The sun had scarcely brushed the first shadows of dawn from the tops of the trees—there were no mountains near by—before the whole camp was astir, and the Messrs. McMillan, Bulpett, and Sir John, with all their shikaris and lots of other men went out armed to the teeth in order to avenge the loss of that dog.

Mrs. McMillen, with heavy eyes and sorrowful face, appeared upon the scene some time later, and, thinking it was all over with her pet, thought she would go over and have a last look at poor Jack's kennel before succumbing to the inevitable. Gentle reader, how can I adequately describe the grief-stricken thoughts of the lady going to see the house in which her lost pet had recently spent so many happy days? In that little house it had been carried some thousands of miles, and every care had been taken in order to administer to its comforts, only for it to come to such an awful end.

At last, however, Mrs. McMillan reached the kennel, and—What? What in the world was that sticking out of the door? Good gracious! Why, it was Jack's lovely soft nose. The little

rascal had ran home, and had gone to his little house to take a real good rest, after his long and arduous march. It was his house anyway, so he did not see where he had done any wrong, but then no one had thought of a dog behaving in such a disgraceful manner. Fancy going to bed without saying good night to his mistress—naughty dog.

Mr. Bulpett realised from the beginning that this dog hunt was useless, so he indulged in some real hunting by the way.

NATIVES CUTTING UP A HIPPO.

He had shot a few animals, enough he thought for the wants of the camp, so he called his men together and ordered his riding mule up. The Sais brought it along at once, but just as Mr. Bulpett was going to mount the animal bolted, and made for the camp at full speed. I want this book to be read through as there are lots of interesting things coming hereafter; therefore I will not try to put down the language used, but will content

myself by saying that when Mr. Bulpett finally did reach camp, after a most wearisome march of a couple of hours, he told Mr. McMillan that if that confounded mule had been his own property he would have shot it dead where it ran away. It stands to reason that if a man's outraged and pent up feelings, especially pent up, can be assuaged by the death of a mule, why that mule in all conscience ought to die. However, ***this*** mule was quietly munching away at some grass at that time, and did not even pay attention to Mr. Bulpett's penetrating and angry look.

Well, the rest of the party returned later, tired and worn out, and it was a good job for Jack that he belonged to Mrs. McMillan that night.

March 8th was spent in sorting stores and getting the launch in shape for the journey up to Itang in case we should be able to find a channel, or if the river should rise. As the river was very low yet, it was decided to send the launch *Sobat* to see if we could get any distance up the river. The report was that we could only get about ten miles further.

CHAPTER V.

UPPER BARO RIVER.

ON the morning of March the 9th Mr. McMillan and the writer started off up river in the launch. We had previously received news of the Galla and Abyssinian carriers arriving, in fact some 200 of them had reached a village a couple of miles from camp the night before and were to start carrying the stores to Itang at once. They had also brought along with them some mules for the caravan and some mail. Consequently we were eager to see whether the river was navigable or not. Fortunately it had risen about six inches, so we got over the first shallows easily. In fact, but for getting into wrong channels and meeting with very rapid water at a place where there was a small circular island, we had no difficulty in getting about fifteen miles up with plenty of deep water ahead. We had great sport with hippos on the road up, and one especially proved very hard to kill, taking seven ·450 bullets before it finally gave in, and strange to say it floated at once. This one we tried to tow back, but after repeated trials at getting it over sandbanks we had to abandon it. No sooner did we leave it than scores of savages came from both shores, and a furious fight began for the possession of the meat.

On the road down we got into a pocket after dark, and as our fuel had given out we gave it up for the night. As we had only expected to be away a few hours we had taken

nothing but a handful of biscuits and a small bottle of whisky with us. Consequently we had not had anything to eat since the morning, and felt anything but happy. However, we slept through it, and the next morning we managed to get some firewood from a neighbouring village, and dug our way out of the pocket. On the way we met some canoes loaded with boxes, so we knew the caravan had started at last. At 10 a.m.

ABYSSINIAN LOADERS AND CARRIERS.

we saw some of our Somalis on the bank carrying a basket, and found it was food and drink for us sent by Sir John. Both Mr. McMillan and myself very much appreciated his thoughtfulness, as we were getting very hungry by this time. Two hours later we reached the camp again and found that all the stores had been sent away by carriers to Itang.

On Friday, March 11th, at 12 noon, we started off up the

river again with all the Expedition members on board excepting Mr. Zaphiro, who went with the caravan overland to the next stopping place. The *Adis Abeba* and the native nugger were left behind in charge of three Sudanese. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the feed-pump valve went wrong, and we did not get off again until 4.30 a.m. March 12th. We stuck on a lot of sandbanks, and at the small island we had an exciting

MR. TOWELL, YAMBOES, AND MARLOW.

half-hour, barely being able to breast the swift current. We managed to go twenty miles that day before a stop was made to get some wood. The whole aspect of the country had now changed. The banks of the river were more receding, while a strip of forest extended along the north bank as far as Itang, and relieved us for the present of any further anxiety regarding firewood. The natives here belonged to the Anyak or Yamboe race, and like their neighbours, the Nuers, wore no clothing,

but appeared cleaner looking although they covered themselves in grease from head to foot. They lived in the ordinary conical straw huts, but the floor was plastered over with clay which gave them a clean appearance. Wherever there was a village they would line up along the bank, especially young men and girls, perfectly oblivious to the fact that they shocked our European idea of modesty. Some of them were not at all bad looking, the girls having pleasant faces and good figures, and most of the men were well made and muscular. Like all the surrounding tribes they were heathens, believing in some evil spirit which was supposed to appear at night only. They practiced polygamy on a large scale, some of their chiefs having as many as twenty wives. Their chief industry was agriculture, durra and maize being the principal products. Of cattle they had but very few, while the goats and sheep were fairly plentiful in places. They were fond of bright ornaments made from brass, copper, or iron wire, and ivory. Some of the men had enormous armlets of ivory, and the forearm would sometimes be wrapped in brass wire from wrist to elbow, making them perfectly useless for any kind of work. The women wore ornaments made from beads, the married ones wearing a leather apron extending half-way down to the knee.

We started off again, and as the Doctor thought he would like to go overland, in order to get some shooting, he went off with his shikari early in the morning, following the south bank, while Sir John went ashore on the north bank for the same purpose. We had been going on until about noon when we were hailed by a native on the south bank. He carried a spear and a parcel, so we stopped to find out what he wanted. There was a note addressed to me from the Doctor, which said: "Have come across fresh elephant tracks, if any of the party would like to come and follow it up, please let them know. The bearer will show the way. In

the parcel you will find proof of my assertion." The parcel was opened, and found to contain fresh elephant droppings. I think we all enjoyed the Doctor's novel way of proving his knowledge as a hunter, but nobody seemed inclined to follow an animal which was probably thirty miles away by that

THE DOCTOR ON SAFARI.

time. The Doctor did not do it, as he only had a small calibre rifle, he told us afterward, and very fortunate it was for him that he did not. In the evening he rejoined us, tired out, having shot nothing. Sir John had joined us earlier, having shot two whiteared cob.

We now started on our final journey to Itang, and had

an exciting time of it, as the river now became wide and very shallow, full of islands and sandbanks, and it was hard work in places to get the launch over, but finally we succeeded in reaching Itang in the afternoon. We were received by Riade Effendi, the Egyptian officer in charge, who had a lot of firewood ready for us some distance further up the river. We also succeeded in purchasing a mule from him, which was strong enough to carry Mr. McMillan. Itang was a small military and trading post, established in this part of Abyssinia by the Sudan Government. It consisted of a few straw and mud huts only, with a small native village at the back of the compound. The native chief was called Gelo, a man who was the proud possessor of twenty wives but no children. It appeared he married one after another in order to increase his family, not by wives, but children, but so far he had been unsuccessful, and he now came to us for medicine to remedy the evil. He was a young man of good physique, but with one arm crippled. He wore enormous ivory bracelets above the elbow which made his arms swell and become almost useless.

This post at Itang had been started in order to try and establish trade with Abyssinia in ivory, gum, etc., but up to the time we arrived it had not proved successful, the station being too far from the Abyssinian market-place of Gorè, also because the Abyssinians have an aversion to the lowlands on account of the unhealthy climate. The post has since been removed to Gambela, some thirty or forty miles further up the river, at the base of the mighty mountain plateau on which Gorè is situated.

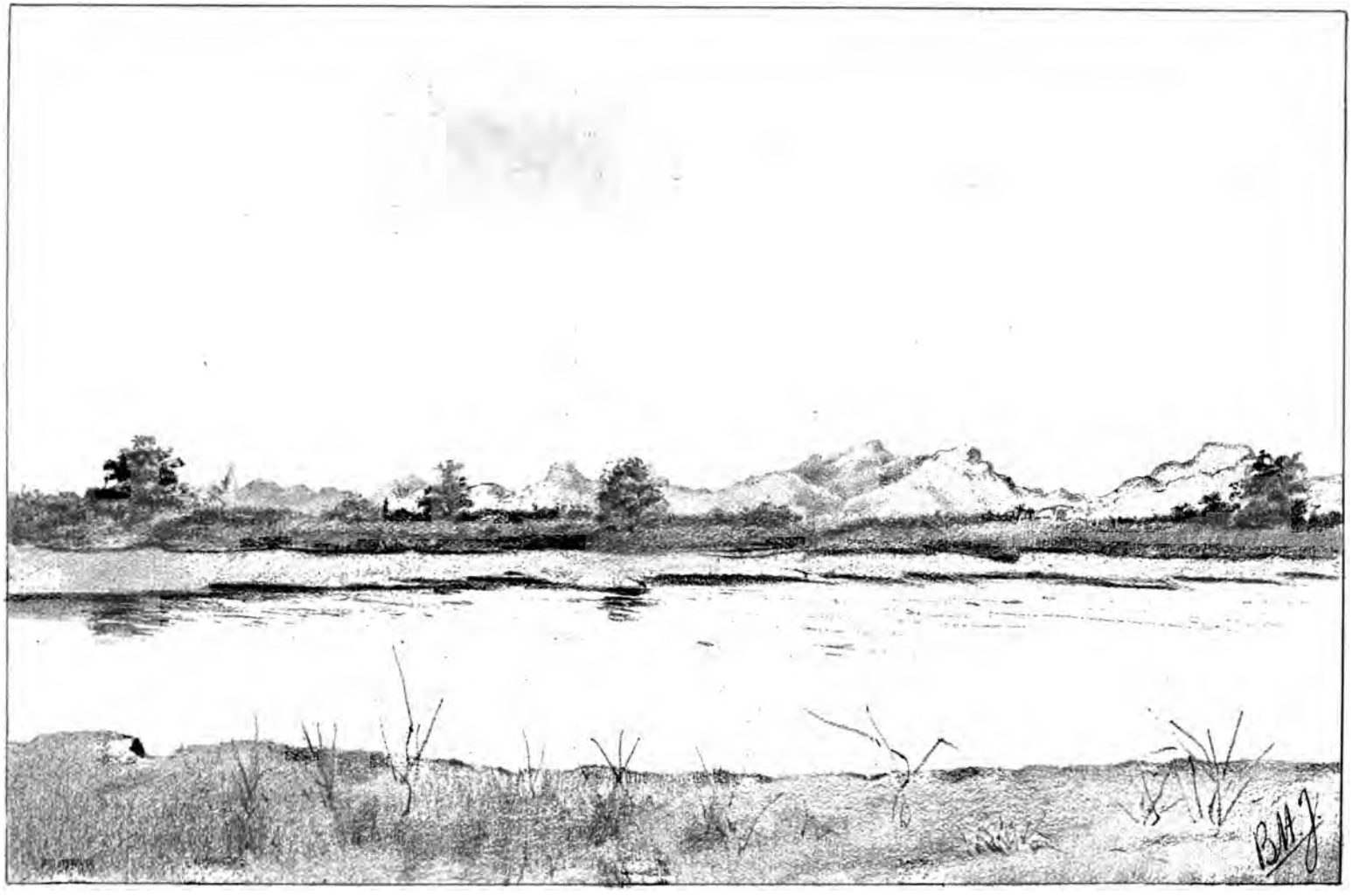
On March 14th we started off for "Pokum," a place some ten miles further up the river, where it was decided to make a permanent camp for the Boma part of the Expedition.

A range of hills called the Pam Hills now came into view, and a little later the imposing mountains of Abyssinia also came

in sight. It was a relief to us all, I am sure, from the endless level of the country we had been passing through, and our spirits rose considerably. After having taken on board wood at the wood station, and passed a few prettily-situated villages, experiencing very much the same trouble with navigation as on the previous days, we finally reached our destination.

On leaving Itang, Mr. Bulpett had gone overland on the north bank to do some shooting. When we picked him up he had a fine giraffe tail with him, having succeeded in shooting a very fine specimen. This was the second giraffe shot, the first one having fallen to Mr. McMillan's gun.

We now made fast to the east bank of the river, and began to make camp on an open plain with only one small tree on it to give some shade. At the back of the camp was a swamp with forests behind. The opposite bank to us was fringed with trees and bushes, behind which the Pam Hills rose up. The river above was full of islands, some covered with trees, and far beyond to the north-east the dark mountains of Abyssinia were seen. It was not exactly an ideal place for a camp, and it proved very warm. Most of the carriers had arrived before us, so we at once began to separate Sir John's and Mrs. McMillan's stores for their journey to Adis Abeba. This proved to be a most amusing task. Hitherto Mr. Towell had been in sole charge of all stores. As we were to part, William Marlow was appointed storekeeper for the Boma Expedition. These two men, who had been the best of friends on the journey up, now all of a sudden became most suspicious of each other. In dividing the stores, etc., each man seemed to want about everything he could lay his hands on, and only had the one idea of getting as much from the other fellow as possible. "What became of them spare soda bottle pins I want to know." "I don't know," said William, "You had them here a while ago." "I know blooming well I had, but they ain't here now. Now



Pam Hills from Camp near Polkum on Baro River, Abyssinia. (March 1904)

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View from Camp at Polkum-Baro River (Abyssinian Mountains) April 1904

look at them dishcloths, I had dozens of them this morning, and now I have only two or three left. I wish you fellows would get out of this here punt and get ashore where you belong." We were sorry Towell did not appreciate our efforts at assistance, and left him to take care of himself. He got even all right, as William found out later on. While this was going on between the storekeepers, Sir John was quietly walking about among the tents, picking up such small things as camp chairs, tables, ropes, and goodness knows what. As I was a Boma man I, of course, at once reported his movements to Mr. McMillan and Mr. Bulpett, who were busy giving out escort rifles to the men. They at once went on the warpath, and things were put under guard, and further pilfering checked, but I am afraid that considerable damage had been done already, as a good many things were found missing afterwards.

On March 16th everything was ready, and the launch started off again up the river in order to take Sir John and party as near Gambela as possible.

On board were Mrs. McMillan, Sir John, Mr. Bulpett, (who by the way was to accompany the party as far as Gorè in order to purchase pack animals, grain and flour, saddles, etc., and bring some men back with him), Miss Louis, Mr. Towell, John Destro and the writer, besides some Somalis. The caravan went overland.

The country on both sides of the river was now covered with open park-like forests, rather thicker on the south bank, while to the north of us and right ahead the dark Abyssinian mountains ever increased in height. We found the river in the same state as it had been below for a good distance up. There were a few scattered Anyak villages along each bank for the first fifteen miles, but after that we saw no more. On the second day we encountered rocks in the river, the first we had seen for many a day. Navigation now became rather difficult,

as it is quite a different matter to bump against stones instead of mud or sand.

At twelve noon, March 17th, we arrived at a small cataract where we had some excitement for a while. In trying to pass through, and whilst in the middle of the worst part, where the current simply rushed and foamed against us, the noise of the water and the engine was so great that we had to line up from

ANYAK VILLAGE ON THE BARO.

the wheel to the engine-room in order to pass orders to the engineer. I took the wheel, then came Sir John, the Doctor, Towell, etc. On a small island close alongside of us a water-buck was discovered standing among the rocks. It was a very pretty sight. Just at that time I found it was too risky to go further, and in order to get back stern first I shouted an order for half speed. It was passed on to the Doctor, and one can imagine Sir John's surprise when he found that the Doctor was

literally in the act of photographing the buck and paying no attention to the order. That is where the Doctor was given a few new names besides "Baby," names he did not relish a bit. The delay in passing the order had very nearly a disastrous effect, as we just escaped smashing our Berthon boat, and came within an ace of having our rudders knocked off. Meanwhile the sporting blood of some of the party had

BARO RIVER NEAR GAMBELA. THE ROCK WHICH NEARLY WRECKED US.

got the better of them, and the buck was shot before it could get away. We got back and tied up to a sandbank below the cataract, whereupon the Somalis went and brought in the meat. We had thus succeeded in reaching within three miles of the farthest point navigable on this river, 380 miles from the Sobat mouth, in spite of it being the dry season. It is worthy of note that at no time did our boats draw less than twenty-four

inches of water. This was the most beautiful spot we had encountered on the whole voyage. The river, which almost formed the letter S, came curving smoothly around a sandbank above, then there was a gentle drop between steep and rocky banks, while large boulders and rocks and small grass-clad islands broke the river up into several branches, and waterfalls, rapids and whirlpools were formed everywhere. The banks on

ABYSSINIAN HIGHLANDS.

each side were covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, bushes and grass, and formed a perfect park-land. Beyond, the formidable Abyssinian mountains reared their heads proudly into the sky and looked like some gigantic fortress keeping guard over the lands of the Negus. They looked sternly down on the fertile lowlands before them, where curiously shaped rocks and sharp peaked ranges jutted out among the forests like outposts. A cooling breeze came down from the highlands

imbuing us with new life and vigour, and filled us with a longing for a cooler climate, and I secretly envied those who were to start on the morrow on a journey up to those mountain plateaux. Just below us was a large deep pool, literally full of hippos, and we had some sport with them later on in the afternoon.

That night we had a forest fire which came dangerously near burning up the whole caravan. Luckily the wind turned just in time, and gave the men a chance of beating it out.

The next day Mrs. McMillan, Sir John, and party left for their long journey to Adis Abeba, while the launch returned to Pokum camp, where we arrived the same night. The camp had now been made shipshape, some tuckles had been built, one for dining-room, one for kitchen, and one for the store-house, etc. At a distance it looked like a small town, the white tops of the tents gleaming in the sun. As Mr. Bulpett was expected to remain away for three weeks, we had plenty of time to become acquainted with the surrounding country.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER VI.

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

ON March 19th we started out on a hunting expedition to the south as we had been told that there were elephants there. The country proved to be thickly wooded at first, with a few cultivated patches on open spots belonging to the small Anyak village lying about a mile to the back of the camp. Further along the forests opened up into perfect park-lands, with open plains and grass-lands, and small swamps here and there. Judging by the numerous tracks, we saw that game must be plentiful at some time of the year. We camped at 10 a.m. alongside a large swamp in order to get some water for our animals. The ground here was literally honeycombed with elephant tracks, but all some weeks old. We found one new track later, however. We all began searching and found oryx, heartebeaste, waterbuck, reedbuck, and giraffe, but no elephant, and as the above species, except the oryx, had been shot before, we decided to return to camp.

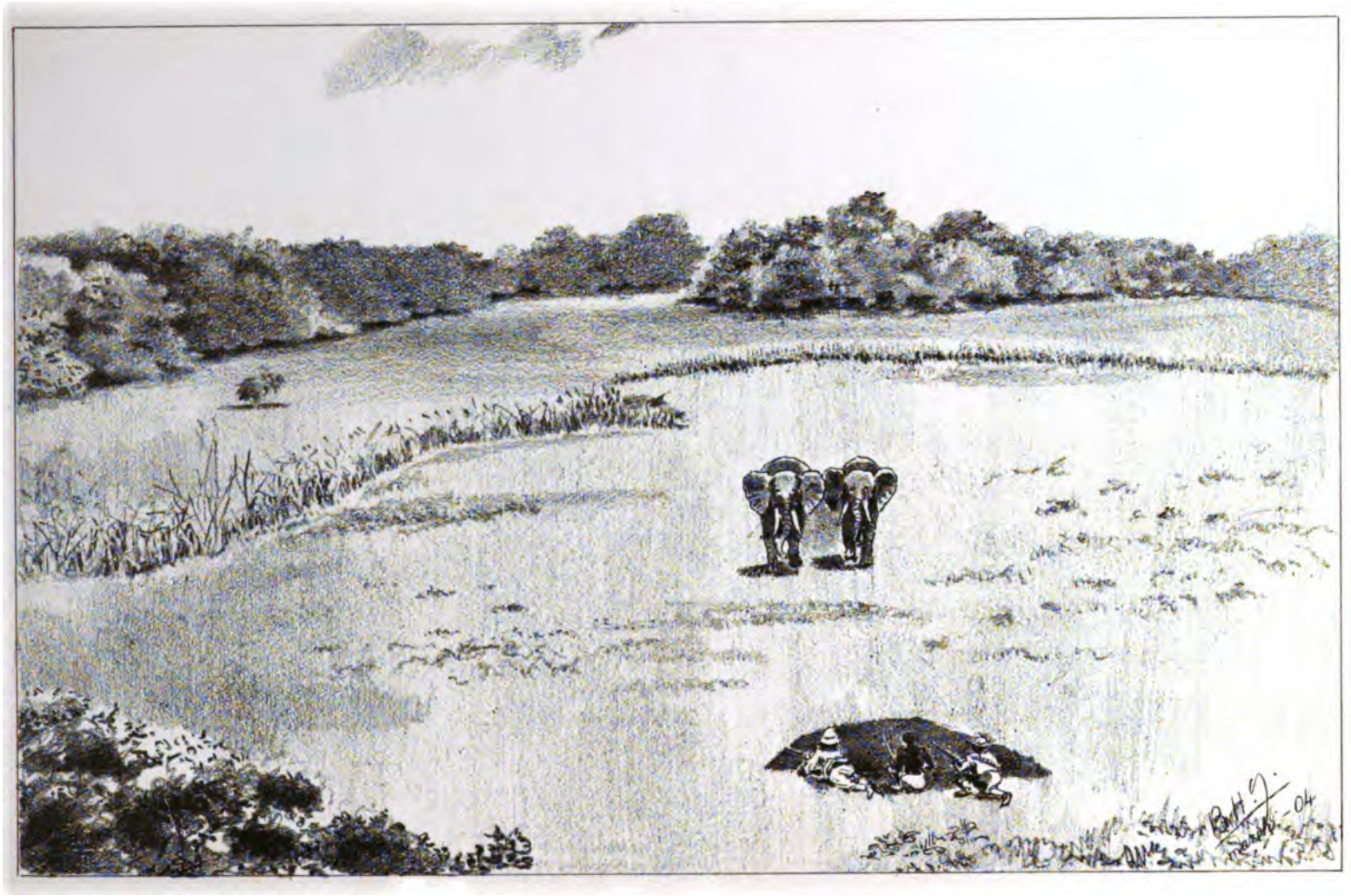
The next day Mr. McMillan and Mr. Zaphiro went up the river to a large pool full of hippos in order to shoot some, the surrounding natives having told us that their grain supply had run short and they were starving. Eight hippos were killed, one of which was so large that it was decided to send the skeleton to Oxford College. The natives gathered from miles around in order to get the meat, and the blood and smell

attracted numerous crocodiles of all sizes, some perhaps twenty feet long. While the meat cutting went on there was a perfect pandemonium, and fierce fights went on the whole time. The entrails and the fat were the most sought after, and as soon as the animals were opened half a dozen savages would dive into its inside and slash and tear away until all was gone, when they would come out looking like demons, covered

UPPER BARO RIVER.

with blood and dirt from head to foot. These natives would follow us wherever we went in the beginning, and no sooner was an animal shot before they would fall upon it with a fury like so many vultures. It took us some time to teach them to keep away until we ourselves had been served first. They would gather around the camp, squat down and laugh and talk from sunrise to sundown, when they would disappear until next morning. They were very fond of bright

around or feed. We lost sight of them at last in the high grass, but stumbled along as fast as we could towards the trees. As soon as we got there we climbed a big one, and after a while discovered the animals standing still under some trees just beyond a flat plain covered with grass only three inches high. In the middle of the plain was a small ant-hill about thirty-six inches high, and our shikari decided that we should make for it and lie down. Off we tramped through underbrush and dry tangled grass, ten feet to twelve feet high, across a small dry river-bed and then out on the plain, bending double meanwhile to avoid being seen by the elephants, which were still standing under the trees. At last we reached our hiding place very hot and out of breath. The sun was right overhead and the heat intense, and only a very light breeze was blowing from the east at a right angle to the direction where the elephants were standing. Which course would they take? That was the question, and we spent a few moments in uncertainty. The ant-hill we were trying to hide behind was so small that we had to take our hats off to be out of sight, and even then we had to lie behind each other. I took a cautious look over the top and nearly lost my breath by discovering that the elephants were coming right down on us. The male was walking first holding his magnificent head high in the air, and spreading his enormous ears straight out as if to catch the wind, and looked for all the world like some ominous pirate ship coming down with all sails set ready to put us out of existence with one puff. The female came behind in the same fashion, and altogether it was an awe-inspiring sight and made me feel anything but comfortable. I turned to the shikari behind me and said, "Good Heavens! they are coming right down on us," and at the same time looked round for a safer place, but there was none. The shikari motioned me to lie down and not to speak, and



An Elephant hunt near Polkum-Baro River-March 26th, 1904

whispered " Good shoot; good shoot," bending himself double at the same time. It is all very well to say " Good shoot," but if a man's heart is going pit-a-pat at such a terrific rate that you think it could be heard a mile off you are not likely to hit even an elephant, and a barn door would simply not be in it at all. I turned to Marlow and said, " If they come now I won't be able to shoot, my heart is beating too fast." His answer did not tend to improve my condition much. He only answered, " Buck up, old man, they are coming." I quickly looked over the hill, and as luck would have it, the animals had stopped just for a second as if to decide where to go. That little stop, however, fixed me up completely, and I was myself again. I had a double barrelled ten-bore, and solid bullets. Marlow had a double barrelled ·303 with split bullets, of course absolutely useless in such a case, while the shikari had a ·35 Winchester and soft-nosed bullets. The shooting, therefore, was left with me, and I had never fired a ten-bore in my life before, but knew its power. All this passed through my mind like a flash, and I began to call myself all kinds of fools for getting into such an unsafe place, on an open plain at that. However, there I was, and had to take the consequences. If the blessed brutes would only sheer off a bit to the right or left, instead of coming down to investigate that little innocent wort in front of us, it would be some consolation, but not they, on they came, emitting the most uncomfortable sounds through their trunks and bearing straight down upon us. I began to wonder whether they would go round or over the hill, it was only one step for that fellow anyway, and if they were going round which side would they take? I dodged from one side to the other until they were within twenty yards of us, and then, to my relief, it was evident that they were going to pass on the left side, and it wasn't many seconds before the big fellow

sauntered leisurely round the hill within five yards of me, and apparently looking sleepily down on us. His big ears were flapping backwards and forwards, and his trunk was making graceful curves up and down, while his white tusks glistened in the sun.

Fortunately an elephant's sight is very bad, and I don't think he really saw us. I lay flat on my stomach and had great difficulty in getting the gun elevated sufficiently to get a sight at his temple. I at last succeeded, however, and let fly. In my anxiety to kill at once I had pulled both triggers, and keeping in mind that a ten-bore rifle is not exactly a plaything, the result can better be imagined than described. The report was like the boom of a cannon, and the recoil simply doubled me up like a concertina, while the breech-lever of the rifle struck the bridge of my nose and side of my face so powerfully that it made me insensible for a couple of seconds and I bled profusely. I staggered to my feet while Marlow and the shikari both emptied their guns into the brute's head. One would think this sufficient to kill half a dozen elephants, but this one stood as if dazed for a few seconds, and then instead of toppling over as it ought to have done, it threw itself completely round, and taking his mate along, made off for the woods as fast as he could go, leaving lots of blood behind in his tracks. I was too dizzy and astonished to be able to follow him for more than half-a-mile, so we determined to go to the camp and send men after him later, as we were sure he would die soon. Off we went in search of the camp, and after a couple of hours we came on to a herd of ten giraffe, but soon found we could get no nearer to them owing to the open state of the plain, and the great height at which these stately animals carry their heads, so we gave it up, and finally arrived at the camp 2.30 in the afternoon pretty well fagged out.

Here we found Mr. McMillan resting outside the tent. It

seemed that he had had better luck than we, as he had shot a magnificent giraffe, measuring twenty-two feet, three inches, from the top of his horns to the ground.

After returning from shooting the giraffe, and while sitting by the tent, he saw four elephants crossing the grassy plain some 200 yards in front of him. Unfortunately he had left his guns with the shikaris skinning the giraffe so he could not get a shot at them.

Water was found near the camp in a swamp, and there was lots of grass for the mules, but the mosquitos at night were simply ferocious, and gave us no peace, and we did not like the place much. Elephants, giraffe and other game were seen within short distances of the camp, so it was a good game country.

The next day was Sunday, so we took a rest and dried the skins of the game we had shot.

Mr. McMillan meanwhile became a little sick, probably from over exposure to the sun, and it was decided to return to our main camp on the river the next day. Consequently on the 28th we returned, and by making two marches arrived in camp again at four in the afternoon, after having been away five days.

During the evening my elephant hunt became the subject of our conversation, and when Mr. Zaphiro, the Expedition taxidermist, who had been left behind in charge of the camp during our absence, heard the story, he said he was sure if he had shot at an elephant he would never stop until he had killed it.

I should have mentioned before that men had been sent in search of the one I shot; but it appears that it had either gone too far or the men could not find the right track, so further search was abandoned. However, Mr. Zaphiro was so persistent in his remarks that finally a bet was made.

Mr. Zaphiro was to be allowed men, mules, guns, etc., and five days in which to kill and bring in some sign of his elephant. If he was successful he was to get £50, if unsuccessful he was to pay the same sum. Mr. McMillan was to give £40 and I £10. I am afraid that Mr. Zaphiro had been anything but serious in making the bet, as he made his will before leaving us the next day.

SAILOR RAYAL AND HIS SWEETHEART.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMP LIFE AT POKUM.

WE had brought along a gramophone, which we sometimes used to liven us up in the evenings, and it was great fun to have our men and some of the Yamboes gather round and listen to this devilish instrument. Some thought there was a small boy in the box, others that it was the devil, and some did not think about it at all, but simply bolted when it began to sing or talk. One piece which it produced was something about a man called Murphy visiting the Zoo, and this was the favourite. We had a Somali cook whose name was "Regel," the best soul I have ever met among coloured people. He simply fell in love with the above production, and laughed uproariously at Murphy. He said: "Good man that Murphy. Good talk, good laugh, I think I go England see that man." That same Regel was a perfect character, and no one could help loving him. Always cheerful, always smiling, full of life and fun, he spread good humour and brightness around him everywhere. His English was unique, and some expressions exceedingly amusing, so I loved to make him tell stories of his many adventures. In telling a story, for instance, he would say: "Then they come, first the Sahibs, then all the cateliks (cattle) and gammels and sheep, and then the mens: all them would come you see, and make one zeriba." Old Regel had been raided by the Mad Mullah, so he had no love for him, and

the things he wished to do to that man if ever he caught him were something terrible. He had been rich before that happened, and now he had to work as cook, and an excellent one he was too.

On March 30th I started off with some mules and eight men, crossing the river in our punt to a point right opposite to the camp. A base line had been drawn out on the plan table the previous evening to the top of the nearest hill, and sights had been taken to all the hilltops visible from the camp. The main object of my trip was to see whether any water could be found near the mountains.

On the first part of the march we waded through dry tangled grass for about three quarters of a mile until we came to Pokum village, lying at the edge of a forest belt, and in a north bend of the Baro river. Here we struck a very good path which we followed all the time afterwards, as it went in the exact direction we wanted to go. The forest extends inland for about a mile, and is composed mostly of mimosa and accacia trees. On the other side of the belt of trees a flat grassy plain extends for a couple of miles northward to the foothills of the mountains, and about three miles west where the forest begins again. We crossed the plain, and at the foothills found two small but deep pools of water. I should judge there would be sufficient water for 500 men and an equal number of mules. From here on we commenced ascending through a park-land towards a valley between the mountains. A halt was made in the valley, and the peak which I had sighted from the camp was ascended at noon and sights were taken to all prominent points.

A grand view was had of the surrounding country, as one could see for a distance of forty miles or more in almost any direction. To the north and east a flat park-land, dotted here and there by low-lying hills and rocky protuberances, finishing up abruptly at the Abyssinian mountains. To the south an

apparently endless forest plain, through which the Baro river wended its snakelike course from east to west, and westward the Pam hills broken and intersected by valleys in all directions. Strange that such an apparently magnificent country should be so empty of animal and bird life, at least at that time of the year. Only reedbuck and a few tiang and birds were seen further on, and still the grass and trees were flourishing.

After descending we proceeded on our journey northward through park-land and open spaces, covered by thick reeds, ten to twelve feet high. After marching for about six miles we came to a small river-bed, where good water was found in pools, which strange to say were filled with fish of the catfish kind. The natives say there is water here the whole year round. A rocky knoll juts out of the plain, about 200 feet high, on the south side, and the forest is very thick on both banks. Hardly any mosquitos were seen, and on the whole I should judge the place to be healthier as a station than Itang. The distance from Baro, however, is ten to twelve miles. The thermometer registered 98° in the shade at noon, and 76° at nine in the morning, while we had calm, clear weather. This khor is probably a tributary of the khor Garre or Jokau, or it may also join the Baro further west.

We returned at noon, and arrived at the pools west of the foothills at four p.m. were we halted over night to do some shooting if possible. While at the khor above mentioned I had shot three tiang, and a few ducks by the way. A large herd of waterbuck and some tiang were seen in the evening, about half-a-mile out on the plain to the west of us, so prospects for shooting looked good.

In the early morning of April 1st we had a thunderstorm and heavy rain which lasted an hour-and-a-half. At six a.m. I began looking for game, and was pleasantly surprised to see five ostriches, three males and two females, coming towards

me at the far end of the plain. As no shelter was to be had, and the ground was wet and cloggy, it proved a difficult task to stalk them, and I only got to within a thousand yards when they saw me, and were off like the wind. I kept on, however, and found them peacefully grazing some 500 yards beyond a clump of trees which I succeeded in reaching without being seen. Further progress was impossible without frightening the birds away again, so I tried a shot, and, to my astonishment they did not run away. It was a miss, so I tried again, but found that my rifle would not reach, and as soon as I showed myself they were off, for good this time. I had to give it up, and we returned to the main camp at the river, where we arrived at 10.30 a.m.

In the afternoon of the same day, to our utter astonishment, Mr. Zaphiro returned from his hunting trip, actually having shot one elephant and a giraffe. We, of course, had lost our bet. We drank to his success and safe return in champagne, and in the evening there was great rejoicing amongst the natives, who danced and sang until a late hour.

I will here say a few words about the Sudanese whom we had in our launches, and who, having been engaged by me personally, looked upon me as their immediate master, to whom they came for anything they wanted. It will serve to illustrate the good heart of these people. The bet which had been made with Mr. Zaphiro over the elephant shooting was, of course, known amongst the men, who naturally took a lively interest in it. After the result was known, the Rais, or the head man among the Sudanese, came to me and said that, as he and his men had heard I had lost, they had all clubbed together and had managed to collect £2 among them, which they wanted me to accept in order to help pay my bet. To say that I was deeply touched will but half express my feelings, so much more so as I had been working

all of them very hard during the trip. They had all worked splendidly, and never grumbled under the most trying circumstances, sometimes working thirty-six hours without a rest. I really cannot say enough in praise of these men, and the above little incident will remain ever fresh in my memory.

THE SUDANESE BOY SALIM (CHARLEY).

I had, of course, to refuse the gift, but hope I expressed my heartfelt thanks in such a manner that they understood. Through the kind courtesy of Mr. McMillan I was allowed to take three of these boys as my personal men on our journey to Boma. One I called Sambo, one Tarbush, and the third Charley, all young men, strong and willing.

On some days the cricket stumps were got out, and a very hot game indulged in, and it was great fun to see the Abyssinians and Somalis take a hand in dodging the ball if it came too swift. We also had games at football. The men would run after the ball over a stubbly field with bare feet, make a terrific kick at it and miss, with the result that both legs went up in the air, and they would come down on the back of their heads. Still, no one seemed to get hurt. It was violent exercise in a temperature of over 130 in the sun.

The launch and punt had been arranged in such a way that we could have a swim between them and the shore, but it was uncanny sport with crocodiles lying only 150 yards off sometimes, on the opposite shore watching us, and there was plenty of water both under the punt and launch.

The general health of the camp was good, although we had some mild cases of fever among the men. We had established friendly relations with the people in the small village at the back of the camp, but found them to be anything but obliging. They were ruled over by a Queen, the Sheikh having died without a male heir, consequently we learned that the sheikhship was hereditary among them. With regard to their government they are all supposed to be under some Abyssinian Ras (Ras being the Arabic word for head), to whom they must pay a yearly tribute, either in ivory, labour or grain. Directly they are ruled by their own sheikhs or shaums. All the members of a tribe are not equally well off, there being rich men and poor just the same as in a civilized community, the rich men being invariably headmen or supporters of the chiefs. We noticed cases where men would come to us and beg for something to eat, while the well-to-do men in the tribe would have hundreds of sheep grazing around. It seems then that they have a strict system of government, and that personal property is respected

among them. This may, of course, be easily accounted for when we consider their close proximity to Abyssinia and the Sudan. There is no doubt that these people, who, sad to say, are gradually becoming extinct, are greatly influenced by their surroundings and the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed. Shut in on one side by the giant Abyssinian mountains, and on the other by the warlike and ever agressive

ANYAKS.

Nuer tribes, their existence is not much better than that of the flying fish. The Abyssinians, though officially their protectors, make yearly raids on them, ostensibly to collect their tributes, but incidentally taking away boys and women for slaves. The Nuers on the other hand make inroads on their land in order to gain larger pastures for their cattle. Being a peaceful people, almost entirely agricultural in their habits, and only having rude spears for protection, they are almost

invariably subdued, and probably it will only be a matter of a few years before the whole tribe will be swallowed up and divided amongst the Abyssinians and the Nuers. Their chief industry, as before-mentioned, is agriculture, comparatively few cattle being raised, evidently because of the great death

ANYAK HUT.

rate caused among all domestic animals by a certain kind of fly. Chickens were plentiful, but of a small and inferior kind. At the village where we camped the Queen owned some few hundred sheep and goats, but if we wanted to buy any we were almost always met with some excuse, and we had to resort to threats at last before securing any.

ANYAKS.

The Anyaks are not very numerous. As to their number I would not like to give any definite figure. They invariably have their villages alongside some watercourse. Their huts, as before said, are of straw and consist of one room only They have a great liking for smearing themselves with fat or castor oil instead of wearing clothes. The castor oil plant can be seen growing around every village. Their staple

UPPER BARO. GOLD WASHING.

food is maize or durra, and as the soil is excellent the crops are magnificent and are raised with a minimum of labour Their only agricultural implements are a rough kind of hoe with a pick at one end. The whole tribe, men and women, assist in working in the fields, and in order to protect the crops from the ravages of swarms of small birds which come round just before harvest time they erect look-out towers, on which the women and children are posted with a plentiful supply of mud,

which they throw by means of a long supple stick into the corn-fields, shouting at the same time to frighten the small marauders away. The corn is ground in the most primitive manner between two stones, and is, of course, assigned to the women. Of vegetables they have a kind of pumpkin, a large over-grown cucumber, some wild yams, beans, and a sort of four leaved clover with a yellow flower, the name of which I did not get. Of fruit trees they have none, except the doleb and dom palms, a very few date palms, and the gongolaise tree. The land is cultivated only sufficiently for their own use, probably because of the extortionate demands made by the Abyssinians. In bad years they very often have to live on wild roots and fish. Although the woods were full of game they did not seem to know much about catching any, and they were highly gratified when we killed some for them. I saw some rude trapping instruments, which seemed to have been in long disuse, however. Traps or pits are dug along the river bank for catching hippos, and at this they seem to be successful at times. As to their language, it was called "Yamboe," and did not seem to resemble Arabic, Galla, or Abyssinian, the neighbouring languages. Their means of exchange consisted of beads, brass and iron wire, calico, sheep, goats, and Maria Theresa dollars, these being the current coin of Abyssinia, valued at one shilling and ninepence to two shillings. The iron for their implements and spears they got from native traders, either Abyssinian or Arabs. Nearly every large village has a blacksmith, who by the means of very crude implements indeed makes the few things they need. The anvil is shaped like a horseshoe nail, the sharp end being stuck in the ground. Besides this he has a hammer and a pair of tongs. I saw no bellows. They were also quite adepts at tanning leather, but as to their method I could learn nothing. They had some crude idea

of pottery, but preferred to use the hard skin of a very large and peculiar shaped gourd for eating and drinking vessels. They all eat out of the same vessel, using their fingers.

On April 3rd the weather suddenly changed from the bright sunshine and heat we had been having nearly all along, as a dry thick fog settled over the land. Before the arrival of this fog hundreds of pelicans came flying up the river in front of it, and made us think a storm was coming. The fog lasted three days, during which time we kept mostly in camp. It was a pleasant change for us as it became very much cooler, the sun not being able to penetrate except at noon.

YAMBOE AND HUT.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LION HUNT.

IN the early morning of the 8th Mr. McMillan decided to go up the river to shoot some hippos for the Yamboes, and I went with him. We shot five hippos and a good sized crocodile, and were about to return when some Gallas came along with a message from Mr. Bulpett. He was within two days' march of us, and was coming along ahead of the caravan. We were glad to hear from him, knowing that our long wait would soon be over. On returning to the camp one of our Somalis was seen running towards us in great haste. It seemed that this day was to be full of incidents. as this man reported to us that one of Mr. Zaphiro's men who had been out shooting small birds had jumped a lioness, and they now wanted Mr. McMillan to come and shoot it. A ·450 rifle and plenty of cartridges had been brought from camp, so away we went at a gallop in order to get to the tracks as fast as possible. In twenty minutes we were following the fresh tracks, which led us through thick and very dangerous-looking bush and forest country. It was impossible to see further than twenty yards ahead. After fifteen minutes' chase we saw the animal, which proved to be an old lioness, walking leisurely along amongst the underbrush. Mr. McMillan at once fired, but missed, and she made off at full speed. We followed as fast as we could, and after a while we heard a loud coughing sound just

ahead of us; and thought we had our prey, but it turned out to be some bushbuck, which had seen the lion pass, and stood coughing and trembling with fright. All of a sudden we lost the track, but spreading out like a fan we began to search in every direction. It was just by a lucky chance that we found her at last, lying hidden under some thick bushes, which encircled a big tree. She had evidently made a long jump over the bushes and hidden herself in this place, in order to double her tracks when we had gone by. Fortunately, however, one of the Somalis went into the thicket, but without the faintest idea of the danger he ran, as he could see the rest of us all around him. He actually came within ten feet of the brute before he saw her, and then, without making the slightest noise or sign, walked quickly after Mr. McMillan, and brought us back to within thirty feet of where she was. I could plainly see her head and ears, while Mr. McMillan, with his 6 feet 3 inches, could only see some yellow patches among the bushes, and therefore did not know where to aim. Suddenly, however, she lifted her head up to look at him, and then the next minute it was all over. She was shot in the neck and died instantly. I must say I never came nearer breaking the rules of sport, as I very nearly fired off my gun before Mr. McMillan, in fact I had already begun to lift it to my shoulder. She was in plain view to me, and the temptation was too great. Just think of it, only thirty feet away, and lying perfectly still at that. No sooner was it discovered that the lion was dead before great jubilation began amongst the natives, and although they are under a fine for firing a single cartridge without orders it would be impossible to hold them back in a case like this, and guns were fired and songs were sung. The whole crowd danced and sang, and fired occasional shots in front of us, all the way back to camp, where the rest of the men awaited us, and the

jubilation was commenced over again. What with Somali, Sudanese, Abyssinians, Galla and Anyak all singing and dancing at once it became anything but a musical entertainment, but it was a very interesting and amusing sight all the same.

During the afternoon Mr. Zaphiro left the camp to go and assist Mr. Bulpett, and in the evening the rest of us gathered round the camp fire and listened to the Somalis telling about their many and exciting hunting experiences. As a fit ending to the day's experience, one of them, Mr. McMillan's first shikari, related a story of an exciting lion hunt which he had had on the south-east coast whilst in the service of an English gentleman. This gentleman, Mr. S., with a small caravan had gone inland to shoot lions. After a few days they came to a village where they found the inhabitants greatly excited as there was a terrible man-eating lion around. They said that two of their young girls had gone out to fetch water that morning, and after filling their pitchers they were returning home when a big lion jumped on them and killed one poor girl instantly. The other one dropped her pitcher and ran shrieking towards the village. She had nearly reached it when the brute overtook her and killed her with one blow. He then took her in his powerful jaws, carried her back and laid her on top of his first victim. Meanwhile a young man in the village had heard the screams, and running out commenced looking for the cause of them, but of course could see nothing. He walked on, looking around, but had not gone many yards before the lion jumped on him like a flash, killing him too, carried him back and put him on top of his other two victims by the water-hole. Then he began his terrible feast, and when he had gorged himself to the full he walked off into the bush. The bodies were found some time afterwards terribly mutilated. The brute seems to have had a fancy for thigh bones and marrow, as all the victims had their thighs torn and partly eaten, and

the bones had been crushed. Such was the terrible story told to Mr. S. and party, and it was not long before a hunt was commenced. The track was found and followed until dark, when a halt was made and a zeriba built for protection, as they had to stay there until daylight. Of course nobody slept, and when daylight came they were off on the track again. At last they came to a place composed of thick brush, trees, and tall dry grass, a perfect thicket, into which the track led. Mr. S. and his shikari stepped boldly into this den, whilst the narrator of this story was keeping watch outside on his pony. Presently he heard a shot, and then the cracking of branches as the lion made its way out. The pony, who saw it first, gave a sudden terrified jump, which landed the Somali, saddle and all, on the ground behind it, and then it made off as fast as it could. The Somali picked himself up, just as the lion came bounding out between the bushes. I had occasion to see the nerve, undoubted courage and presence of mind of this man, so I was not astonished to hear that he had picked up some stones and began throwing them at the animal in order to chase it back into the wood again. The lion had been wounded in the front leg, and as it had gorged itself on human meat the day before it was still heavy, and in a state of lethargy which perhaps robbed it of some of its courage, and it actually turned round and went into the thicket again. Meanwhile, Mr. S. and guide had made a mistake and gone in the wrong direction. Our Somali kept faithful watch outside, but after some time, when nothing was seen of Mr. S. or the lion he began to suspect trouble, and decided to go into the bush and have a look, unarmed as he was. Just as he went in Mr. S., who had made a detour, came out of the bush some distance away, and seeing his man enter the thicket in such a cautious manner he hurried up behind him. Our brave Somali knew nothing of this, however, and went cautiously ahead, scanning every bush

carefully. At last he discovered the lion behind a log in a small open space, sitting on his haunches and licking his wounded leg. He stopped to look at it, and so engrossed was he that he did not hear Mr. S. come up behind him. I will leave the reader to imagine the fright he got when Mr. S., without saying a word, grabbed him by the arm and pulled him back. However, after a whispered consultation, it was decided to jump the animal, and then shoot it, and without going into further details I will only say that this was done, and luckily he was killed at the first shot. He was skinned and opened up, and the remains of his three victims, besides parts of an antelope, were found in his inside. Needless to say Mr. S. was heroized by the terrified inhabitants of the bereaved village, and his name will live for many years in those parts.

After this story we indulged in a whisky and soda, and went to bed, thus ending an eventful day, which had commenced innocently enough by the somewhat tame sport of shooting hippos and crocodiles. I am sure none of us expected to go lion hunting as we had not heard of any being about.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN OF MR. BULPETT.

DURING the afternoon of April 9th, whilst we were having a smoke and a quiet read in the dining tuckle, the tramping of horses' hoofs was heard, and a little while after we were shaking hands with Mr. Bulpett, and very glad we were to see him too.

He had been away twenty-four days, and it appeared he had been having a very hard time of it, as he had found great difficulty in securing saddles for the mules which he had bought in Gorè. He was well and "glad to be back in civilization again," as he called it, and after gladdening some hearts in camp by telling us that some mail was coming by the caravan behind, he gave us an outline descriptive of his trip and the reception which the party got from Ras Tassamma, or his representative, at Gorè.

After leaving the launch at the small cataract the party had encountered many difficulties owing to the rough state of the country and the very steep ascent up to the highland plateau. Along the Upper Baro they had seen a lot of gold-washing done by the Gallas, but not in any paying quantities for anybody but people who could practically exist on nothing. The scenery had been magnificent, and on the whole the party had enjoyed the trip so far. About half way up they had encountered a very severe thunderstorm during a night when

no tents, except Mrs. McMillan's, had been pitched. The consequence was that an umbrella had been resorted to for protection against the rain by the Doctor. No sooner did Sir John discover this before he told the Doctor that he might as well hold a lightning conductor in his hand, as it was a steel tube one. The Doctor did not need telling twice, the umbrella was thrown away at once, and a good soaking was the conse-

ABYSSINIAN BRIDGE OVER THE UPPER BARO.

quence. After that the Doctor caught fever and became a most pitiable object, and no one could convince him that he ever would get over it. Sir John, therefore, generously asked him where he wished to be buried, in Goré, or were they to send his body home to his grief-stricken family? Personally, Sir John doubted if the family would care to have the body delivered to them as embalming was out of the question, and it would take a couple of months to reach home, besides the

expense would be quite a considerable item. He thought it did not much matter where a body was buried, even in a wild country like that, as long as sufficient stones were piled on it to keep the hyænas and vultures out. However, the party reached Gorè eventually after a hard journey of fourteen days.

Here a grand reception had been prepared for Mrs.

GORÈ.
ABYSSINIANS LINED UP TO RECEIVE Mrs. McMILLAN AND SIR JOHN.

McMillan and Sir John by the Ras's representative, as the Ras Tassamma had left for Adis Abeba some time before. After a couple of days' rest, the whole party, except Mr. Bulpett, proceeded upon their long journey to Adis Abeba, and finally the coast.

I will only add that everything went well, and that Mrs. McMillan, Miss Louis, and the Doctor finally reached Djibouti, on the French Somaliland coast, all well. Thus Mrs. McMillan

had accomplished a feat which many a man would think twice about before undertaking. Considering not only the several thousand miles which had to be traversed, but more especially the climate and geologic conditions of the immense districts

MAKOWI, Mrs. McMILLAN'S DRAGOMAN.

through which the party went, such as extreme heat, extreme moisture, hot days, cold nights, low altitudes one day and very high the next, from 1,000 feet above the sea to 9,000 feet, and then doing some hundreds of miles of it on mule-back, where the road was a narrow track only, certainly is an achieve-

ment of which any man even would be proud. No wonder Sir John thought Mrs. McMillan would be a nuisance on a journey like that, and anyone will agree with me that the highest credit and praise is due to such womanly fortitude and courage as that displayed by Mrs. McMillan.

A GALLA BEAUTY, GORÈ.

Goré is a good sized trading centre lying on one of the many Abyssinian plateaux, 6,580 feet above the sea. There is a road or path running from this place in an easterly direction to Adis Abeba, and one going west to the Baro River, thus connecting the Abyssinian capital with the Sudan.

The town is, therefore, of great importance, both as a

military outpost, and a trading centre, and as the soil is very fertile and affords excellent grazing, the finest cattle and sheep in Abyssinia are raised there. From reports it is said to be a magnificent country. However, it was not a place where a white man could stay alone and feel happy, so Mr. Bulpett had only been too glad to get away as soon as possible.

The rest of Mr. Bulpett's caravan arrived the next day, and with it the mail, and we all became busy reading and writing answers. This was the second mail we had received from home since the 25th January, 1904, two months and a-half ago. One of the men received a *Daily Graphic*, from which we read our first news of the Russo-Japanese war, etc. However, the latest news we got was a little old (Feb. 20th), so we had lots to learn yet.

Marlow and I shot some marabout storks and egrette cranes the next day in order to get the feathers, which are very beautiful. Numerous Egyptian geese were collecting on the sandbanks opposite the camp, as their breeding season was approaching. I crossed over in the afternoon and shot one, and as I walked along the beach I discovered some green pigeons in a gemeza tree close by, and of course went off to try and shoot some, as they are excellent eating. One was shot, which fell into some thick reeds under the tree, where it was very difficult to find it again. Whilst tramping around these reeds I stepped on something soft, and when I looked down I discovered I had stepped on the tail of a large African cobra or puff adder, and that it was just in the act of striking at me. Fortunately, it got me by the trousers only, and when it drew its head back for another attack I fired my shot gun into it, and nearly cut it in two. I must say I had a very narrow escape, as, had it succeeded in biting me, I should in all probability have been dead in a couple of hours, the bite of a cobra being sure death, where no remedies can be applied at

once. I skinned it, and, after finding the pigeon, returned to the camp.

During the evening we had a thunderstorm and rain, which lasted until the morning of the 13th April. This cooled the air considerably, and the thermometer only registered 77 at 9 p.m. The air became wonderfully clear, and we had a magnificent view of the Abyssinian mountains. Every peak, valley, and ravine could be distinctly seen at a distance of between thirty and forty miles, and the effect of sunshine and shadow, and the soft blending of many colours, was very beautiful. It is sad to contemplate that such a rich and beautiful land should be in the hands of semi-savages, who do little or nothing to utilise the numerous gifts which nature has placed at their command. However, the onward march of civilization will surely reach this secluded spot also some day, when it is needed, and perhaps it is as well that the temporary keepers of these treasure stores should leave them in their virgin state—all the better for posterity.

In the morning Mr. Bulpett went out shooting, having a fine cool, cloudy day for his sport, but it did not last long, as it became showery about 8 a.m.

Having nothing to do in particular I went over to one of the tents where some Somalis were sitting, telling stories and singing songs, and I will repeat one of these stories as it will prove that some of the eastern dusky beauties can be just as quick and clever as their fairer sisters at home. It appeared then that a young Somali sport had been entertained in the house of a pretty woman, with whom, by the way, he was better acquainted than he was with her husband. The evening had passed pleasantly, when all of a sudden a knock was heard on the door, which filled the two occupants of the room with consternation. The room was an ordinary square one, with but one door leading from it to the street, and it opened into the room

alongside the bed. Besides this there was a small door leading into the little back kitchen, from which there was no outlet. After the man outside had knocked again the woman quickly decided to put her friend under the bed, and then went and opened the door. The husband, being naturally a little put out over having to wait, asked "Why didn't you open? Where have you been?" "Oh!" she said, "I was out in the kitchen

RAS TASAMMA'S PRESENT TO SIR JOHN L. HARRINGTON.

and did not hear your first knock." He was incredulous, however, and hinted at company, etc. "What!" said his wife, "do you mean to say I have had a man here? Why, you naughty old boy, do you know what I would do if I had anyone in here? Why, just this," spreading out her loose flowing robe and throwing it over his head, at the same time winding her arms round his neck, "and then I would say, 'Go out as quickly as you can'." Her friend under the bed *did* go out, and did not stay

to say good-night, even. Meanwhile, the unsuspecting, deaf, and blinded husband, who was suffocating under the hugging, had to beg for mercy, and promise to be good and not display his foolish, unfounded jealousy any more before he was eventually released. What a clever, wicked little thing.

AN ABYSSINIAN CHIEF. AGAFARI, ENDASLALLU OF GORÉ.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Bulpett came back, after having ridden some forty miles without even seeing game, so it appeared the animals had gone to other pastures.

The river now began to rise fast, and black clouds were hanging over the Abyssinian mountains. Lightning and thunder were heard and seen all around, and evidently the rainy

season was approaching. We were all heartily tired of lying in one place, but our animals' and men's provisions had not yet arrived, so we had to contain ourselves a little longer.

We had some sickness amongst our animals; four mules, three donkeys, and one horse died, and the rest did not look

MRS. W. N. McMILLAN AND HER MOUNTS.

as if they were fit for much, a very bad outlook for us as we would be unable to get any animals further south. We had a visit from Riade Effendi, the Egyptian officer at Itang. He came to pay his respects and bid us good-bye, as he had heard we were leaving in a few days. He told us of the native chief's wives at Itang. These wives are bought at different prices,

varying from three to ten cows each, but if any of them fail to increase the family within a certain time he can change her for another, or get half the purchase money back, an easy way surely to get a divorce.

As Mr. Zaphiro had not put in an appearance, and we were getting short of flour for the men, we despatched a runner to try and bring some of the latter back as soon as possible. Mr. Bulpett went up the river in the morning, where he had an adventure with a hippo, as it appears the animal charged him after receiving several wounds. It was shot dead, however, before it could mount the steep bank. This was one of the hottest days we had had so far, the thermometer registering 100° at 10 a.m. in the shade.

At last, on April 23rd, Mr. Zaphiro arrived in the morning, the caravan being some way behind. This put new life into the camp, and everybody began to hustle getting things ready for a start.

In the morning of April 25th the rest of the caravan arrived, so it was determined to make a start on the 27th April, in order to give all the animals a rest.

We had a muster of all men and animals, and found we had 114 men, composed of Somalis, Abyssinians and Gallas; besides these, five Europeans, making 119 in all. As we had more goods than we could carry at once, about 160 Anyaks were hired as porters, to help as far as possible, thus increasing the total to 279 men, a large party to feed. So far we had been living on chickens ourselves, with an occasional change to tiang, waterbuck and giraffe, all of which are fairly good eating. Game was plentiful, and the following varieties were shot in the neighbourhood:—one elephant, three giraffes, twenty hippopotami, one lioness, some waterbuck, heartebeaste, tiang, whiteeared cob, bushbuck, reedbuck, oriby, worthog, wild pig, and one ostrich. The crocodiles were numerous and

very large, fish was plentiful, but not very good eating, and they are not so easily caught as described in some handbooks. Of birds there were ostrich, maraboutstork, all kinds of cranes, geese, ducks, hawks, eagles, and two kinds of vultures, besides numerous small birds of different kinds, beautifully coloured. The vegetation, though tropical, was not luxuriant, owing to the heat and lack of rain. The landscape presented a park-like appearance, the trees being small and rounded, growing some

AN ABYSSINIAN FOREST.

distance from each other, and the grass, growing in tufts, reaches the extraordinary height of twelve feet (even more in the rainy season), and is all but impossible to penetrate until the natives burn it down, which they do here in the month of March. On the whole the scenery around the camp was rather pretty. In the evenings we had the most marvellous sunsets, the sun sometimes disappearing like a ball of fire behind the distant

forests, throwing out fanlike rays of the most brilliant colours, ascending slowly, and finally melting into the deep azure of the sky above. Light fleecy clouds edged with gold and silver, and competing with each other in variety and beauty of contour, sailed peacefully by, reflecting their loveliness in a river sprinkled with gold, and winding its way like a ribbon of light through the now dark green fields towards the sea, some 2,300 miles away. The mountains flashed like burnished brass, and all nature seemed arrayed in its best to give thanks and a last good night to the waning day. Gradually all this glory would fade away, and darkness, peace and quiet would descend upon the land. Such was our evening's entertainment, then dinner, a chat, a smoke, and then to bed.

CHAPTER X.

FROM POKUM TO GELO RIVER.

THE next day, April 27th, we at last, after a stay of one month and thirteen days, made a start for the little known lands to the south, and we were glad to get away. First went the Anyaks with their loads, then came the loaded mules and donkeys, then the sheep, goats and cows. I went at 12.45 p.m. as I wanted to take the bearings of the road. After a pleasant ride of three hours through open woods and the village Olea, we reached our next camp, which we made near a village called Bakedi, about ten miles south-east of Pokum. All the things could not be brought along, however, so we had to do double marches with the mules, consequently they were sent back to Pokum in the afternoon to bring on the remaining boxes the next morning. Mr. McMillan, Mr. Bulpett, and Mr. Zaphiro arrived in camp at 6.30. During the afternoon we had a heavy shower of rain, which was very refreshing as we had been baking in the sun for many weeks.

It appeared that this place, Bakedi, had only been visited by one party of Europeans before, and that was seven years ago, when the Italian Expedition, led by Captain Bottego, passed through from the south. Captain Bottego only got a few miles north of this place, when he was shot by the Abyssinians in trying to pass through their country, a little to the north of Pokum.

BAKEDI.

The camp muster on April 27th was as follows:—

114 men (Somalis, Abyssinians and Gallas).	80 sheep and goats.
10 Anyak guides, etc.	3 cows.
150 Anyak porters.	2 calves.
5 Europeans.	1 ox.
112 mules.	3 dogs.
7 ponies.	24 chickens.
100 donkeys.	

making 279 men and 332 animals, etc.

During the evening the ox was killed for the Anyak porters, and they were feasting and singing the whole night. In the morning they refused to go any further, probably having received all they went for, a good feed, so they were sent off without further payment. We were promised more porters, however, by the Chief of Bakedi, sheikh Abu Gilu.

About 9 a.m. our mules and the rest of the caravan arrived, but we decided to stay until the next day.

The camp was a very pleasant one, lying as it did in a grove of mimosa and accacia trees on slightly raised ground. On one side were some water pools, surrounded by a luxuriant growth of grass, but as the water had the colour of pea soup, it was only used for the animals and washing purposes. About half-a-mile to the north-west of us was the village of Bakedi, where good water was obtained from wells dug by the natives. This village had a very strong double stockade around it, and each family had their huts surrounded by a light fence, and as these huts were scattered around in the greatest disorder, the whole place was a perfect labyrinth. In the afternoon the sheikh gathered his men about him, and we had a rare time giving out loads to the porters. It seems that nothing can be done in this country without an immense amount of talk and excitement. At last, however, after several hours of hard work, 168 men had received their loads, and it was

decided to start early in the morning of April 29th. At 5.30 the porters commenced to go away in single file, chattering away like monkeys all the time. The road took us nearly due south, through thick bush and woods, with open patches of grass-land, all looking beautiful in the morning sun. It was nice and cool, the previous evening's rain still glistening among bush and grass, and a fresh breeze was blowing from

ABYSSINIAN MODE OF RIDING.

the mountains, faintly visible to the eastward. We were going along at a good rate, and soon caught sight of the porters ahead. After an hour's ride we crossed fresh elephant tracks, and a little later on giraffe track, but we saw none of these animals.

Mr. McMillan and his party and the Somalis overtook us a little later, and then we jogged along in company.

ALURO RIVER.

For the first two hours the road ascended slightly; then we commenced going down into a small valley, and when half-way down went through a village called Pirbong. It was completely deserted, however, as the natives thereabouts are afraid of strangers. At the foot of the valley we came across a dry river bed with water in swamps and pools, and after an hour's march we reached the river Aluro, close to a village of the same

AN ABYSSINIAN SCHOOL.

name, where we decided to camp. We had a little excitement in crossing the river, as the banks were very steep and the water about four feet deep. We got across, however, all right, but as the ground on the other side was an open durra field, offering no shade, we had to cross some swampy ground covered with grass ten feet long in order to get to the woods, where we finally camped among trees and bushes.

We had gone about 12½ miles only, but had to stop as it was a long way to the next water; besides, we had not been able to get all our boxes along, and had to send mules back again.

The river Kokori, or Aluro, is called Kokori by the Abyssinians and Gallas, and Aluro by the Yamboes. It is a fair stream with good water all the year round. The country thereabouts is a perfect lake in the rainy season, as it is surrounded by flat, swampy land on both sides, with thick bush and woods further back. The sheikh of the village Kokori came with some of his men to see us, and promised to supply us with porters as far as the village Komaton, about 15 miles further south. The sheikh, whose name was Amer, was a nice old man dressed in the most gaudy-coloured calico shirt, white pantaloons, and a large red turban. He must have been doing some trade with the Abyssinians who come here at times to collect ivory. He told us there were elephant, giraffe, lions, and other game about, so it looked as though we were going to get some good sport.

During the evening and night we had some heavy rain showers. The next morning was overclouded and cool. Some of the animals were in a very bad state, so it was decided to wait until the evening of May 1st and then to go on at night as it was full moon, and the road was supposed to be good.

On the way from Bakedi one of the loaded mules strayed, and when it finally arrived it had lost its load, consisting of all Mr. Zaphiro's personal things, some medical instruments and the taxidermist outfit. Some men were despatched back to search for the missing things during the morning. In the afternoon I went out with some of the Yamboes in order to shoot some game for them, meat being a scarce commodity in these parts, but did not see anything but tracks from waterbuck and some guinea fowl, which I could not get a shot at. On our way

back to the camp we found that four elephants had crossed the river Kokori on the previous night. A little further along we found the skeleton of a python, which must have been about 15 feet long. The natives told me they had seen some very large ones from time to time, so I began to look round rather carefully as we went along. We came to a bend in the river a little further on, and as it was very warm after our long and fruitless walk we went in and had a refreshing bath, and then walked back to the camp where we arrived just before dinner. At half-past eleven it commenced to rain in showers, cooling off the air nicely, giving us a good night's sleep.

The sun rose behind thin clouds the next morning, and it was nice and cool. At half-past six we heard singing at the other end of the plain. Presently a couple of riders came into view, and it proved to be the Somalis who had been sent out to find the missing luggage. They found it amongst some bushes where the mule had lost it. We were very glad to have it so quickly, as had we not got it we should have been put to no end of trouble and delay. Mr. Bulpett went out in the morning to try his luck at finding game, as meat was badly wanted for our porters. He came back without any, however, having seen nothing to shoot at.

The Sheikh Amer came in the afternoon with 200 porters, consequently we decided to leave at one o'clock the next morning. On this day we had our first gun and tent inspection, a work I was given charge of meanwhile.

At 1.25 in the morning we started off for Komaton. It was a little cloudy, but the moon gave sufficient light to enable us to see the path. We went through open forests for an hour, then the wood became very thick all of a sudden, and only occasionally did we see open glades. I should judge that some excellent timber could be had here. We went nearly due south for four-and-a-half-hours, and then we came to a large

clearing in the woods, on which the village of Komaton is situated. The river Nikani runs by the place in a westerly direction, but at that time of the year the river-bed was dry and overgrown with grass, and water was obtained only at two small wells dug in the bed. There was hardly enough for the people in the village let alone our outfit, so we had to go off again in order to reach the river Gelo 11½ miles away. The distance from Aluro to Komaton is about 15½ miles.

At 11 a.m. we started off for the Gelo River, which we reached at 2.15 p.m. after a quick march of three-and-a-quarter-hours, going all the time through woodland. It is remarkable that no game was seen on the whole road from Aluro, as the woods seemed favourable for it. So far we had practically followed the path used by Captain Bottego. Where we struck the river Gelo it forms a ferfect horseshoe loop, and runs in a south-westerly direction.

CHAPTER XI.

GELO RIVER AND LAKE TATA.

THE Gelo River was a good sized stream, forty to fifty yards wide, with plenty of water, and fish and crocodiles seemed to be plentiful. On both sides is a flat marsh-land, overgrown with tall rank grass, but the whole place must be under water during the rainy season, and the river then would be about a mile wide. Elephants had been plentiful just before we arrived as the ground was covered with their tracks all along the river, some only a couple of days old.

The next morning I went out, taking the three Sudanese with me, to make a map of the river with prismatic compass. It proved very hard work, as the grass was so long and tangled that we could hardly get through it, and we accomplished very little. On the road we saw fresh leopard tracks. During the afternoon Mr. McMillan went out shooting as we had been told that giraffe were plentiful at the back of the camp. He got three waterbuck, but saw no giraffe or other game.

Later I went on with my work on the river again. On the road I saw some very large crocodiles, and shot one which the natives said had eaten a man. The crocodiles are supposed to be very bad in this river. There were a few palm trees growing far apart on the plain, which increased the beauty of the pretty landscape. It is very hard to realize how far away

from civilization this country is by the scenery it displays. One could hardly imagine anything more peaceful looking and beautiful, yet one is apt to meet with such animals as elephant, lion, leopard, giraffe, buffalo, and many kinds of smaller game at any time. The natives walked about as nature made them, and although they carried bunches of murderous looking spears they seemed peaceful enough, and

ABYSSINIAN HIGHLANDS.

were willing to help us if we gave them calico, brass wire, or beads. They all belonged to the Yamboe tribe.

In the evening Mr. Bullpett and Mr. Zaphiro made ready to go out elephant hunting the next day, and I to go to Lake Tata, about five miles west of the camp, to investigate a rumour among the natives to the effect that the river Gelo did not run through the lake.

The death role of our animals increased. Altogether

View from My Camp near "Lake Tata" - "River Gelo"

twenty-two ponies, mules, and donkeys died in a month. Some of the men were down with fever, but not serious.

I started off in the morning with a small caravan towards Lake Tata, going about north-west through open woods. In two hours' time we reached the shores of the lake, which looked more like a good sized pond than a lake. I walked around it, and found that the information which we had received from the natives was true. It is an overflow lake from the river Gelo, which it is connected with by a channel called Wang Galo and a small kor. When the river is high it flows into the lake; in fact, the whole country around becomes lake and swamp, and in the dry season the lake empties into the river, but never becomes dry. It is full of fish, and waterfowl of many varieties were seen along the shores. The village Depha, which lies on its western shore, surrounded by a dense forest, had recently been raided by the Abyssinians, and consequently only a few people were living there. They were all Yamboes. The men of this tribe had the front teeth of the lower jaw knocked out, which gave them rather an ugly appearance. We made a compass map of the lake and river, working back to the main camp. On the road we passed through some unknown villages, the larger of which were called Abon and Badbore. The ground was very swampy in places, opening up into small lakes. Here we saw a native jabbing his spear apparently into the turf and mud. Upon investigation we found he was catching a species of mudfish, of a peculiar shape and colour. It was eel-shaped, of a greyish colour with brown spots, and instead of fins it had four crooked bones sticking out, by means of which it could walk. The eyes were very small, and the head flat, with long feelers round the mouth. I bought a couple of them and took them to the camp, where they were supposed to have been put into the spirit tank. We saw no game on the road, but just across the river we heard Mr. Bulpett's party shooting, and by that we

knew he had met elephant. This proved to be true, as we heard upon our arrival in camp. Mr. Bulpett had come on some elephant tracks, which he followed up, and after half-an-hour three animals were sighted standing among the trees. He stalked up carefully, and was just about to shoot when two more elephants came up behind him, one of which was a very large one. Of course he had to turn round to stop the new arrivals, but unfortunately they were face on, so he could only get a shot at the eye. This he did, but the bullet went a little too high. The animals turned and ran, but received six more bullets before they got away. Mr. Bulpett thought it useless to follow, but his shikari asked and received permission to do so. As luck would have it he found the two elephants, and succeeded in killing the wounded one. The tusks were large and fine, and weighed eighty-five and eighty-seven pounds each.

The next day Mr. McMillan shot two giraffe and a bush-buck, which provided enough meat for the whole camp.

Preparations were now made for a start the next day. Boxes were given out to the Yamboe porters, some of which we secured at this place, and everything was packed. In the evening Mr. Bulpett set a trap gun in order to catch a hyæna, which had been prowling around the camp. As our donkeys and mules were out grazing a guard was put at the gun and told to stay there until recalled. Meanwhile we had our dinner and a smoke and talk as usual. After a while Mr. McMillan remarked that he thought it strange that that gun had not gone off yet. "Yes," said Mr. Bulpett, "but, perhaps, there is too much noise in the camp, and he will hardly come round until it becomes more quiet." After a while Mr. Bulpett said: "By the way, has anybody recalled that guard yet?" Nobody knew anything about the guard, so, of course, he had not been recalled. The man

had been sitting there the whole evening, keeping animals in general off the gun, and a nice time he must have had of it out there in the dark among the bushes.

It rained hard for a couple of hours the next morning, so we did not get away until about 8 a.m. We went about south-east, through unexplored country. The path winded its crooked way through bush and forest, up and down hills, and here and there we would get a glimpse of the Gelo river, running in graceful curves through a park and meadow land, the beauty of which, enriched, as it was, by a luxuriant tropical growth, is hard to describe. At noon we took lunch and a rest, and then on again for a couple of hours to a point on the river where we wished to cross in order to strike south towards the Akobo river. On the road we passed through some miles of the most awfully tangled grass-land that anyone could wish to see. Outside the path it was impenetrable. We made our camp among the trees a little to the north of the river in the afternoon, having gone about fourteen miles, and prepared to send Yamboes back for the boxes which we had to leave behind for want of porters. These double marches were a nuisance, and told on the animals. Some more mules and donkeys died, and reduced our already scanty number of pack animals. A sheep meanwhile presented us with a lamb, so we began to think of spring lamb, green peas, and mint sauce, all of which ingredients we had on hand excepting the mint. In the afternoon the river was investigated in order to find a convenient place for crossing. The current was very rapid, and the river deep on both sides, so it was by no means an ideal place to cross, but we could find no better. A rope was stretched across, and our Berthon boat put in the river ready for the next day. I decided to get a canoe, and drift back down the river the next day in order to map it. Word was sent to the Sheikh at Gog, about eight miles further east, and close to

a peaked mountain which I had seen from Lake Tata some days before. This mountain was called Masango by the Yamboes. We were told that some fighting had taken place near the mountain between the people there and Ras Tesamma's men. The Abyssinians evidently had, or thought they had, some grievance which they wanted to punish, and they usually do these things very effectually when they go at it, evidence of which can be had from nearly every village hereabouts, where complaints are made of women and children having been taken away and lots of men killed, etc.

In the morning I took a shikari and guns with me and went up on a hill lying at the back of the camp, in order to take the bearing of some mountains to the east of us. I intended to do some shooting, but saw no game of any kind. The view that unfolded itself did more than repay us for the walk. It was extremely beautiful. Gently rolling hill land, covered with thick forests, stretched towards the Abyssinian mountains, and jutting out here and there were little peaks and jugged mountains and the dark foliaged giant trees along the river marking out its course as it winded its tortuous way from the Abyssinian highlands. To the south an endless expanse of forest, beyond which a lonely peak was clearly visible. It was Ungwala mountain, near Akobo, some sixty miles distant, and the place we were trying to reach. To the west and north was rolling forest land, as far as the eye could see. Every tree, hill and mountain stood out clear and sharp, and the air, purified by the recent rains and laden with the perfume of sweet scented flowers, was fresh and bracing. All nature sparkled with life and beauty in the early morning sun. After doing my work I went down to the camp again, had some lunch, and prepared to go down the river in order to map it, as far as the last camp, in a small tin boat. At 1.20 I was off having two Sudanese with me to paddle. At first the current was very rapid, and as the boat was exceedingly

A Creeper with Flower from the Akula River "Camp, Digira "(near Akobo River)
(Flower. light blue & white) Clitoria ternatea

cranky, the least thing being able to upset it, I had all I could do to hold on. The crocodiles were numerous and very large, and as the river was shallow and narrow they came rather too close for comfort, and I had to shoot at some to chase them away. After a while, however, things improved, and I could take a look around. The river was so crooked that one could only see a few hundred yards of it at a time, but that was quite enough. The beauty and grace of the scenery was such that one became lost in wonder and admiration. The dense forest came right down to the water's edge, and giant trees spread their branches far over the river, throwing the most fantastic shadows on it. Creepers of many varieties, some studded with flowers, hung like festoons in graceful points and curves from the branches, and every dead tree would be perfectly covered with them as if they were not only trying to hide, but to beautify every sign of death and decay. Every variety of colour was here blended together in marvellous perfection. Among the trees one could see the pretty guereza monkey, with its long white tail, gambolling about, and now and again a sturdy baboon would be seen sitting dreaming among surroundings as from the garden of Eden. Birds and butterflies of brilliant colours flitted about, and at times a silvery note would vibrate through the air, and mingle with the musical ripple of the water running through the bushes and reeds. Something like that was the scenery that passed us while we glided swiftly down the stream.

It became dark before we reached our destination, and as nothing could be seen distinctly, I at last fired a couple of shots in order to call the attention of those in camp to us. The echo had not died away before we heard an answering shot close by, and in a few minutes we were beside the camp fires.

We got back to the main camp again at 6 a.m. the next

morning, going overland by mules which had been sent on to us while the Yamboes carried the boat. On our arrival we commenced making a landing place on the opposite bank, as it was too steep to use in its natural state. Some miles to the east of this place was a large Yamboe village called Gog, ruled over by Sheikh Shammo, whose influence reached from Lake Tata west to Mount Masango east. He was the most delightful chieftain we met during the whole trip, and ruled over his people with absolute power. He was of medium build, about twenty-seven years old, and rather good looking. As we had to get some more porters Shammo was applied to, and great was our delight when he turned up one morning with 385 porters, thus enabling us to do away with the double marches. Shammo himself went along, and woe to the man who did not obey his orders promptly. He would simply wade in among them and lash out right and left without regard to who he hit. As he stammered frightfully his orders were not all easy to understand, and consequently thrashings were very frequent. These men proved themselves very useful and were excellent swimmers. They would swim across the river holding an animal by the head, in spite of the crocodiles, thus saving us an immense amount of labour. Our boxes were transported across by means of a rope and the Berthon boat. On May 10th eighteen of our Abyssinians refused to work or go further with us. Their grievance was that the country we were going into was dangerous, and besides they did not consider themselves treated properly. They had their rifles, blankets, and cooking pots taken away from them, while the ringleader was given twenty-five lashes as a lesson, whereupon the whole lot were turned out of camp. They were no sooner out in the woods than they weakened and wanted to come back again, but it was decided to have no more talk with them that day, and consequently they had to stay in the open overnight without food and

covering. The next day they were all taken back, and some of them proved to be excellent men afterwards.

PARK-LANDS.

During the morning of May 10th we had a rainstorm, and did not get across the river with our tents until 10 a.m., so we decided to stay until the next day.

I went out shooting and succeeded in killing two hartebeaste and four oriby.

Mr. Bulpett and Mr. Zaphiro both got slight attacks of fever, probably from over exposure to the sun, which was rather fierce during the noon hour, we being now only 7° 35′ north of the equator. During the day three mules and a donkey died. I believe this disease among the animals was caused by the sting of the zeroot fly, although some of the men said it was through eating some poisonous herbs, or fever, the animals all being unaccustomed to the lowlands. The death rate was beginning to be a most serious matter, and the Abyssinian loaders had to be admonished to be as careful as possible of them.

CHAPTER XII.

GELO TO AKOBO RIVER.

ON May 12th we made a start, and thanks to Sheikh Shammo we were able to take all our goods along. Our three dogs had become footsore, and had to be carried in their kennels. These dogs, by the way, had been taken along for lion hunting, but proved absolutely useless later on. All the good I saw in them was that they frightened all elephants and large game away by their everlasting barking and fighting, they could not bear to get near each other, and were always chained up.

Mr. McMillan and his shikaris now took the lead in order to shoot something for the porters, in fact we all had to do our best to keep such a large army supplied with food. Our road went through open park-like forests and plains, with scattered bush and long grass. Lilies, orchids, and flowers were growing all around, and as it was nice and cool it was a pleasant ride. An hour afterwards we came to a running brook called the Attiwat, running from east to west, probably joining the Gelo further on. It was only a few yards wide, but rather deep where we crossed it, so we had some trouble with the animals.

On the open plains we had a magnificent view of the Abyssinian mountains, the most prominent and noticeable of them was, however, a peculiar shaped one, which the Gallas

and Abyssinians called Gourafarda. It was a mountain terminating to the north in two tall, steep rounded peaks, which none could pass without noticing. To the south, Ungwala mountain showed clearer and clearer as we were approaching, and numerous hills and small mountains came into view to the east and south-east as we advanced. As no white man had ever gone through this particular part of the country before, we were naturally very much interested in all we saw as something new. It was a pity no photos were taken. On the road we passed a complete human skeleton, a few feet from the road.

At 11.40 we arrived at the camp, which had been made near some water pools and swamps at a place called Otoki. We had only gone ten miles. On reaching the camp a lot of bleached human skulls and bones were seen lying around in the grass. These proved to be the remains of a punitive Abyssinian expedition which had passed through some four months previously. We had some Abyssinians who had been with that expedition, and they told us a lot of their men had died of fever in this place.

After having had some lunch I took some men with me, and went out to look for game. I had only gone half-an-hour when I came across a flock of topi. I succeeded in shooting four, and was following up some wounded ones when we came on a flock of heartebeaste. I was going to have a shot at them, and exchanged my small rifle for the Winchester. In giving the rifle to my shikari, however, he caught it at the trigger guard and inadvertently pulled the trigger, so it went off. Luckily the bullet passed me, but the heartebeaste were frightened away. I returned to the camp, where, shortly afterwards, Mr. McMillan arrived, having been unlucky, and only shot one heartebeaste. Two elephants had come within twenty yards of his mule while he was away stalking, and he was very disappointed at not being

Water Pool at Otoki
(Anyak Country)

able to get a shot at them. In the afternoon Mr. Bulpett went out and brought home two heartebeaste and a worthog. He had recovered from his attack of fever and felt first-rate again.

This was the anniversary of Mr. McMillan's wedding day, so we had a champagne dinner, quite a novelty, I should think, in such a country. We enjoyed ourselves very much for a couple of hours, but went early to bed, being very tired after our several hunting experiences, which we went all over again at dinner, of course.

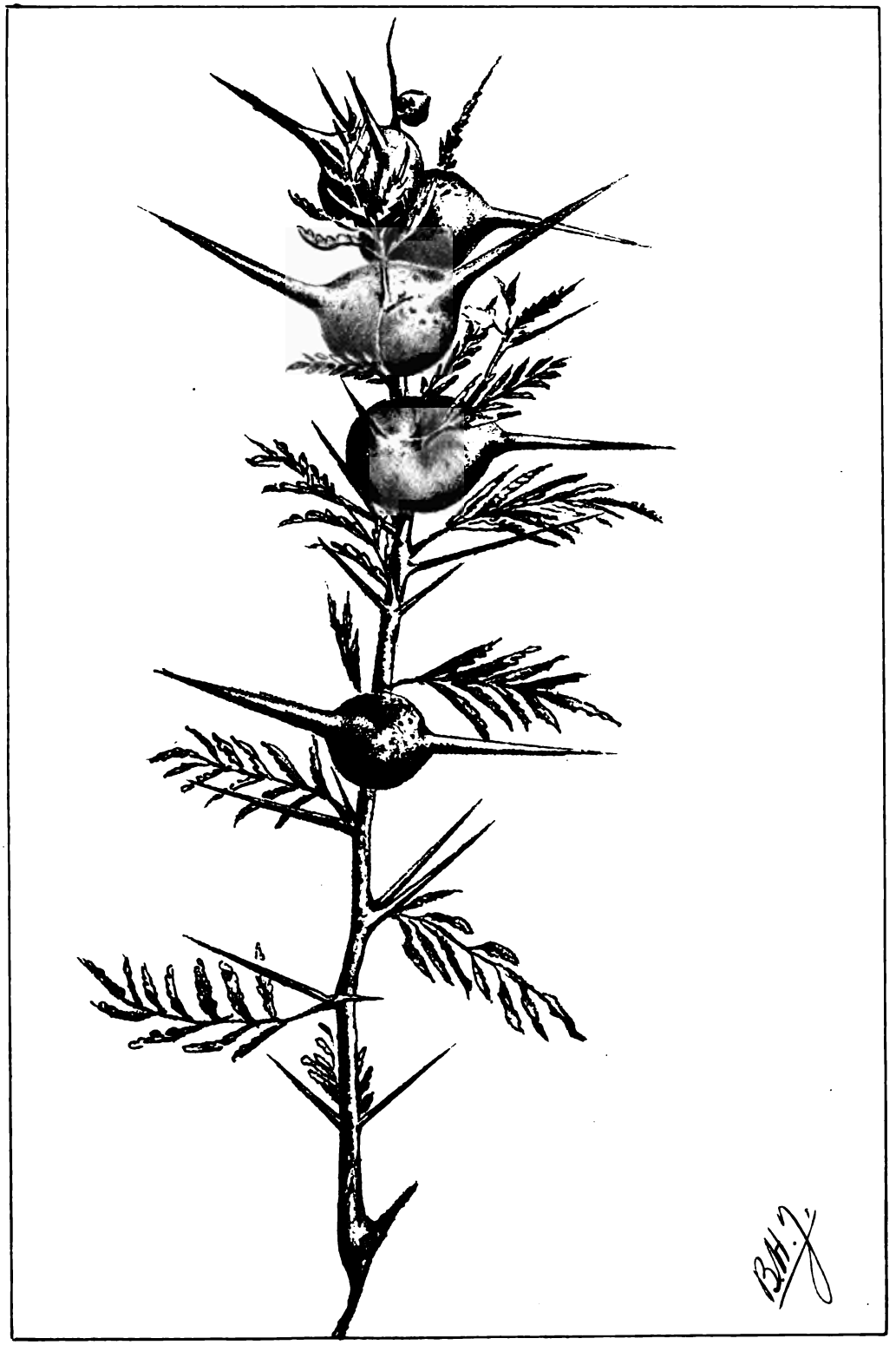
The next morning we started early, and, as we were all going to shoot in order to supply our porters with meat, I took a guide, my two shikaris, and a riding mule, and tramped off. We went a little west through open woods as before, and saw lots of game from the very start. I shot two tiang and wounded a couple of heartebeasts, which got away eventually, however. It was a short march, and we reached our camping place at 11 a.m. The place was called Agogotok, and had a few ponds lying at one side called Ogol. A sluggish river was winding its way through the plain towards the Akobo, which the Yamboes here called Agogotok also. This river is undoubtedly the Owag, marked on Major Austin's map. It is from five to ten yards wide, very crooked and shallow. Numerous kors empty the surrounding water pools and swamps into it. A few huts and a single palm tree, the only one for miles around apparently, lie about half-a-mile from the camp on the west side of the river, but nobody seems to live there permanently. Mr. Bulpett came to camp shortly after myself, having shot a heartebeaste and an oriby. Mr. Zaphiro shot one heartebeaste, and during the afternoon I went out and got two waterbuck. A little later Mr. McMillan and Marlow came in, having shot thirteen waterbuck and one reedbuck between them, thus making the total kill for the day twenty-one animals, sufficient meat for our porters for two days. We all took a rest until 11 a.m. the next day,

and then moved the camp on about four miles further south to another pool of water called Akite. This was the last water before reaching the Akobo river, and, as it was of pea soup consistency and colour, it was useless for drinking purposes. It was the warmest day we had had for a long time—100 in the shade, perfectly clear, and no breeze—so we kept quiet in camp and did no shooting, although we saw game around and some elephant tracks. The country remained the same—flat, open forest land, and no villages anywhere. Ungwala mountain was south-east of us, and Gourafarda a little south of east, both plainly visible and making good landmarks.

The next day we had a heavy thunderstorm in the early morning, and did not get away until 7.30. Again we rode through flat park-like woods, and saw lots of game. About half way to our next camp we came across fresh buffalo tracks, a whole herd of them had gone by only an hour before. Mr. McMillan, who was a little to one side of the track, came on them and succeeded iu shooting one, the first and only buffalo shot by any of us. A little later we came on a herd of fourteen giraffe, but did not succeed in killing any. At 11.30 we arrived at Digira, our camping place. The old village was deserted, and a new one built a couple of miles further west. The place was on the edge of a flat marsh-land, stretching away south for a couple of miles to the Akobo River, the outline of which was marked by a belt of large trees. It was impossible to get to the river, so we determined to skirt the marsh when going on until we should reach it.

The bearings by prismatic compass of the mountains Gourafarda and Ungwala from the camp were: Gourafarda, 107½; Ungwala, 139. Ungwala was twenty-eight miles away from the camp.

In the afternoon Mr. Bulpett and I went out to see whether



A Twig from a Prickly Mimosa Tree. Acobo River, Camp Digira
May 18-04

we could get a sight of the Akobo river, but found it too swampy, and we could only get within three miles of it, so Mr. Bulpett went one way and I the other to see if we could find something to shoot. Mr. Bulpett got two heartebeaste, while I saw nothing to shoot at, but came on to a small kor which the Yamboes called Ogero, and which they asserted flows into the Akobo. It was from five to ten yards wide, with well-defined banks, and ran in a south-westerly direction. The water was about two feet deep, May 15th, with sluggish current, and had a yellowish colour. It took us thirty-five minutes from the kor to the camp going straight. After arriving in camp the Sheikh of Digira, Olimie by name, came with some of his men to pay his respects. He brought along a young goat as a present for us, but it was politely refused, trying to impress upon him that we had not come to receive anything, but help in the way of porters, etc. This seemed to please, and porters were promised for the next day. It appeared that the Ras Tessamma of Gorè had sent an Expedition to this place to punish an insubordinate chief, and that lots of Olimie's men had been killed in the fight, consequently there were not many to be had.

In the morning I went out to look for another camping place, as the one we were on was anything but ideal, the water tasting strongly of iron. I came to one more kor about one-and-a-half hours from camp, which the natives called Akula. It was filled with long grass and muddy water, and had a slow current at this place. This kor is joined by the Ogero and flows into the Akobo at the village Digira. No good camping ground could be found so I returned to the camp, shooting a hartebeaste on the way. Sheikh Shammo's men, who had all been paid off in the morning, had given a war dance during my absence, and as there were 400 men all dancing and singing at once it had been quite an imposing sight.

In the afternoon Messrs. McMillan, Bulpett, and Zaphiro

went with the Sheikh Olimie to his village, Digira, whilst I remained in camp. As the flour for the men was getting short it was decided to send to Gorè for a hundred sacks, which they were to bring to us at a place called Melileh on Bottego's map. At the same time we wanted to send back all the sick and weak men, only keeping 100 all told.

I suffered from a sore eye through the sting of an insect, so I could not go to the village as I intended. Mr. Zaphiro got fever again, and had to go to bed.

During the morning twenty-five men were sent back, some for good, others to help bring flour, etc., and as one was to go to Adis Abeba we were able to send off letters to those at home. This brought our mind back to civilization again, and we wondered how the war was going on between Japan and Russia. We knew war was declared, and that Japan was supposed to have downed Russia's fleet, but that was all. March 20th was the date of the latest paper we had. And now it was May 17th. The map of the world might be changed for all we knew. However, here we were as free as the birds, unhampered by social or other duties, and roaming at will through practically an unknown country, trying to increase the geographical knowledge of the world by a very small and seemingly unimportant scrap of information regarding an uninhabited mountain plateau. In the afternoon the Sheikh Olimie came in with some of his men, only nineteen all told. However, we had plenty of time, as we had to wait at Melileh until our men returned from Gorè, and we could well afford to make double journeys. To me this slow advance was very tiresome, and I longed to get to the mountains, where I could do the mapping and other work. There were lots of things of great interest. Insects, butterflies, flowers, and plants, both rare and beautiful; but not having the required knowledge I could only admire and long to know something about them. Sheikh Olimie had gone to find more men, consequently we had

to wait until his return. Mr. Bulpett went out in the morning to shoot, and Mr. McMillan and Marlow followed his example in the afternoon. My eye was still bad, so I kept in camp with Mr. Zaphiro, whose fever had not yet left him. Late in the afternoon the hunters came back, but had had bad luck. Mr. Bulpett had shot one heartebeaste, Mr. McMillan one, and Marlow two and a reedbuck, six animals all told.

CHAPTER XIII.

AKOBO RIVER AND MOUNT UNGWALA.

DURING the morning, May 18th, Sheikh Olimie came in with 175 men, quite a surprise, so we were able to start off again. I was told to take the lead and make for a point on the Akobo River where Major Austen had crossed, as camp was to be made there if possible.

We passed through magnificent game country and saw lots of game, but only four varieties, waterbuck, reedbuck, tiang and heartebeaste. We came across elephant, buffalo and giraffe tracks, but saw none of those animals. After twc hours' march we came to the Akula River again where there was a small village, a good track south and a fordable place, although the current was very swift.

There can be no doubt that the Akula is the "Chiarimi" on Captain Bottego's map, only it joins the Akobo a few miles further west than shown on the captain's map. We crossed and went due south for an hour-and-a-half until we came to a deep and wide kor called Wang Toro. This was undoubtedly the river Major Austen took to be the "Chiarimi," judging by the position it has on the Major's map. The mistake is unimportant, however, and easily made, as the rainy season plays havoc generally with soil and river-beds all over the country, and it is quite possible that the Akula in flood may cut a new channel to the Akobo at any time.

AKOBO RIVER.

Here we got our first view of the Akobo River. At this point it formed a horseshoe bend, and went north-west. In the bend was a large open swampy-looking place, with a few scattered huts at the farther extremity. The river water was of a chocolate colour, and shallow but swift, running over rocky bottom, and about fifteen yards wide. We skirted the plain, and went on two hours more, when we came to a village, lying on the opposite bank, called Ukadi. Here we stopped, and waited for the caravan to arrive, for about an hour. We were both hungry and tired, and, as we had brought nothing along to eat, I shot a reedbuck, from which we cut a few steaks, which we grilled and ate without salt or vegetables, and very good it was in spite of being tough as shoe leather.

Finally, I realized that camp must have been made on the road, so we turned back and found it a few hundred yards from where we had crossed the Akula river. The Yamboes had refused to carry any further that day, as the ground was wet and cloggy after the recent rain. On the road I shot a tiang and a reedbuck for the men. Mr. Bulpett had killed a waterbuck and a heartebeaste, Mr. McMillan four heartebeaste, and Marlow three, making the day's kill ten animals, enough for our porters and men that day.

The elephant tracks in the camp were enormous. Right outside my tent a big fellow had passed and left marks a foot deep, and fully twenty inches in diameter. A pity we had not been near when he was there, but it appeared that our shooting other game had frightened them away, as Olimie told us he could see elephant every day before our arrival. This Olimie, by the way, was the son of the Sheikh supposed to have been killed by Bottego's men, and it appears that he had followed Bottego up until he had seen him killed by the Abyssinians, and then went home contented.

On May 20th some more killing by Messrs. McMillan,

Bulpett, and Marlow was indulged in—twelve animals all told, but nothing new, although a roan atelope was seen, and the tracks of two lions. I went out to follow up the river Akula, and made it out finally to be the river Chiarimi on Bottego's map.

Up to date thirty-nine mules, five donkeys and four ponies had died, and some were too sick and sore to be used, so we had to engage about 200 porters if we wanted all the things moved at once. It was decided to make another short march the next day, so all preparations were made.

Mr. Zaphiro had got over his fever, and my eye was well again. The general health of the camp was good, a few men down with the fever, but nothing serious. The weather had kept most delightfully cool for these latitudes, ranging from 68° to 92° in the twenty-four hours. It kept slightly cloudy with occasional thunderstorm and showers of rain, mostly during the evening and early morning.

On May 21st we moved on six miles and camped near a small river called Aduan, a tributary of the Akobo, coming from Ungwala mountain, and joining the Akobo a little to the east of the village Ukadi. During the afternoon Mr. McMillan shot a roan antelope, the first one shot on the trip. Mr. Bulpett shot five heartebeaste and two reedbuck, and I two waterbuck.

The country now began to be rocky as we came near to Ungwala, and the scenery offered a welcome change from the flat forest lands through which we had travelled for some time. We finally made camp at the foothills on the south-eastern side of the Ungwala, a very pretty spot. In front of the camp was a swampy kor with plenty of water. The Akobo was about half-a mile south of us, but almost inaccessible owing to tall grass and reeds. The brush was cleared away from under a large tamarind tree, where we had our meals and resting place in the

shade, whilst we had a magnificent view of the Ungwala, Gourafarda, and Agoma mountains, and their surrounding forest lands. On the opposite bank of the Akobo was the small village of Lieg, which means elephant in the Yamboe language. We were told that hundreds of them visit this region during the rainy season, and that there was plenty of game around. Mr. Bulpett, who had gone out shooting in the morning, managed to get a roan antelope on the road after a hard chase, and was very pleased, as these animals were very scarce and hard to get near. During the afternoon five waterbuck were shot by Mr. McMillan and myself, as meat was wanted for the porters. Mr. Zaphiro was here able to add a good bag of birds, butterflies, and moths to the British Museum collection, a work that had been somewhat neglected owing to the big game hunters being afraid that shooting round the camp would frighten the game away. William Marlow became sick with an ulcerated throat, which prevented him taking either food or drink, and made him very weak in consequence, and he had to stay in bed. Two mules and one donkey died, and one mule had to be shot that day.

We now had very little flour left for the men, and as the messengers sent to Gorè from Digera could not be expected back for a month yet, the men had to be fed on game. It was, therefore, necessary for everybody to shoot.

The next morning Mr. McMillan and I went out to provide meat. I had a most delightful trip, getting two waterbuck, one heartebeaste, and three guinea fowl, the latter a welcome change to our diet. I went round Ungwala on the north side, and then back through a small valley between the main peak and a smaller one. The scenery was magnificent. This valley was covered with the finest velvety pale green grass, and small beautifully contoured trees, spaced in park-like order, while a small brook with clear water was coursing down among boulders

and rocks. On both sides the rugged granite mountains rose abruptly up, with every nook and crevice filled with trees and luxuriant vegetation. Down below were the forests, with open patches of grassland, and glimpses of the Akula river, as it winded its way from the Gourafarda Mountain in the blue distance. It was a sight well worth going a long way for.

During the afternoon Mr. Bulpett took a trip to Major Austin's Lake Garner, but as he found nothing to shoot he came back rather disgusted. Olimie's men were paid off in the afternoon, and we had a visit from the Sheikhs of Lieg, Odiek, and Gwait villages, all lying by the Akobo further on. All seemed peaceful and willing to give us men to help. As yet we had camped all the time without making a zeriba, as we found no hostile natives anywhere ; and still this was supposed to be a dangerous country according to Bottego.

Mr. Bulpett and I made an ascent of the Ungwala Mountain the next morning, and a magnificent view we had from the top. The climb was anything but easy, as the side we went up was not only very steep, but covered with tall rank grass, dry reeds and bushes, which hid the ground and entangled our feet to such an extent that we could hardly move at times. At the very start a snake six feet long was shot, a nice reminder to be sure. However, we gained the top safely, and were well repaid for our trouble. We could see the Akobo River winding its way in curves and bends, so numerous and fantastic that no one would believe it possible without seeing it. Mountains and hills were scattered about on an enormous expanse of tree-covered plain. The Boma Mountain plateau was plainly visible far to the south of us, whilst the Lakes Garner and Bright looked like small ponds on the green plain. The course of the Akula River was easy to trace by the dark-foliaged trees on its banks, and could be followed far to the eastward towards Gourafarda. A couple of thousand feet down, almost hidden amongst the trees,

Mount Ungwala - 3550 Ft.
From the Camp May 25th 04

[p 100.

the white canvas of the tents in our camp was gleaming in the sunshine, looking very pretty. We took some photographs, which failed, by the way; had some lunch and a rest, and then down again.

Mr. McMillan had made a trip to Lake Bright, and on the road he found a new lake about one mile east of Bright. This we named "Lake Lucie," after Mrs. McMillan. As he had seen very little game on the road he concluded this was not a good country for it, and that it might be best to move on to Melileh after all. A council was held, and the whole situation carefully considered. The flour question for the men was the most serious, and as we could get none from the villages, and the country ahead was unknown, and there was no certainty of any more game existing further along, it was thought too risky to move the whole caravan. Besides this, Marlow was too ill to go on just then. As the object of the Expedition was to survey the Boma plateau, now only sixty miles to the south of us, it was finally decided that Mr. Bulpett and the writer were to take a small caravan, and make as quick a trip of it as possible, while Mr. McMillan was to take the rest of the caravan back to Itang, and await our return there. It was afterwards proved that had the whole Expedition gone along it undoubtedly would have become stranded before Boma had been reached. Our pack animals were in such a sorry state that I doubt if a single one of them would have passed an inspector of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. No one who has not been on an expedition of this kind can have any conception of the sore backs these pack mules will develope. Even we, hardened sinners as we were by this time, preferred not to look at the Abyssinians loading them up. Consequently, a small picked caravan was made up for the Boma part of the Expedition, composed as follows:—

6 Somalis, 3 Sudanese, 17 Abyssinans and Gallas;
6 Yamboes;
4 Riding mules, 20 loading mules, 20 donkeys;
2 Ponies, and 10 sheep.
Making a total of 34 men, including Mr. Bulpett and myself, and 56 animals.

We had twenty-five days' rations for the men, and about two months' rations for ourselves, and as all the men and animals were picked it made a very strong caravan.

Each man was supplied with a rifle and ammunition. The work was to be finished up in one month, making it necessary for us to travel fifteen miles a day.

CHAPTER XIV.

OFF FOR BOMA.

IN the morning of the 26th of May the caravan started, whilst we waited until 11 a.m. before taking our departures from the rest of the Expedition members.

Our path at first went about east along Major Austen's route towards the Lakes Garner, Lucie, and Bright. We had contemplated making a ten mile march of it, so when we found the tents pitched and the camp made about six miles from camp between Lake Garner and Akobo River we were most unpleasantly surprised. The guide, it appears, had taken it upon himself to stop, and as we could not re-pack we had to put up with it. The village of Odiek close by was composed of a few scattered huts only, and contained about fifty or sixty people. I went out in the afternoon and shot a water-buck for the Yamboes, while Mr. Bulpett had a chase after a giraffe which he eventually lost, although he shot it several times.

We had determined to make up for lost time, so the next day we started off early, intending to reach a point on the Akobo to the east of its junction with the Ajuba river, where Major Austin crossed to go south on February 27th, 1901. Mr. Bulpett wanted to see the junction of the two rivers, where the village Melileh was supposed to be situated, and thus we were led out of our course, which ought to have been away from

the river through the woods where there were no swamps. Consequently, we skirted the woods, got into the swamps and elephant grass fourteen feet high, and had a lively time of it generally. The guide misunderstood what was wanted, and led us to the wrong place twice. The last time he took us through the longest and thickest grass I have ever seen, and then brought us out to the banks of the Akobo, a mile or two past the junction eastward where further progress was impossible. We, therefore, gave up seeing the junction that day, and went back through the grass, and some distance further east we found a place where camping was just possible among trees and bushes. Meanwhile the caravan had been trudging along in our track, and as no provision had been made to guide them right where we had been led astray, they had gone through the same mess as we had. To make matters worse a heavy rainstorm came on at the time we reached the camping ground, which made the track little better than a mud ditch. However, they did wonderful work, and reached the camp an hour after us. In the afternoon the rain stopped, and although the ground was awfully sloppy, and the surroundings looked anything but promising for game, I tramped off to see if I could get anything for the Yamboes. After a long hard walk through tangled grass and mud I came to open country, and some time after saw a flock of water-buck, and succeeded in killing four and wounding two, which got away. On the road back I shot a reedbuck, making the total five animals, more than enough for the whole camp. We wanted to provide meat for the future, however, as we did not know whether there was any game further on. The distance covered from the last camp was fourteen miles.

In the evening it rained, and everything was wet and miserable, so we determined to wait until after breakfast the next day before starting. Meanwhile, Mr. Bulpett took the Berthon boat and a couple of men and mules in order to go

to the junction of the Akobo and Ajuba, a point he was determined to see.

I loaded up and started the caravan, taking the lead myself, as none of the Yamboes knew anything of the country further on. It was a struggle through long grass and thick bush or crossing swamps, riddled by elephant tracks. One who has not seen it can hardly form any idea of the way elephants will cut up the soft ground. Their footprints are about twenty inches in diameter, and sometimes two feet deep in soft ground. To get a caravan of mules and donkeys over such ground requires quite a deal of patience. While riding along in thick grass, where you can see nothing, you will all of a sudden feel your animal going away down from under you, and just as you tighten your hold it comes up with a jerk, only to stumble into another hole the next second, and you begin to wonder whether your mule is drunk, and look around for a soft place to fall off. We stumbled along, however, and an hour after leaving the camp came to a small lake not marked on the map. This we went round and then made south-east. After another hour we came to a small rocky hill, along the ridges of which dozens of baboon monkeys were running about, some of an extraordinary size. Here I went to look at the river Akobo, which was running between high banks covered with enormous trees. Right in the centre of these forest giants I came to a small open place completely overshadowed by huge branches, where a herd of elephants had been taking their mid-day siesta. A fitter place for the monarch of all animals could hardly be imagined, and it must have been a grand sight to see a number of these sturdy fellows standing sleeping peacefully among such surroundings. A cool place and a safe one apparently, and still his only enemy, man, could reach him even there.

I had a glimpse of the river, which was about eighty yards

wide, with muddy, swift running water, and then returned and went on again. The forests now began to open up, and the grass became short, and we made excellent headway. On the road we passed a small Yamboe village called Bindedie, where we secured a guide. We finally stopped and made camp on a lovely spot near the river. Shortly afterwards we had a thunderstorm and very heavy rain, in the middle of which the caravan arrived.

Mr. Bulpett put in an appearance at 4.30, thoroughly drenched and tired, and much disappointed with his trip, as I thought he would be. He had seen the junction, which was simply a land of reeds, with two muddy streams coming together. Then he tried to pull the boat back against the current, but failed and had to land. In going through the reeds he lost his way, and when he finally reached camp he had not tasted food since 6.30 in the morning, and had been wading through mud and water the whole way. In the evening hyænas were heard howling round the camp, and a dismal concert it was. It had cleared up, and as it was a full moon the landscape around looked beautiful in the pale silvery light.

We started off at 6.50 a.m. going S.E. We had hills on both sides, and the ground began to be slightly undulating and more solid. We crossed numerous kors, but on the whole had better going than the previous days, as the woods were open and the grass short.

During the morning we saw Bottego's Lion Rock to the south-east of us. This rock has a most striking resemblance to a lion lying down when seen from the position where we were, and offers a prominent landmark for miles around.

Later on we came to a small village called Adula, lying on the north bank of a small river named Ayaia, neither of which are marked on the map. The natives all ran away as

soon as they saw us, but we finally secured some guides in addition to the one we had got at the village Bindedie the previous day. This small river was about three feet six inches

VIEW OF LION ROCK.

deep where we had to cross it and rather swift, so we had to strip and wade across, while the caravan had to be unloaded and the boxes carried across. This took us some time, and we only got a few miles further that day. We had heavy rain

nearly all the morning, and got thoroughly soaked. The ground was literally covered with two inches of water all around, in spite of there being a good down-grade. During a lull in the storm I shot three heartebeaste for the men. At noon we stopped to camp on sloping ground close to the river, and had the Lion Rock to the south-west of us. While waiting for the caravan Mr. Bulpett and I stood ankle-deep in water, perfect pictures of misery, and as it rained again during the afternoon it looked as if the rainy season had set in in earnest, not a pleasant outlook for us. We had gone about eight miles only from our last camp. That night a lion was heard roaring close to the camp.

The next morning the sun rose in all its glory, and hardly a cloud was in sight, so we got up in good spirits with the prospects of a fine day and a long ride. First we got up on a little hill to enjoy the scenery, which was magnificent, and as the Lion Rock right opposite rose out of the mist as if to greet the rising sun, it made a most romantic picture. We started off at 7.0 a.m., intending to reach a bend in the Akobo where a river called Kaia joins it from the South, which we wanted to follow, and, if possible, to find the source of. Our guide said he knew the road and the place we wanted to go to, so we followed on blindly for a couple of hours. I noticed that we were going due east, and remarked on it, but as the guide persisted we let him lead on. We were going uphill a good deal, skirting the higher points, and in some places we had magnificent glimpses of scenery. Heartebeaste, waterbuck, and oriby were plentiful, and did not seem very frightened of us, but stood and looked as we passed, apparently not knowing what to make of such strange animals. On we went up and down gently sloping hills, and crossing numerous kors. At last we came to an open space where a perfect panorama of the land to the south, east and west of us lay displayed before us. It was now plain that we had

gone too far east, so I went to the top of a conical hill to get a better view and ascertain our whereabouts. We had passed our point by about four miles, and had reached a river coming from the north, joining the Akobo half a mile further on. This river was called Tobok, and comes from the Gourafarda range. A small village lies on the west bank of it about half a mile from the Akobo, and is called Olam. Only a couple of old men lived there, however, the rest having been scared or taken away by the Abyssinians. We were told that there were three more villages further east, and that the people were called Olamis, and do not belong to the Yamboes. It appears that the Abyssinians come down this way. They collect ivory and raid any village they come across on their return, and take away the women and children as slaves, so the poor natives are naturally scared at any stranger who comes along.

We made camp on the banks of the Akobo, and as I had to take some bearings, etc., we decided to stay over the next day, and then cross the river at the point where we had come to.

I learned from Mr. Bulpett, who had taken a walk round the camp the previous night, that he had found both guards fast asleep, for which he had fined them five dollars each. In the later afternoon we had a shower of rain, after which the dark, heavy-looking clouds lifted just sufficiently to give the setting sun a last glimpse of the water-soaked landscape. No sooner did its rays penetrate the mist than the whole scenery was changed as if by a magic wand, and all nature seemed arrayed in an unearthly glory. It was an uncertain, quivering light—a mixture of silver and gold, which produced the most marvellous effect of light and shade. The clouds and hills seemed fringed with light, and a magnificent double rainbow was thrown across the river, resting on a hill covered with pale green grass on our side. It was positively awe-inspiring, and made one hold one's breath with wonder and admiration.

Unfortunately, it lasted but a few moments, and then it all melted away and disappeared as quickly as it had come, but left an impression as if one had seen a glimpse of Paradise, and were better for it.

The nights were getting quite cool, and I found it necessary to put on two blankets. The thermometer ranged from 60 to 90 in the shade, during the twenty-four hours.

Mr. Bulpett moved the caravan across the river the next morning, while I went to the top of two hills near by, which I called Base Hills, for the purpose of taking a few bearings. One was 3,025 feet and the other 2,600 feet above the sea level, whilst the camp was 2,225 feet. I had a magnificent view of the landscape, green as emerald, dotted with rocky hills, and furrowed by kors coming down from the mountains to the Akobo. It took me until two in the afternoon to finish, and I reached the camp in time to take tea with Mr. Bulpett. The camp had been moved across the river, which was still thirty to eighty yards wide, with swift flowing water, from three to ten feet deep.

View South from Mount Ree (Oryx & Central Mountain in distance. June 1st, 1904.

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CHAPTER XV.

ELEPHANTS AND UNINHABITED COUNTRY.

ON June 1st we commenced our journey south through uninhabited, though beautiful country, and were now on wholly unsurveyed soil. Low hills and open forests, broken here and there by kors and gullies, and although we had no path the grass was so short that we found no difficulty in advancing. On the road we saw lots of game consisting of the following species: waterbuck, tiang, heartebeaste, (Jackson's) reedbuck, oriby, ostrich aud giraffe.

Some time before camping Mr. Bulpett shot a heartebeaste and a very young giraffe. We camped after a four hours' march under a small grass-clad mountain, which we called Mount Ree, being the Yamboe name for giraffe. A kor with water in pools was close to the camp, a tributary of the river Kaia.

In the afternoon I ascended the mountain, which I found to be 3,550 feet, whilst the camp was 2,575 feet above the sea. I shot a heartebeaste on the road for the Yamboes. As usual I had a splendid view from the top, and most unique in one respect. On the other side of the mountain, and a thousand feet below, was a grassy forest land, sloping gently upwards towards a range of mountains beyond. In the middle of it was an open plain, on which from thirty to forty giraffe of all sizes were standing apparently taking a rest. It was a grand sight to see those stately animals in their native element, the fine colouring

of their coats clearly outlined against the pale green background. On regaining the camp we had dinner, which consisted of soup, young gariffe steak, heartebeaste marrow-bones, preserved peaches, whisky and soda, and coffee, a fine repast, indeed, in an uninhabited country.

At 7 a.m. the next morning we were off again through the same park-like country as before, and as the morning was nice and cool we enjoyed it very much. After an hour's march we crossed a deep kor, and were just over the dip on the other side, going through very open woods, and skirting along some hills on our left, when a flock of heartebeaste were seen a little above us. They seemed very tame, although much astonished at our appearance, and we were just going up to admire the pretty sight when all of a sudden a huge elephant appeared on the scene at the back of the antelopes. Presently another, and then another apeared, three of them advancing majestically as if in deep thought, fanning themselves with their enormous ears, and eating some grass as they advanced. The old man came first, a huge beast with fine tusks, then came the baby, and last, old mammy. A grander picture could hardly be imagined. A sloping field covered with the greenest of green grass, dotted with bushes and small rounded trees, and a flock of reddish-brown heartebeaste scattered about, having their ears pricked up and heads erect looking at us, then the majestic elephants, and at the back of it all rocky grass-covered hills. We watched it for a while, but then Mr. Bulpett got off his mule and got his ·450 rifle ready. This set the heartebeaste going, and they ran right close to the elephants without the least fear, and finally stopped some distance beyond. Mr. Bulpett meanwhile started walking towards the elephants, and stopped at a small tree some 50 yards from them. It was an exciting moment for us who watched operations, as the plain was very open, and it was hard to say in which direction the animals

Mr. Bulpetts Elephant Hunt

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would run when fired upon. It did not take long, however, before the question was settled. We heard the sharp report from the rifle, and the next moment all three of them came tearing down in our direction, and close past Mr. Bulpett. Unfortunately I had a white shirt on, and no rifle good enough to turn an elephant, so after quickly telling the men, two Sudanese and two Abyssinians, to take the mules along and run behind some bushes I made off behind a small tree myself as quickly as my legs would carry me. Meanwhile, Mr. Bulpett behind his little tree had an anxious time of it to say the least. It appeared that the animals were going right for him, two pointing to one side of the tree, and the third one to the other. He quickly made up his mind to let them come past, and then shoot at the one he had already wounded, which was the old bull. On they came within ten yards of Mr. Bulpett, who sent two more bullets crashing into his head, but without effect. This turned the female, which was going on the other side of the tree, off her course, and she followed in the wake of the others, but as she passed Mr. Bulpett she turned her head and had a look at him. Blood could plainly be seen streaming down the grand old fellow's head, as he stepped along quickly with tail and trunk high in the air, and ears pressed flat backwards. He did not seem to mind it much, but surely he must have had a bad headache. It was, of course, useless to follow them, and in a few minutes they disappeared in the forests on the other side of the kor. If anyone could have seen the scramble among the men after the first shot when the elephants came down on us I think they would have been very much amused. For my part I think I must have broken the world's record for the distance, as I was sure they could see that white shirt of mine, which could be seen miles away by anyone possessing fair eyesight. How I wished I had a pot of green paint to pour over it. I was really most thankful when

they changed their course a little, and passed within twenty yards of me without paying me any attention. My feelings were not hurt a bit, and I was not even jealous of Mr. Bulpett, although the lady had given him a smile in passing—and not me. Afterwards Mr. Bulpett's shikari came towards me with a supremely happy smile, and said: "Ahmed shoot once." He was simply delighted at having had the chance.

However, we collected ourselves and went on again, and a few hours later made a camp alongside a kor with water in pools only. We had gone eleven miles, but had ascended very little, the altitude of the camp being 2,650 feet, only seventy-five feet above our last one. Thermometer 78½, at 8.0 p.m.

We started off early as usual the next day, and had fine weather. The ground was becoming very rocky and difficult to travel over, and, as I wanted to ascend a mountain ahead, we had to take a short cut across the hills. We passed a deep pond full of lilies in bloom, and a very pretty sight it was. We called it Lily Pool. A little beyond the pool we met three flocks of heartebeaste, which we left alone, however. We also saw reedbuck and oriby. The road now became simply frightful, up and down over the most awful broken ground, covered with huge boulders, and cut up by innumerable ravines. When we got to the mountain at last, Mr. Bulpett waited below whilst I went up. Half-way up, I turned to look at the scenery, and discovered that the River Kaia was running right at the foot of the mountain on the south-west side. In a small valley close to the river I saw a flock of animals which looked like oryx. They had white heads with black markings, horns curved backwards, and light yellowish brown bodies. They looked about the same size as waterbuck. I tried to call Mr. Bulpett's attention, but he could not hear me, and after I had got down the herd had gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

KAIA RIVER AND CENTRAL PEAK.

THE river Kaia, which we here came to, ran between high hills through a most beautiful valley. At the south end was a gorge, the hills ascending vertically for five hundred feet or more. In the middle of this valley, which we called Oryx Valley, we camped on the south side of the river, which ran between steep rocky banks and had but little water in it, but I should judge it to have some all the year round. A lovelier spot than this place would be hard to find. The mountain which I ascended at the north end of it was 3,900 feet high, whilst our camp on the river bank was 2,850 feet above the sea. The air was most exhilarating, the temperature at noon being 82° whilst it went down to 71° at 10 p.m.

In a small valley at the back of the camp we found a most peculiar rock formation. A huge boulder shaped like a cup was poised on top of a round steep cone, and had a very small base to support it. As it stood on top of a ridge it was sharply outlined against the sky, and offered a most excellent landmark. Seen from below at a distance it resembled a lady with her hat on, so Mr. Bulpett called it My Lady's Rock.

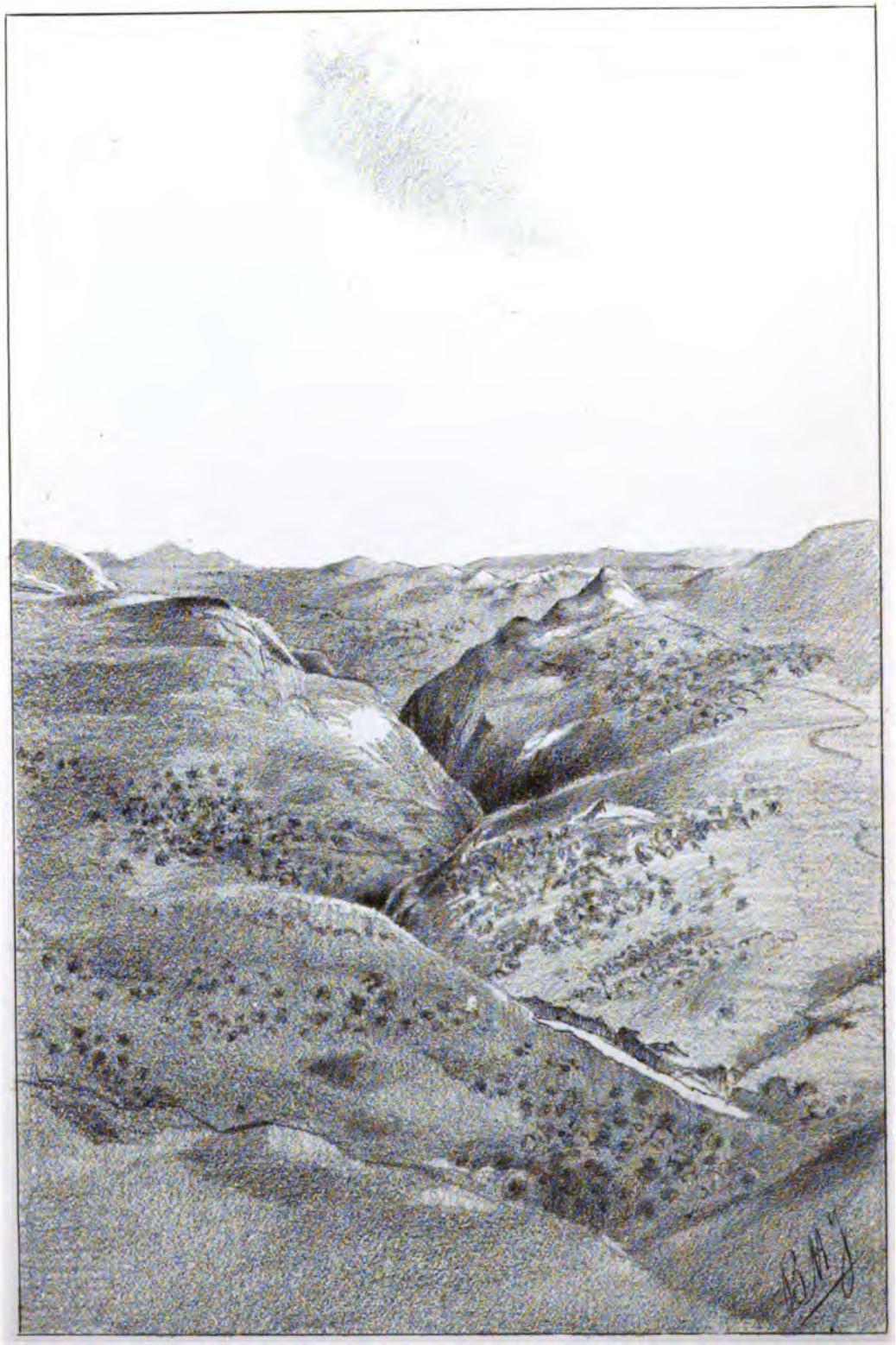
Besides the oryx I saw in the morning we also found heartebeaste, waterbuck, reedbuck and oriby, whilst guinea fowl and partridge were also seen, and strange to say, some

elephants had strayed into the valley some time time before and left their marks alongs the river among the reeds.

We enjoyed our short stay in this beautiful spot immensely,

MY LADY'S ROCK, ORYX VALLEY.

and regretted that we could not stop a few days longer, but we had a long road in front of us, and a short time to do it in, so we had to leave.



View Looking South from Mt Oryx (Kaia River & Central Peak.)
June 3rd -04

KAIA RIVER.

We had a hard march before us, all hills, valleys, and rocks, and no track, but had fine cool weather, and started off early as usual. We stumbled along as best we could for five hours following the course of the Kaia River. Up and down it went over innumerable kors, gullies, and ravines, through ever changing scenery. To the south of us we saw a mountain looking blue in the distance, which we at first took to be Naita, but which proved to be an unknown peak. On the road we saw some heartebeaste and one roan antelope; game was becoming scarce. We camped at noon on high ground alongside the river, 3,400 feet above the sea, after having accomplished a march which would have ruined any ordinary caravan. The ground was simply covered with huge boulders, hidden among long grass. A little to the north of us the river had a branch going east, whilst another branch went almost due south. It was very rocky and contained but little water.

In the afternoon Mr. Bulpett went out after heartebeaste and wounded one, which got away, however. Shooting was hard work in such a country, where the grass was just sufficiently high to hide all the boulders and stones which the ground was covered with. No wonder the country is uninhabited.

Four of the Somalis were down with the fever, which they must have contracted in the lowlands, as the climate in these regions is very healthy. Thermometer 10 p.m. 70°, at 6 a.m. only 62°, and mid-day 84°.

On June 5th, Sunday, we started for the mountain to the south of us. Strange to say we found very good going, and except for a few kors which we had to cross, it was fairly level ground. The Kaia River branched off to the east and west shortly after our start, and we saw no more of it. After two hours' marching we came to a flat tableland, stretching away to the foot of the mountain south of us. We came to a swamp with good water in the tributary of one of the branches of the

Kaia. After an hour's going through woods and high grass the trees suddenly stopped, and an almost open plain, sloping gently

CENTRAL PEAK FROM CAMP.

up southwards, came into view. But for a few small, thin mimosa trees the view was unobstructed in every direction. As we advanced we suddenly discovered large herds of hearte-

beaste grazing round the foot of a small hill to the east. There must have been several hundreds of them. Among them some white-looking animals were seen, which we found to be zebras. We hurried off our mules and started stalking. I had not gone many yards before a couple of reedbuck jumped up in front of me, and shortly afterwards I came on to three ostriches. This seemed a real hunters' paradise, to say the least of it. I held my fire to let Mr. Bulpett shoot first as he had the best rifle. As soon as he had shot the whole mixed herd came in my direction, whereupon I fired and turned them back again. The ostriches stampeded at once and disappeared, but the zebras and heartebeaste got mixed up, and ran around in great disorder. I could have shot a dozen easily, but picking out a fine male heartebeaste I contented myself with him, and had him down the next shot. Mr. Bulpett wounded a zebra, which he lost, however, and then shot a heartebeaste. Taking a tour round the hill he saw a giraffe, so the various species seen on this spot totalled five: zebra, heartebeaste, reedbuck, giraffe, and ostrich.

Close to the hill a water-pool was found, where we made camp, and decided to stay some days as we intended ascending the mountain close by for mapping purposes. The plateau was 3,800 feet above the sea and delightfully cool. We had been having the most beautiful weather since leaving the Akobo, not a drop of rain any day, and we felt in excellent health. Thermometer at 10 p.m., 65°.

The plain itself (which we called Zebra Plain, extending over about 150 square miles) was covered with a luxuriant growth of fine grass, which was about waist deep at that time of the year (June). Mimosa, accacia, and different varieties of small well-rounded trees were scattered all over, while grass-clad hills and rocky protuberances lent a charm to the scenery, which was irresistible. About seven miles to the south a mountain, which

we called "Central Peak," reared its head 5,200 feet above the sea, clothed with pale green grass to the very top. We ascended Central Peak, and had a most marvellous view of the whole country for many miles around. To the sonth-east, about 40 miles distant, Mount Naita reared its sharp-peaked cone some 7,300 feet into the sky. Between it and us a broken, and almost impassable mountain plateau lay before us. This continued to the east as far as we could see, and to the west as far as Boma. The plateau sloped up gradually towards the south, where it was broken all over by ravines and canons, and innumerable water courses. Flat unbroken patches, such as the one we were camping on, could be seen near Mount Naita, also towards Boma. We took some bearings and photos, and returned to camp at three p.m. Regarding this plateau, Major Austen, on his journey south of it in 1900, remarked that it might be thickly populated and highly cultivated like Boma, and that valuable minerals might be found. Our observations, however, seemed to be adverse to the above opinions. That small tribes might exist among the mountainous districts to the south of Central Peak is probable, but the country is entirely unsuitable for any extensive cultivation. With regard to minerals, that is a matter for future investigation. On account of the volcanic nature of the country, it is doubtful, however, if gold, for instance, ever will be found there in any payable quantities.

The whole of this country is volcanic, and almost entirely uninhabited. We found a few huts among a clump of trees, which had been deserted, and only once did we have a visit from a couple of half-starved looking blacks. One of them had a most murderous looking weapon round his wrist, consisting of an iron bracelet, bent down and formed into an arrow point underneath. They wore no clothes, and spoke a language which none of our men could understand. They pointed towards the

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View Looking South West from Central Peak
June 7. 04

North, indicating where their villages were, and as we saw smoke ascending from among the mountains in that direction we

VIEW OF MOUNT NAITA FROM CENTRAL PEAK.
MR. BULPETT ON ROCK IN FOREGROUND.

concluded there was a small tribe living there. Further east, at the foot of the mountains from which the rivers Sacci and Kaia flow, there are, according to Bottego, several villages, and the

land is partly cultivated. We gave our visitors something to eat, and when leaving they promised to come back again with some more of their tribe.

We stayed on some days in order to finish the map, and to give the animals a good rest. The weather kept fine, but dark-looking clouds to the north indicated that there were heavy rains round the Akobo, so we were thankful we were not with Mr. McMillan's caravan. Mr. Bulpett went out several mornings in order to shoot a zebra, and on one occasion I remember he told me he would shoot two, but the animals must have heard him, because he could not even get near them.

One morning I crossed the plain to the north-east of us in order to find out about the bed of the Kaia river in that direction. Within half-an-hour of the camp we came across the enormous bleached skull of an elephant. The animal must have been killed years before by some native band. I examined it, and found the brain chamber completely surrounded by a cellular or honeycombed bone construction, from six to nine inches thick. It looked impossible to penetrate this construction anywhere, except at the root of the trunk, where there was a hole in direct communication with the brain. No wonder we had failed to kill the elephants. We had shot into a perfect honeycomb of bones only. We left this interesting relic, and had only gone a short distance when a whole herd of giraffe came up the slope towards us, and stopped looking at us 500 yards away. Luckily I had a camera with me, so I jumped off the mule, opened and set the apparatus, and, while advancing slowly, I held it in readiness all the time. In this way I got to within 300 yards of them, when I stopped and took two pictures, and as they were still standing I reached for my rifle and fired a shot, which wounded one. It was the most extraordinary piece of luck

I have ever seen, as these animals are very shy and hard to get near. Of course, they all went off at a gallop at

MY FIRST ZEBRA, ZEBRA PLAINS.

once, and, although clumsy-looking, they seemed to get over the ground at a tremendous rate. We followed on the chance of the wounded one lagging behind. This was

evidently destined to be an eventful day, as after fifteen minutes' chase I discovered a large herd of animals to the left of us, which proved to be a mixed herd of heartebeaste and zebra. I could not resist the temptation of getting a zebra, so gave up the giraffe chase, which in all probability would have been a fruitless one, and, besides, the zebra were in the direction I wanted to go. I stalked as carefully as possible, and managed to get within 200 yards of them. I took careful aim and fired, and succeeded in disabling an old male, which I killed a few minutes after. It seemed I was in great luck and good form, as my rifle was only an ordinary Winchester, with a very poor sight. I had the animal skinned, and went on again. Coming close to a herd of heartebeaste I took two photos of them. Shortly after I again saw heartebeaste and zebra. Having shot one, however, I did not care whether I got another or not, but I wished to photograph them, so stalked very carefully up and got very close, and took two pictures, one of which had heartebeaste on as well. All these photos turned out failures, unfortunately. It struck me that Mr. Bulpett might get no zebra, and would like to have a skin, so I reached for my rifle, but by that time they had seen me, and began to scamper off. They got too far for a shot with my gun really, but I put up the 300 yards sight, and sent a bullet after a fine male for luck. To my utter astonishment the animal fell down, and never even kicked. The bullet had entered his brain, and killed him instantly. It seemed that I could miss nothing that day, so, while the men skinned him, I looked round for new specimens, and actually saw a couple of animals which looked like dogs go by like a flash, and some time afterwards we heard them barking in the distance. After the skinning process was over we went towards my goal again. I killed one more zebra

on the road. This I also skinned, intending to give it to Mr. McMillan. That finished the day's sport for me, and after having found out that several small rivers came down from the plains and surrounding mountains going towards the Kaia river, I returned to camp. Mr. Bulpett had been unsuccessful, and had not killed a zebra, so he was very glad to get the skin I brought.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARD MARCHING.

ON June 10th, at 7.30, I started off with the caravan in a south-westerly direction, in order to see if any river could be found there. Mr. Bulpett stayed behind some hours in order to give our zebra skins a chance to dry. From the very start we had awful going, innumerable kors, valleys, and ravines running in every direction, through ground covered with boulders and broken rocks. I tried to follow the watershed, which had a south-westerly direction, as near as possible, but got into corners and impassable hollows and ravines at every turn, so we had to go right up the hillside before any advance was possible. In crossing a deep gully I saw two leopards on the opposite ridge, going slowly towards some bushes. I tried to get within range but failed. A little further along I saw a flock of heartebeaste grazing on the hillside opposite. The going now became a little better, but it was hard work picking a way amongst the rocks, on account of the high grass and many watercourses. In many places we found good clear water in pools in the watersheds. One of them appeared to be a well, as the water was very clear and full of water-plants and some small fish. Just past the well we luckily struck an old giraffe path, which gave us good going for a while, but like all animal paths in the bush, no matter how well defined, it came to an end suddenly on a flat piece of ground, and

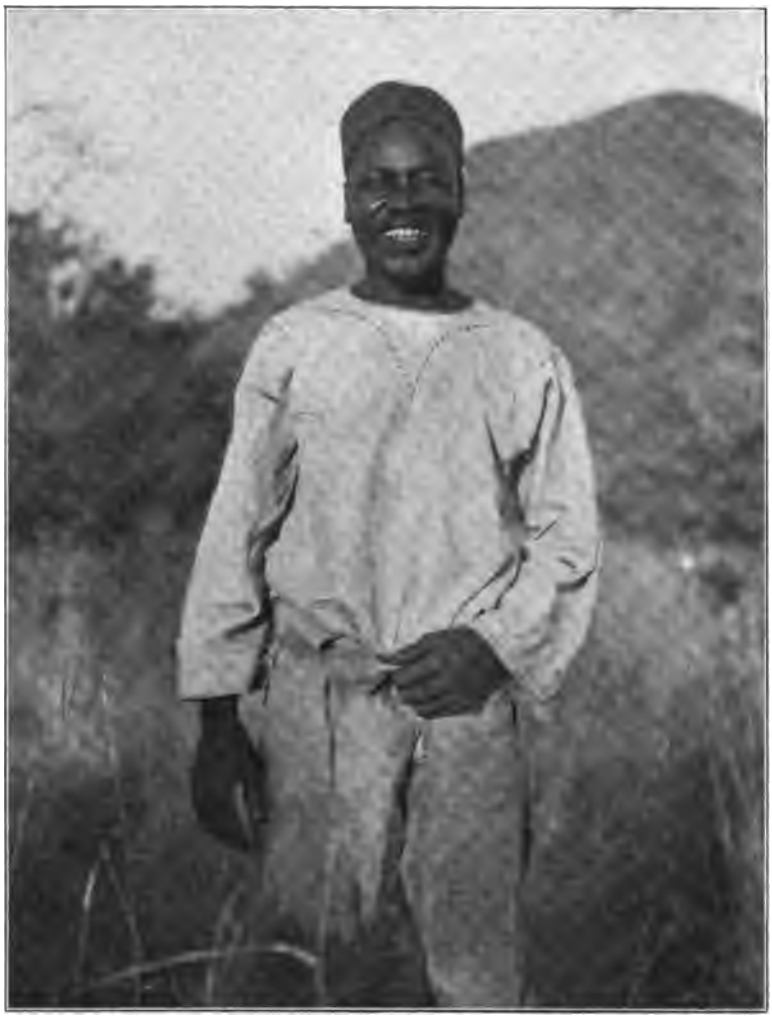
nowhere could we find its continuation, so we had to make our own road again. On top of a ridge in front of us a couple of giraffe suddenly came into view, but scampered off as soon as they saw us. At that time we had been going four-hours-and-a-half, and had about reached the bottom of the watershed, and determined on making a camp a little further down alongside a kor with water in pools. The time of marching was five hours, but we had only managed to go about seven miles. At the same time we had descended 700 feet, and being in a hollow among the hills, the air was very much warmer, registering 82° at 9.30 p.m.

I ascended a small hill opposite, only 200 feet higher than the camp, which was 3,100 feet above the sea. The view from the hilltop was most discouraging for further progress, nothing but valleys, hills, rocks, ravines, and deep watercourses as far as the eye could see in every direction, consequently it seemed that the plateau to the south of Mount Central was perfectly uninhabitable. This hill must have been full of iron as the compass behaved most eratic, and no true bearings could be taken.

I returned to the camp, where I found the Sudanese boy, Sambo, busy trying to climb a tamarind tree. All of a sudden he gave a scream and came down in a heap. He had disturbed a bees' nest and had a swarm of them after him. The antics he cut were so funny that I simply roared with laughter for a while. Then a small contingent came my way and after a couple of them had managed to sting me over the eye and on the neck, I thought they had hurt my feelings quite sufficiently, and I changed my front and bolted for my life, as I could see no more fun in it. However, the men stuck to it and the nest was raided.

Mr. Bulpett, who came in late in the afternoon, told me that while waiting for the zebra skins to dry he had gone out to

shoot some partridge for our pot, as some of these birds and also grouse had been seen around. He had shot a brace and



SOUDANESE BOY SAMBO, AFTER THE BEES STUNG HIM.

was returning to camp when he saw some eight or ten strange natives in front of him, evidently friends of our two visitors. He shouted to them, but having come on them altogether

unexpectedly they became so frightened that they simply bolted off, never stopping to look round even. I wonder what they did afterwards to the two men who brought them ?

That night our dinner consisted of soup, zebra beef-steak, partridge, prunes, wild honey, coffee, and whisky and soda—almost good enough for the Carlton.

As the country ahead seemed impossible for further progress we decided to strike north-east towards Boma the next day.

June 11th we started off up some steep, rocky hills going north-west, and had hard marching for a couple of hours, crossing numerous kors as usual, and found plenty of water. After three hours we commenced going west, and entered on a plateau some ten miles square, and 3,600 feet high, which gave us fairly good going, although the grass was high and tangled. After five hours' marching, being very hot and thirsty, having exhausted our water supply, we very unexpectedly found water in a swamp about the middle of the plateau, where we made camp, as we did not know where we could find water again. We called this place Providence Pool. Boma was about twenty miles to the west of us. The watershed still kept going south-west, and we concluded that this was probably the source of the Pibor River. In the middle of the day it became very warm, 105 in the shade, but as a thunderstorm came on later, the first one by the way which we had experienced since leaving the Akobo, it became very much cooler, and at 9.0 p.m. it was only seventy-eight. We had heavy rain in the early morning, so we did not make a start until 9.0 o'clock. It was a very hard march through wet and tangled grass and clayey soil, and on the hill sides, among boulders and broken rocks. We used our Sudanese " Tarbush " as a road breaker, and an amusing sight it was to see him trudge along ahead with his big boots on, forcing and breaking a way through the most awfully tangled

grass and bush, but nothing seemed too heavy a task for Tarbush. We managed to make about ten miles, however, and camped at 2.0 p.m. at the eastern foothills of Boma Mountains, 3,200 feet above the sea. We had good running water in a kor within a couple of hundred yards of the camp. By this kor we found, for the first time since leaving the Akobo, a few palms, which seemed to indicate that the natives had been living here some time before.

The general aspect of the country was a high plateau averaging 3,400 feet, broken by watercourses and rock-covered hills. The nature of the soil and rocks was volcanic, either of a reddish brown, dark grey or black colour. Large areas were evidently suitable for cultivation. Two hours' march from our last camp, on the top of the east and west divide of the plateau, we found a pool with permanent water, it being filled with water-lilies in bloom. Altitude 3,500 feet. We found good permanent water in the most unexpected places, such as in the middle of high lying, dry looking plains, and on the top of rocky plateaux. In this respect we had most good fortune.

In the afternoon it commenced to rain again, and kept on until late at night. Our men and animals were doing remarkably well. In spite of hard going on half rations and changing climate, only a few men had slight attacks of fever, and so far, one pony, three mules, and one donkey only had died, out of a total of forty-two animals, in nineteen days.

The next morning was cool and cloudy, but no rain, so we had a good start. Mr. Bulpett and I went ahead of the caravan and made for the hill to the north-west, where I wanted to take some bearings in order to close up my work. An hour after starting we came to a small running river, where there were some nachar palms, a sure sign that the natives had been living here some time before. I shot a heartebeaste and saw plenty about. An hour afterwards we came to the beginning of the hill,

which I ascended. It was 4,000 feet high. I finished my work and went down.

Our caravan had lost the track, and took three hours to catch us up in consequence. Meanwhile we had lunch. Finally the caravan came, and we made for a peculiar rock formation, just under the highest Boma mountains. We crossed some swamps, round which we found signs of old cultivation, and some date palms with ripe fruit. At 3.30 we made camp to the west of a swamp. We had marched four hours and made about eight-miles-and-a-half. Altitude of camp 3,200 feet. Temperature at 9.30 p.m. 68°. We only saw Jackson hartebeaste during the march.

The next day was a fine one, but heavy dew had fallen at night, making the grass very wet. We started early as usual, Mr. Bulpett and I ahead, with Tarbush in front of us, and had a fairly good march over gently sloping ground, with excellent soil for cultivation. The watershed went southward until within a few miles east of the rock, which we called Castle Rock, where it commenced to slope north-west towards the Adjuba river. On the road we passed patches of old cultivation, where a few date and dom palms were growing. The fig bearing india-rubber tree was growing all over the plain, On arriving in a line with the rock we struck a path, which we followed, and soon after came to a cultivated patch in the woods. Here we met some of the Boma people, who, after a little coaxing, came to us and showed unexpected confidence. They offered to show us water, which they called "Ma," and followed us until we came to a rocky spur running into the mountain ranges south, where we made camp. We counted nine villages in all, located on the slopes round the mountains. The natives came to us from all directions, as soon as they discovered there was no danger, and were willing to help as far as they were able, carrying

wood and water, and bringing in some green corn cobs to eat. They spoke their own language, which our Yamboes could not understand, but eventually we found a man who could speak a little Yamboe. From him we learned that the Abyssinians came here at times to trade, but they never molested the Boma people. They also told us there is a large river some forty miles west, probably the Neubari, which they called Kiddau.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOMA.

THE Boma country itself was of a most peculiar character, and the scenery very beautiful. The rock formations were most curious and imposing, some huge rocks rising vertically out of the plain to a height of several hundred feet. To the south, a range of mountains five to six thousand feet high, formed a kind of half circle around the plateau over which we had been travelling. Far to the east Central Peak was plainly visible, and to the north the dark and imposing Abyssinian mountains loomed up in the grey distance. To the west, and right round us, fantastic, jagged rocks and hills gave us a broken view of apparently endless plains, covered with forests which would open up and show us glimpses of green fields in places. Down among the hills, and round the huge granite rocks, these strange people had their villages and plantations. Some villages were nestling on green spots high up among the mountains like birds' nests, while others would only give us an indication of their existence by little ribbons of smoke, curling lazily up into the blue sky from the forests. Numerous valleys and watercourses gave variety and a peculiar character to the scenery, while the park-like appearance of the woods, the absence of flies, and the fresh cool air made the place a perfect paradise.

The people living in this mountain fastness were strong,

tall and handsome, and seemed to be a much superior race to the Yamboes. They were fearless and most decided in their

A BOMA GIRL WITH MEAT AND CORN.
FIRST BOMA GIRL EVER PHOTOGRAPHED.

manners, though suspicious of any kind of hostility. Most of the men wore a piece of skin in front of them, from some wild animal or another, loosely slung by a piece of string over one

View North from Camp "Castle Rock" Boma June 14.04
(Mount Ungwala to the left)

[p. 203.

shoulder. They must be good hunters as they had skins of giraffe, zebra, and various kinds of antelopes. They seemed to have no domestic animals, except goats, and lived chiefly on agriculture. Better durra or cornfields I have never seen anywhere, and they seemed to cultivate every available spot. Villages and cultivated fields were hidden away in the most romantic spots among the mountains.

We stayed in camp the next day while I finished up the map. During the day the Boma people came in bringing corn, durra, and honey, which they sold to us for beads, wire, or meat. Two women came with some corn, and I photographed the younger one. She wore a few skins for clothing, and looked strong and happy, but ran away in great fear when she saw me point the camera at her, evidently thinking it was an evil eye. The men were armed with two kinds of spears, a long and a short one. The ends were carefully covered in a sheath in order to protect the points and edges, which were very sharp. They also had shields, a few clubs, and some of them wore the same murderous looking wrist weapon we had seen at Central Peak. As to their language we learned some fifty words of it (*see appendix*). It did not resemble Yamboe, Galla or Abyssinian. They only count to ten, and but a few of them were able to give me the names of that number of figures. They were fond of ornaments, and wore a broad band of red beads, with a white stripe down the centre, round their foreheads, giving them a peculiar warlike appearance. Some of them came to the camp with all their war finery, painted and feathered, and looking like demons, but never at any time did they prove unfriendly. Their huts were of the usual conical straw and mud construction, but without the clay floor of the Yamboes. There seemed to be a sort of stronghold on top of one of the mountains, 4,000 feet high, a couple of miles to the south of us, as I was stopped in attempting to go to the top in

order to get some bearings. With regard to the number, government, or religion, we were unable to find out much as

OUR CAMP IN BOMA.

we only stayed among them two days. We managed to collect four days' rations of maize from them, and as our men had been on half rations for some time, this was a welcome addition to

our supply. The only thing they seemed to be in need of was salt, a commodity we could not supply them with.

From our camp we could see all the country we had traversed from Ungwala North, to Central Peak South, and Gourafarda and other Abyssinian mountains to the north and east of us. A finer health resort than Boma, at the time we were there, June, could hardly be found, the temperature varying between 70° and 87° during the twenty-four hours. There was plenty of timber of good size, and had we had more time and means at our disposal we might have made mineral discoveries of great value. As it was, the food supply for our men being short, we much regretted having to leave this lovely spot so soon.

Among these hills several rivers have their source, such as the Ajuba, Chillimun, Neubari, and probably the Pibor. It would be of great interest to make a journey due west from this place to Bahar Jebel, as this has never been done before. As seen from Boma it was a rolling forest land, as far as we could see, but from reports large areas of swampy ground exist, where some of the rivers we saw might terminate.

The soil round Boma seemed splendid, and I have no doubt that coffee, tea, cotton and rubber could be grown. The Akobo River, about thirty miles to the north, would, when in flood, give a water way to the White Nile and Khartoum.

On June 16th we broke camp, and started on our downward and southward journey. This was so far the hardest march we had experienced, as we had to go through the mountain pass out of Boma. The track which we fortunately found led us along the slope of the hills from plantation and village to village, up and down over the roughest kind of ground. The path was so steep in places that we nearly slid down, and riding, of course, was impossible. Villages and cultivated fields were hidden away in corners among the mountains, as if the whole place itself were

not far enough away from civilization. The condition of the crops was magnificent, and where they could find people enough to consume such quantities of grain was a mystery. However, in trying to secure a guide in a lonely spot near a small durra field, with only one hut visible, we were astonished to find ourselves confronted by a score of handsome looking warriors, all

BOMA MEN.

fully armed, appearing in a moment as if they had risen from the ground. We had evidently been watched and followed the whole way, and had apparently a lot to learn about the mysterious ways and means of the people of Boma. We managed to secure a guide who showed us a brook, where there was clear running water. We made our camp on the

spot as we had been marching five hours. I succeeded in photographing some of the men who had come along with our guide.

In starting the next morning we commenced following the course of the brook, using the path which was yet easily discernible, but after an hour's march suddenly finished in thick grass, and we could not find it again. We went ahead, however, and according to the map, in the direction of the Ajuba river. On the road we ascended a kopje of granite boulders, and determined to go west. After several hours' marching we found the map was certainly wrong as far as the watershed was concerned, as all the kors and watercourses crossed went westward out into the plains, where they evidently collected, and ran into the Neubari or Kiddau river. We had come upon an old elephant path, which went along a watercourse, in which there were numerous pools, and after finding out our mistake we returned and made camp at the bottom of the path, having marched five hours. We had come too far west, and, according to the map, should have crossed the Ajuba river running north, but, on the contrary, we had been going down hill all the time right out into the plains. On the road we saw hartebeaste, worthog, and bushbuck, but could not get near enough to shoot. Two more mules died on the road.

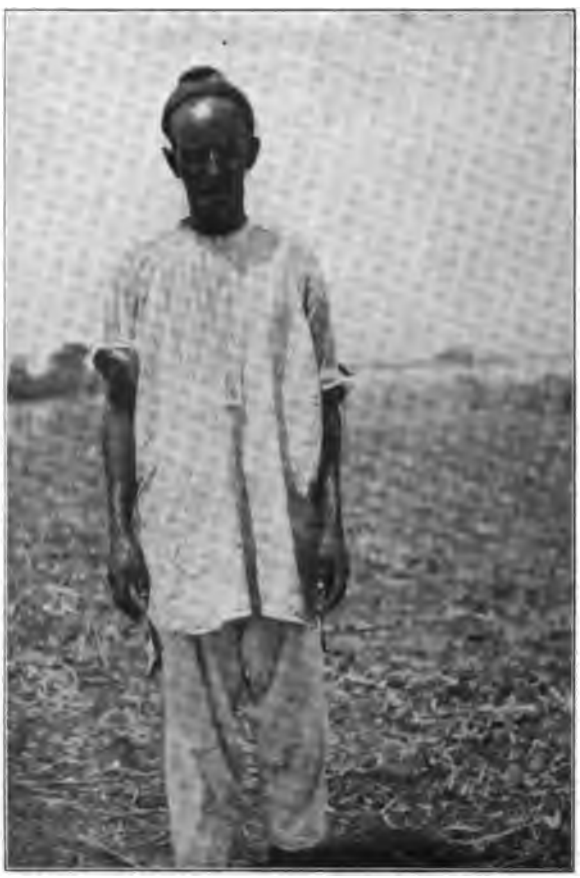
We marched off to the east of Dim Hill, and had some fair going, although the grass was high in places. On the road we saw flocks of heartebeaste, some giraffe, a couple of bushbuck, and numerous elephant tracks of a recent date. We struck out for the Ajuba river finally, and were very much disappointed at the appearance of that long-looked-for stream. Instead of at least a well-defined river bed with some running water, we found after a deal of searching a narrow winding ditch with a little muddy water in pools, and, instead of having its source in Boma as shown on the

map, we found it began some ten miles south of Dim Hill, and that most of the watershed goes out into the plain westward, as we had seen the day before.

Camp had been made among long grass which we cut down with knives before the tents could be pitched. The narrow ditch, which constituted the Ajuba river, was within a few feet of our tents, and at night we had our dinner almost on the brink of the ditch, as there was a small tree there. We had just finished, and were lighting our pipes, when all of a sudden a hyæna howled, apparently within a few feet of us. The animal had crawled up to the edge of the opposite bank before it let us know of its presence by emitting that unearthly howl. I simply jumped out of my chair, having been taken completely by surprise, while Mr. Bulpett only laughed at the whole thing, The hyænas will at times play a trick like that, and then they will run to the opposite side of the camp as quickly as possible, and while men and animals are intently looking in the direction from which the howl came, Mr. Hyæna will have his chance at any stray animal. Fortunately for us, we never had any such accident. Providence must have put a special guard over us, as never once did we make any provision against attack from either men or animals, except by putting on a guard or two at night in places where we thought there might be some danger.

On June 19 (Sunday), we made a long march through grass and forest land, and saw lots of game, waterbuck, reedbuck, heartebeaste, oriby, and giraffe. I shot a waterbuck, as we had had no fresh meat for some time. The first shot wounded the animal, and it got into a deep kor, where we could not see it. On Mr. Bulpert arriving there with the mules the buck rushed out, and nearly scared my mule out of its senses. At last I managed to kill him, however. We made two fires on the road to direct the caravan, and found it an excellent

plan, as they could see the smoke a long way off. At last, after a fourteen mile march, occupying five hours, we stopped near a lake in the Ajuba River, close to the junction of the Ajuba and the Akobo. We had nearly arrived at our starting point, and



OUR SOMALI HEADMAN.

were only two marches from Ungwala Hill, which we could see to the north of us. We had fine weather the whole way, nice and cool, quite surprising to us, as we had expected it hot. All the men were well.

The next day was cool and cloudy, and we got off early,

making for Gwait on the Akobo, where we intended to cross. We skirted round the west side of a small hill, lying at the junction of the Akobo and Ajuba, and had good going through open woods and short grass. On the north side of this hill we saw a few huts and cultivated fields, on a small plain, and I concluded that this must have been the remains of the village of Melileh, mentioned in Captain Bottego's book. As the banks of both the Ajuba and Akobo have a belt of elephant grass, twelve to fourteen feet high, and about an eighth of a mile wide, and the ground is swampy and difficult, it will be easy to understand how Major Austin missed this place, also why Mr. Bulpett had been unable to find it on his previous visit. The name Melileh, however, was unknown among the natives we met, so we concluded that it was an Italian one given to the place by Bottego.

CHAPTER XIX.

AKOBO AGAIN.

AFTER a difficult march through the swampy grass belt, in the middle of which we met a couple of the guides we had had from Ungwala, we finally reached the banks of the Akobo, where we wished to cross. Ramps had to be made on both sides, as the banks were very steep. The river was now in half flood, very deep and swift. By the aid of our Berthon boat and a rope we got all our stores over safely, and as some Yamboes came in from Gwait, they helped to swim the animals across, and a fearful job it was to get them up the opposite bank, as the soft soil washed away from the ramp as fast as we made it, and we had to use ropes to haul them up. We lost a mule and a donkey, but had everything else all safe by 1.30 p.m. We made camp about half-a-mile from the river, near a large swamp overgrown with elephant grass. We had just finished our camp, and changed our wet clothing, when a water carrier came in shouting, "Elephants," and on investigation we found four of them peacefully feeding in the middle of the swamp about a quarter-of-a-mile from us. They very soon scented us, however, and stretching their trunks high in the air, sniffing suspiciously to all sides, they began slowly marching back to the Akobo. As the river here formed a big bend, at the south-eastern end of which our camp was, Mr. Bulpett at once made preparations for

cutting them off from going down the river, thinking that he might be able to chase them back towards the camp, and thus get a shot at them. The river was very deep, and we thought escape that way was impossible. He got them into the loop after a very fatiguing stalk, and great must have been his astonishment and chagrin, as at the very moment when he thought he had his prey, all the animals plunged into the river, wading across, holding their trunks only above the water. They scampered off on the other side and were lost.

In the morning Mr. Bulpett took his shikaris along, and went in quest of elephant, while I went with the caravan towards Ungwala. We lost the track and had an awful time of it, and besides having my clothes nearly torn off me by the tangled thorn bushes, we were pestered by a kind of small zeroot fly, which drew blood at every string, both from men and animals. We came to Lake Garner at last, and crossed it at the north end, where we fortunately found the water only waist deep. There must have been herds of buffalo around shortly before our arrival, as the ground was covered with their tracks. For my part I was glad we came late, as I had no wish to get mixed up with those savage animals, in such a fearfully tangled up country. I had been told that buffalo charge on sight, and as they generally see you before you see them, especially in thick bush, I did not feel exactly comfortable, and would have sharpened my sight and hearing on anything had it been possible.

After five hours' marching we finally reached our old camp at Ungwala, where Mr. Bulpett had arrived before us. It was twenty-seven days since we left the same place, and although Mr. McMillan's caravan had left it long ago, we felt as if we had got home again. The ground was strewn with all sorts of things, and our resting-place under the tamarind tree was still

intact. From the Yamboes we learned that Mr. McMillan had reached Itang, and I think we all wished we were there with him too, as now, our work being done, we were heartily tired of marching; besides, our riding mules were all but played out and had to be whipped along.

On June 22nd we left our camp and commenced the return journey to Itang, following our old track of a month ago. Although we had fine weather and good going, Mr. McMillan's caravan must have had rather a hard time of it, judging by the track, which was badly cut up in places, proving that they must have had heavy rain and soft going. A large hyæna had followed in their track, the footprints being plainly visible. The aspect of the country had changed considerably, the foliage on the trees being very dense, and the grass several feet high. We saw tracks of elephant, giraffe, waterbuck, heartebeaste, roan antelope, and various gazelle, but did not succeed in shooting many, as the grass hid them from view. We now began to be pestered with mosquitos again in the evenings, and the zeroot fly in the daytime, while the heat and dampness of the air increased as we advanced.

Digira was reached June 24th, and here we found some stores which Mr. McMillan had left for us. Our vegetables had just given out, and all our soda-sparklets were finished, so we were glad to find both these commodities among the provisions left us.

The sun rose in all its glory when we left the next morning, and though we expected a warm day we were glad on account of the path, as the previous day's rain had made it very slippery. Although we followed our old path, we might as well have been going through an entirely new country, as everything seemed absolutely changed. The grass covered all old landmarks, and the rains and winds had played havoc with everything in general. Game was plentiful, but hard to get

at. We were jogging along slowly, when the Somali ahead put his hand up to stop the caravan, and shouted " Elephant." We got off our mules, and only 200 yards away from us stood a magnificent male, all alone among the trees.. Mr. Bulpett at once started stalking up to it. I tried to take a photo. of him, but unfortunately he must have heard some sound, as he began to sniff the air suspiciously, and then sauntered off. Mr. Bulpett followed him, and as a lucky circumstance put a pool of water in the big fellow's way, he stopped to take a drink and a shower-bath with his trunk. Mr. Bulpett and " Ahmed shoot once," as we called him, managed to get within ten yards before he noticed anything. He then turned and looked at them, but as they had stopped still I suppose he took them to be a couple of logs, and quietly went on with his bath again. This was the moment, and in shorter time than it takes to tell, Mr. Bulpett had fired three ·450 solid bullets into his head, and Ahmed one ·275. It was most unfortunate that the head shot was resorted to in every case, and so this elephant also was lost. They had a most exciting moment when the old giant turned to look at them, before the shooting. The close proximity would have given them but little chance had they been discovered. One must have seen an African elephant to be able to realize the demoralizing effect it has upon one. When one looks straight at you, and spreads his enormous ears out, it seems to fill the whole forest, and you begin to doubt whether the puny little weapon in your hand is of any use at all. No matter how big a man you may be you will suddenly realize how small you are, and, on account of those all-embracing ears, you suddenly feel that escape is utterly impossible. Under these circumstances you simply shoot with the one idea of defending your own life, and should the giant fall, and it is the first elephant you have

shot at, I very much doubt if your first feeling would not be one of great surprise, then intense relief, followed by joy at finding yourself alive and unhurt.

The caravan having arrived, I trotted off at the head of it, and after about a quarter-of-an-hour another elephant loomed up right in front of us, standing in the middle of the path. It was the biggest elephant I had ever had the pleasure of looking upon, and had enormous tusks. It was 250 yards away at the other end of an open patch, so we could approach no closer. We stopped as he was apparently looking straight at us, swinging his trunk from side to side, and flapping his ears backwards and forwards. It is when those ears come forward that you begin to think it is all over, you can't help thinking he has seen you, and that seems quite sufficient. For fully ten minutes we stood looking at each other before Mr. Bulpett arrived, but the old giant had made up his mind at last and began to turn round and walk slowly off. Still there was time, but unfortunately Mr. Bulpett's rifle had been put in its case, so it took too long to get ready, and this elephant was lost also. We had been given so many fine chances that I really did not think we deserved to get more. It was a great disappointment, but such is luck.

We marched on again towards Akite pool, and saw hundreds of fresh buffalo tracks on the road. We passed through the old camp where the Yamboe tuckles, yellow and partly tumbled down, remained as the only monuments of our last short stay. We went on to Agogotok, or Ogol, as the waterpools are called, where we made camp. Here we found all the old tuckles standing, and round about them a lot of elephant bones, the remains of one killed by Mr. McMillan's party. We also found the remains of hundreds of shot-gun cartridges, many pounds of lead and shot, iron tins, and charred pieces of wood, all plainly telling us that

some ammunition had been consigned to the flames, and a grand cannonade it must have been.

After camp had been made we went over our elephant experiences again, and we had that elusive old fellow killed many times, and in many ways, long before bedtime. I distinctly remember the conversation to have had a good many "ifs" in it, and I have a suspicion that Mr. Bulpett wished very much to do the whole thing over again. At night we had a thunderstorm. We had both of us been in tropical thunderstorms before, and thought we knew something about thunderclaps, but it appeared that they had all been child's play to what we heard that night. Mr. Bulpett had gone to bed, while I was writing in my tent, when it commenced. It was the ordinary thing at first, with flash upon flash in quick succession, and one continuous roar of thunder, when, all of a sudden, all the thunderclaps seemed joined into one tremendous report, which simply shook the earth. The whole camp was astir at once, thinking the end of the world had come, no doubt. In my journal there is an inkmark, at the end of a word, about an inch long, marking when it happened. The storm seemed to have expended itself in that last report, and as nothing was hurt we went to sleep again.

Owing to the heavy rain overnight we did not get off until late the next morning, everything being wet. When we finally did start we had an awful time of it, wading through water from an inch to several feet in depth, for several miles. Riding was about impossible, as the animals kept falling down. In crossing the Agogotok river the water reached over our waist. It was here that "Ahmed shoot once" made a remark which caused some mirth. I had reached the opposite bank, and was watching Mr. Bulpett and Ahmed struggling across in water up to their armpits. The wise shikari, who seemed in deep thought, suddenly

turned to Mr. Bulpett and said, "Plenty big rain last night, Sahib?" The expression on Mr. Bulpett's face when he looked up and said, "You don't say," would have been worth painting. It simply made me roar. Mr. Bulpett told me that previously, after having been following some fresh elephant tracks for an hour, Ahmed had suddenly turned round, smiling sweetly as was his wont, and pointing to the tracks on the ground, said, "Elephant, Sahib." You never knew what kind of information Ahmed would give you until he spoke.

After floundering along for two hours and a-half we came to the old camp at Otoki pool. The place was almost unrecognisable. The grass was yards long, and the pretty waterpool, filled with lilies in bloom when we saw it last, was now a swift running stream. We went on at once to Attiwat river, some seven miles north of us, and when we finally reached the stream I, for one, was fagged out, having walked on slippery clay soil the whole way. The Attiwat, which was waist deep and only a few feet wide the last time we saw it, was now about eight feet in depth and several yards wide, so we had to use our Berthon boat again. The donkeys did not arrive until late, and as one of them and a mule had died on the road, we had to send back for their loads.

During the afternoon some Yamboes came to us with a letter, some newspapers, and a few cigarettes, from Mr. McMillan. As we had run out of tobacco, we had actually had to resort to the native stuff, which was made of tobacco leaves, cowdung, and ashes, mixed and formed into the shape of a sugarloaf. One can imagine our joy at getting a good smoke again, and fairly fresh newspapers to read. We learned that Mr. McMillan and his party were all well, but most anxious for us to come back as they were tired of lying in one place so long.

We crossed the Attiwat the next day, and went to the Gelo river, only five miles away. The men sent for the missing things had not yet arrived, so we left the boat for them. The Gelo river gave us a surprise. When last seen it was a good stream some forty yards wide, with shallow water, full of small islands and sandbanks, whilst this time it was fully eighty yards wide, with a depth of about twenty feet. We had a hard time getting our things across, and made several attempts at getting a rope over before we succeeded, as the current was very strong. We worked hard all the afternoon, and got all our things across safely. Sheikh Shamma, to whom we had sent word at Gog, sent twenty men who were to swim our animals across, but, unfortunately, only ten of them could swim, so when night came we still had our donkeys to get over. I will here add that Sheikh Shamma has since been foully murdered by the Abyssinians.

The weather, fortunately, kept nice, cool and cloudy. We camped at our old camping ground, where we were met by Mr. McMillan's two Saises, who had brought us some flour for the men, a bag of onions for ourselves, and a couple of fresh riding mules. That night we had a feast.

After getting the donkeys over in the morning Mr. Bulpett and I started off ahead. It was refreshing to be able to go ahead at a good pace, without having to use the whip all the time. Our plan was to go straight to Komaton, instead of to our old camp near Lake Tata, so we cut right through the woods. We had good going to begin with, but soon got into very thick forest with magnificent timber, in fact the densest we had seen throughout the trip. Absolute tropical vegetation, with creepers and air roots hanging like ropes and impeding progress everywhere. Still we managed to stick on the mules, although our clothes were badly torn by the bushes and branches. We learned afterwards that Mr. McMillan's party

had shot two elephants here, and a most exciting hunt it had been. Right in the middle of this thick forest we came to a village, surrounded by cornfields, called Tjoba. The people were not afraid, and gave us a guide and some porters, whereupon we went ahead again for a couple of hours, when we came to a small open plain. As we had gone five hours, and had a good distance to go yet before reaching Komaton, we decided to make camp. It was a beautiful spot. A small level plain covered with short fine grass, with here and there a pool of clear water, filled with waterplants in bloom. Right in the centre was a clump of magnificent trees, and surrounding it all the dense forest. A better or safer retreat for freebooters could hardly be imagined. In the evening the moon transformed the spot to a perfect fairyland. Some of the trees in the centre formed an artistic arch over a small peculiar shaped one, and the whole, silhouetted against the pale sky, looked like a magnificent triumphal arch thrown over a statue. A little later different kinds of frogs entertained us with all kinds of peculiar sounds, some of which were so metallic that they resembled the sound a mason makes when chipping stone. It had been cloudy during the day, and we had had a few showers, but it cleared up towards six o'clock.

Some of our mules broke down, so we had to send men back for them, but unfortunately they did not arrive that evening.

Men were sent off in the morning for the missing animals while we went on to Komaton. We had the same thick forest to go through for two hours, and when we emerged our clothes were all but torn off us.

We camped near the Nikani river, which was nothing but a river-bed with water pools by the way. A little later the whole caravan arrived safely, so we were prepared for a long march the next day. The natives of Komaton received us kindly, and seemed to be glad to see us. Some of them had ornaments of

the most peculiar character, stuck through their ears, or hanging round their necks, and reminding us of our previous visit. We saw necklaces made of iron sparklets mixed with glass beads, and other ornaments made with flattened brass cartridges. They seemed quite proud of their ornaments, and were pleased if we noticed them.

We started off early and made a long march, and arrived at Aluro river after five hours, which we crossed in our boat, and went on for another hour to Bakedi, where we camped. We had gone altogether eight hours, including the crossing, and had made seventeen miles. Excellent going nearly all the time, but at the last our guide mistook the road, and led us through the most awful swamp just south of the Aluro river. The stench from the decaying vegetation, when stirred up by our animals, was simply awful, and sometimes we sank into water, mud, and slush up to our armpits. It took us an hour to get through that mess before we reached the Aluro, which was now bank-full, wide and deep. On the road we saw more elephant tracks than we had seen during the whole journey. There must have been hundreds of them walking together in columns, as they had made broad roads right through the forest, breaking down anything that came in their way. They were all going west, so we had a chance to meet them again later on along the Baro river. Where do these strange animals come from, or where do they live during the dry season. It was a remarkable fact that during our journey south we never met with any great number of them, and now it was quite evident that hundreds must have passed our camp during the night. As we never once during the whole trip put up a zeriba or fence round the camp it was fortunate for us that the herds had chosen the road they took and not the one through our camp. What the consequences might have been had they done so is fearful to contemplate. At this camp we were fairly pestered to death

by mosquitos, both day and night. There seemed to be millions of them in the long damp grass, and one had to have an hide like an elephant to withstand their attack.

On July 1st, as we wished to reach Itang that day, Mr. Bulpett and I arranged to push ahead of the caravan, and let it come on after as soon as possible. We had about thirty miles to make, but we reached Pokum, on the Baro river, in the afternoon, where Mr. McMillan met us with the launch, thus saving us a march of ten miles. It was good to see our friends again, and to know that to-morrow we could rest, and we felt like being at home.

CHAPTER XX.

BACK TO THE BARO.

OUR old camp at Pokum had completely disappeared, except for the dining tuckle. The rest was now covered by a luxuriant field of maize, already eight to ten feet high, showing that the Yamboes had not been idle during our absence.

The launch took us quickly to Itang, where we had tea together, whilst we related our several experiences, which kept us up to a late hour. It appeared that Mr. McMillan's party had shot three elephants, one of which had tusks weighing 108 and 110 pounds, and that lots of other game had been shot. If I were to relate all the different hunting experiences which were told it would fill a book in itself. The party had had rather a hard time of it on their return journey, on account of the rains, and, in fact, we were all glad that we had come through our journeyings without any mishaps.

The next day we rested, while preparations were made for our return to Khartoum. During the afternoon a council was held in order to decide about future movements, and finally the following conclusion was arrived at:—Messrs. McMillan and Bulpett were to go to Cairo, and take a month's rest, whereupon they would go to Uganda, *via* Mobassa, to shoot rhino, lion, etc., as we had seen only one

lion and no rhino during the trip. The writer was to go to Norway and have three special boats built, to be used on the Blue Nile later on for the purpose of testing the navigability of that river. The boats were to be shipped to Adis Abeba, in Abyssinia, from where Mr. McMillan was to start towards the Blue Nile. During the interval I was to come back to Khartoum, take the launches along, and proceed up the White Nile to the River Pibor, which Mr. McMillan was anxious to have surveyed in order to close up the valuable work which he had commenced so successfully.

Accordingly we busied ourselves with loading up our stores, paying off men, etc., etc., and at last on July 3rd we bade farewell to Itang and Riad Effendi, whose untiring hospitality and courtesy was rewarded by a new combination double-barrelled shot gun and rifle, and some ammunition.

Of our 219 animals only about twenty came through alive and well. The Baro River was now in full flood, bank-full in fact, so we went ahead at a great pace, reaching Kaïg at 4.30 p.m. Here our old camping ground had also disappeared under a rank growth of grass, and a huge pile of firewood which had been cut and stored on the beach was completely hidden by grass and vegetation, and it actually took us some time to find it. We loaded up with wood, and then off again, and as the river was high we decided to steam night and day. It was a very risky undertaking, as the river was very crooked, and I believe it had never been attempted before. We did a good deal of bumping and nearly upset once, but arrived safely some miles east of the Pibor Junction before daylight. Here a peculiar smell met us, and while I was wondering what it could be, I suddenly discovered a large herd of elephants on the right bank. There must have been about 150 of them, all stampeding at once as soon as they

saw or heard us coming round the bend. They had evidently made this their resting place over night. This was their breeding season, when they always come down to the river and swamps.

At 10.40 we reached Nasser, where we found a Sudanese guard only, under an Egyptian officer, Captain Headlam having gone on his vacation some time before. We were off again at 1.30 p.m., and a little later encountered a terrific storm, which came very near wrecking us. This was July 4th, the American Independence Day, so that night we had fireworks of all kinds. I wonder what the Nuers must have thought of the fire-spluttering devil running at such a great speed down the river. I should think most of them must have bolted for their lives, and strange must the tales be which are undoubtedly told in their huts for years to come.

During the early morning, July 6th, our engine broke down, for good this time, so we had to let the launch *Adis Abeba* come to the rescue. Thus we succeeded in reaching the American Mission Station at noon, and despatched a messenger to Taufekia in order to find out if the Government mail. boat from Gondokoro could be stopped and hired to tow us to Khartoum. As luck would have it, it was stopped by telegram at Fashoda, so we made haste to get there. At five p.m. we reached Taufekia, and a little later we were securely tied alongside the big boat, and our troubles were almost over.

We had one more mishap on the way down, as a severe storm landed us high and dry on the left beach of the Nile one night, and the lightning stripped the roof off the Government tender alongside. We had a hard time to get off, but finally succeeded through getting steam up on the launch *Adis Abeba*, and by the aid of a company of soldiers.

The next day we reached Khartoum, and that night we

had a glorious feast, and just think of it—iced drinks, and all kinds of luxuries.

Some days later we arrived in Cairo, and after a week's rest the party split up, not to meet again until the next year.

BOOK III.

W. N. McMILLAN'S EXPEDITION, 1905.

MELUT, KERIN, & BLUE NILE.

CHAPTER I.

KHARTOUM TO MELUT.

IN July, 1904, after the successful Expedition to Boma had been made, Mr. McMillan, as before stated, decided to fit out a small Expedition in order to follow up his scientific work by exploring the river Pibor, a tributary of the Sobat River.

During our journey through Boma we had found the source of several rivers, one of which we concluded to be the Pibor, and Mr. McMillan was, therefore, naturally eager to complete the good work begun.

After the completion of this work, the Blue Nile was to be explored from Famakka up to the Guder River, and a run down the river in specially built boats was again to be attempted if it was considered possible.

Consequently, I made a journey to Norway, where three boats were ordered and built by Mr. Colin Archer of Larvik. Mr. Archer by the way, was the builder of Professor Nansen's *Fram* of North Pole fame.

The boats were to be shipped to a point on the Blue Nile some 300 miles south-east of Famakka, where two men, who were to go with them, should put them together and await the arrival of the Expedition.

After the preliminary arrangements had been made in London it was found necessary to engage an assistant for the astronomical part of the work, and as it was found desirable

to do some assaying, it was finally decided that Mr. L. C. Scott, of U.S.A., a chemist and assayer, was to go with me.

We left London for Khartoum in December, 1904, and arrived at Khartoum, our destination, December 23rd.

At Khartoum the two launches which had been used for the Sobat Expedition were waiting for us, but as the stores

MR. SCOTT AND THE WRITER AND THEIR SUDANESE ESCORT, KHARTOUM.

and other necessaries had not yet arrived, we had to wait until January 13th, 1905, before a start could be made.

In interviewing the Government officials in Khartoum, however, we found that the Pibor river had just been explored by a British officer, but as the Sudan Government were anxious to have a trade route established between Melut on the White Nile and Kerin in Abyssinia, and all arrange-

ments had been made for the Pibor, it was decided for us to take up this latter work.

During the intervening time men were engaged for the launches, and two native nuggers, with a crew of six men and a Rais each, were hired to carry our goods and animals. Eighteen donkeys and six camels were bought and shipped to Melut. The Sudan Government kindly supplied us with twelve soldiers, provided with rifles and ammunition, to act as an escort. We had to pay the soldiers' wages, clothe and feed them, however.

On Friday, January 13th, we started up the White Nile, setting the sails on the two nuggers, as the wind was blowing strong from the north.

On Sunday morning we arrived at the village of Duem. We had hardly made fast when a messenger came on board with a telegram for me. It was from Mr. McMillan, who had arrived in Aden. It appeared that Mr. McMillan wanted me to start up the Blue Nile at once, but wished to see me in Cairo first. Consequently, I left the launch, etc., for Mr. Scott to take back to Khartoum, while I took passage on a steamer belonging to the S. D. Co., which was returning to Khartoum the next morning.

Without going into details I will only add that I met Mr. McMillan in Cario, January 28th, and stayed with him until the 30th, when he went off to meet Mrs. McMillan in Spain. Meanwhile, it was decided for us to go on with the work we had commenced, as we had apparently time to finish it; but instead of going back from Kerin, as first decided, I was to go through to Famakka, on the Blue Nile, and from there begin the journey up that river.

A fresh start was made from Khartoum on Feb. 24th, and, having the same strong northerly breeze, we made excellent headway under steam and sail. As we were burning

wood the sparks would fall into the sails of the nugger and set fire to them, at times causing great excitement among the crew. A man had to stand on a spar with a bucket of water, and I must say he was kept very busy. During the daytime the heat and glare of the sun made it a difficult task to discover the fires, and, finally, as the breeze increased, we stopped the engine and proceeded under sail

MELUT.

only. After nine days we reached Melut, where we found our animals in fairly good condition, and at once began preparing for our long journey. Observations were taken to fix the rate of our chronometer, and the loads were arranged. This took six days. As Melut is a telegraph station, we could yet communicate with the outside world, and just before starting we received a wire from the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, asking us to shoot no game other than

rabbits and birds, as the land we were going through was a game sanctuary. We had previously in Khartoum been allowed to buy officers' shooting licences at £5 each, so we did not relish that request much.

Melut is really a small police and telegraph station only, composed of a few straw and frame huts. The natives belonged to the Dinka race, and the land for many miles east, north, and south belonged to that tribe.

The day before starting we determined to test the marksmanship of our soldiers, and put a target up at 100 yards. I was very much surprised to find that one-half of them did not know how to load even, and of the twelve the headman, Abdul Kerin, was the only one who managed to hit the target once in three shots. The others all missed, and the way the bullets flew around it was fortunate no one was hurt. One man held his rifle under his arm, sighted at the end of the barrel, and shot into the air as if he was trying to bring the sun down. Here was a nice predicament, and a fine outlook if we were to meet unfriendly tribes. We started to teach them at once, and a hard task it was.

CHAPTER II.

KOR ADAR.

ON Thursday, February 9th, we started off east towards the Kor Adar, which we were to follow. It was very warm, 110° in the shade at noon, and a breeze blowing from the north, hot and dry enough to come from a furnace.

Our caravan consisted of the following men and animals:—

12 Sudanese Askaries or soldiers.
1 Berberin cook, Ahmed.
3 Camel men.
2 boys from the boats' crew, Sambo and Salim.
1 guide.
Mr. Scott and the writer,

making twenty-one men in all.

Of animals, we had eighteen donkeys and six camels. As we did not know what we had before us we had to carry durra for both men and animals, making the loads rather heavy at first.

Our men were all green at loading the pack animals, consequently one load after another came off, delaying us many hours. The country we passed through was flat and almost treeless, and covered with perfectly crisp burnt yellow grass.

We passed the village, Dentomma, half-an-hour after leaving Melut, and arrived at the village, Deeup, on the Kor Adar at 10 a.m. The kor looked anything but interesting,

shallow, and muddy, with a little water, almost hidden by reeds and grass. It came from N.E. for a quarter of a mile, where it was joined by a small kor coming from the north. Here it made a sudden bend from the south-east. We crossed the small kor and camped on the north bank of the Adar, as part of the caravan was far behind yet, one camel-load having got into a hopeless mess. We had only gone six miles. During the afternoon the loads were rearranged, and some boxes got rid of to ease the animals somewhat.

We started loading early the next day, and got off at 6.40. We had no sooner started than two donkey loads came off. The men were simply impossible in the beginning at loading.

The road went along the kor bed, and for a while we had good going. We passed some cattle kraals and a village by the name of Tamation. Here we got some milk from the Dinkas. They seemed to live almost entirely on milk food, and were very glad to get some durra from us. It appeared that one of our soldiers (a Dinka) came from this part, and when his friends saw him they at once ran and got a sheep, which they gave to him as a present. He did not seem to like to own up to his people, as he had lived some years in Khartoum, and acquired some idea of civilization, and no wonder he hung back, as anyone who has seen these beings will readily realize they are a most ghastly sight, smeared all over with ashes and mud, and wearing little or no clothes. Their features would not be so bad if they would only wash themselves, but they seem to take a pride in looking whitewashed. They live on cattle-raising principally, but as they worship the cattle they never kill them for food, but use the milk only. I heard, however, they sell part of their herds to the Sudan Government or bartered them away for women, etc. They

seem to have a faint idea of a Supreme Being, whom they called "Dendix," but I never saw any of them pray. They will eat anything, even pigs. Once I saw them eat the bark of the peat roots which grow in the kors in great quantities. They have no idea or use for money. Durra, salt, calico, a little brass wire and some beads are the only barterable articles a few miles inland.

They are governed by Sheikhs, whom they seem to obey The women do practically all the work except the herding, which is done by the men and boys. The loads these women can carry on their heads for many miles at a time in the broiling sun are most astonishing. Two women were nearly always required to lift a load on to another woman's head.

All of these people, men and women, were tall and slender. I measured one man, who proved to be six feet three inches barefoot. They seemed friendly enough, but unwilling to part with any of their live stock, which consisted of cattle, sheep and goats.

Kor Adar, along which we went, was only a succession of pools and clumps of reeds and grass at that time of the year, March, and at no time can it be of any great importance, as the banks are too low for it to hold any quantity of water. Fish seemed plentiful in the lower reaches, and were speared by the natives with their usual skill and patience.

We had to leave the river-bed and get on to the bank. Here the going at once began to be bad, the ground being cotton soil in a very open and cut-up state. The north wind was blowing hot and dry, and the sun was beating down on us with a fierceness I have never before experienced. Two men began to suffer from nose bleeding, and several of the animals showed signs of exhaustion. The thermometer registered 109° in the shade at noon, and 89° at 9.0 p.m.

We stopped a little after noon at a pool in Kor Adar. We

had only gone about ten miles, but had had an awful experience with the animals, as they got their hoofs caught in the cracked cotton soil. One camel got a nail half torn off, and had to be doctored.

In the afternoon I went out to shoot some crested cranes, thousands of which were gathered along the kor. Some geese, ducks, and snipe were also seen, but no antelope or gazelle. The country was flat and treeless, and covered with an endless expanse of yellow dry grass. Only here and there a few accacia bushes could be seen to relieve the everlasting monotony. The only saving feature about the country was the cool nights, *i.e.*, after 11 p.m. We could always manage to get a good sleep, and always under the open sky, no tents being pitched in the beginning. At night, the endless plains seem to envelop you, and when everybody had gone to sleep and only the glowing embers of the camp-fires gave any sign of life by their flickering light and sometime crackling sound, the stillness of it all seemed to subdue every feeling within you, and you felt utterly alone. A strange feeling of loneliness seemed to take hold of you, and you felt as if you were in some far distant world. The canopy of the heavens above you sprinkled with stars, without a cloud to mar the beauty of it all, seemed to draw you away from all earthly cares, and peace and a sense of restfulness eventually took possession of you which no one can appreciate except the few favoured ones who have enjoyed the immensity and grandeur of the endless desert. The stillness was such that it became almost awe-inspiring at last, and you could distinctly hear your own heart beat. To me it brought back the lovely lines in "Evangeline," which say :—" One by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels." It was lovely to sleep under the open sky, and to those who have once enjoyed it, it becomes something to which they ever after will long for. Sore feet, hot days, long marches,

bad water or none at all, perhaps, are things entirely lost sight of and forgotten during those few hours between sundown and sleep.

The direction we now went was east-south-east, along the Kor Adar.

We passed village Dentoang on the right bank. Mr. Scott had gone ahead with the guide, while I went behind the caravan in order to hurry it up, but it was a wearisome task. One camel load simply would not stay on, and at last I had to engage a couple of Dinkas to carry two of the boxes in order to relieve the animals a little. That helped, and we had no more trouble that day.

On the road I saw three crocodiles in a pool where I shot some ducks for dinner.

After a couple of hours the kor made a bend westward, then south and east, so I cut across to save time. Mr. Scott and the rest of the caravan had mistaken the path, unfortunately, and we just saw them as specks on the horizon to the north. A man was despatched to bring them back while we went on. Half way across the bend we came to a cattle kraal, where I got some milk.

After reaching the Kor Adar again we went along it for an hour, when we stopped and waited for the rest of the caravan to come along. This they finally did at 12.30. Off we went again for another hour across an open plain to avoid another bend in the river. There were a few trees along the Kor, also inland, but everything was as dry as dust.

We passed over a small dry kor at the beginning of the bend called Misdabeng. After an hour's march, during which Mr. Scott got a touch of the sun and had to sit down, we again came to the Kor Adar at a place where another kor joined it. We camped on the north bank of the Adar at a waterpool. The water, however, was very bad, having been

contaminated by the cattle, and tasted strongly of cow. Close to the camp was a village called Te Rangwel Buke, Sheikh Gweded. The Dinkas here seemed anxious to go east with their cattle, but they were afraid of the Buruns, and asked our protection. This we promised them, and they, therefore, made ready to follow us the next morning. I learned that no water could be had on our next march, so we filled our water tanks in the evening.

On account of having to carry water, all the animals were requisitioned, consequently we had to walk, and it was just as well that we did. It was the most frightful road I had seen so far—over the worst kind of cotton soil, and not a tree in sight to give any shade. We saw a lonely giraffe far out on the plain, and it was a marvel to me that any animal could live in a place like that.

After six hours' hard walking we came to the Kor Adar again, and glad we were to take a rest. The kor was perfectly dry, and no water could be had by digging even.

The caravan took eleven hours. The Dinkas arrived during the night with hundreds of cattle, making a frightful noise.

We followed the Dinkas the next day, going east with their cattle. We very soon left the kor, and went south-east to avoid another bend. The going was the same as on the previous day, but, fortunately, did not last so long. The dry and hot north wind had made my lips swell and crack, and the awful roads had given us all sore feet. We arrived again at the Kor Adar after three hours, and found a little water in a couple of pools, but went on to find better.

After passing the village of Louil we came to plentiful and excellent water, at a place where the kor has two arms,

one going north-west. This is supposed to be an overflow kor from the Adar. We crossed the side kor, and camped on the north bank of the Adar. In the evening I took some observations in order to fix our position, and stayed over the next day to rest the animals, and let them have a good feed, as the grass was plentiful along the kor at that place.

On March 15th we again followed the kor east, but it began to be very crooked, and several side kors came in from different directions, making it difficult to say which was the Adar.

The cotton soil being bad, I sent the caravan round by the river-bed, which, of course, delayed our progress several hours, but the animals could not stand any more cotton soil just then. Finally we came together again, and began to zigzag about from one kor to another, but we soon found that the guide had reached the end of his information about the country, so we struck south to a kor where we knew we should get plenty of water. We made camp, having gone only some seven or eight miles in a straight line, but we had to stop until we could get someone to show us to the next water. We had passed two villages, one called Davir and one Gogveir. After a while the Sheikh from Gogveir came in with some of his men, and after having a little talk with him he promised to go with us himself, if we would wait over until the next day. This we were glad to do.

We saw quite a good deal of game around, and the men discovered some hippos in a small pool about a mile from the camp. How they were going to pull through the season was hard to tell, as water was getting scarce, and nowhere could green grass be seen. This being the game sanctuary we were not allowed to shoot, and I blessed the authorities who let me buy a game licence, and then asked me not to shoot anything but birds. We were getting well into the durra, however, so

it might be a matter of necessity to shoot later on. We were progressing a good deal slower than we expected, on account of the bad roads, and personally I was becoming anxious as to whether we should be able to reach Adis Abeba in time for Mr. McMillan, as we were still eighty miles from Kerin.

CHAPTER III.

KOR ADAR TO BURUN.

SHEIKH ANGOK from Gogveir arrived with his men as arranged, and as I had been told that we should find no water the first day, all our water tanks had been filled.

We got off at 6.5 a.m. and had to walk, as all our animals were required to carry water. We went north-east, along a small kor at first, full of all kinds of gazelle, some roan antelopes and tiang. After an hour we left the kor and struck due east. This was evidently the end of the Dinka country, as the men we had along began to look out for the Buruns at once. They seemed to have a great dread of these people, expecting to be killed on sight evidently.

The country was the same. Cotton soil, flat and wooded with scattered higlik, which at a distance looked like a forest, but always seemed to disappear on closer acquaintance. I never saw anything so deceiving and disappointing in my life. We could apparently see a fine belt of trees not very far in front of us, and it made us feel good to think of getting a little shade, but alas! A greater will-o'-the-wisp never existed. Those trees seemed to literally move along in front of us, and after marching two hours we seemed to be no nearer than before. I made a note of one particular tree, and went for it with determination. It stood just on the edge of a fine forest. After an hour's hard and fast walking I got to it, but the forest seemed to have

dissolved, as there was not a tree in sight nearer than 200 yards, and as for shade, why there was none anywhere. I simply had no use for the whole country after that, and plodded along, looking at nothing, and wondering what on earth people wanted a trade route established in such a God-forsaken spot for.

We stopped and made camp at 12.50, and I came very near sitting down on an oriby, which was quietly sleeping in the shade of the one tree we wished to camp at.

The rest of the caravan did not arrive until 5 p.m., and as we only had water enough for drinking purposes for ourselves, even the donkeys had to go without any. It was a pitiful sight to see these small faithful animals sniffing round everywhere in search of water, not caring or being able to eat from thirst. Eleven hours' tramp under a tropical sun without water is no joking matter, and then there was to-morrow coming with another long march before water could be obtained.

It appeared that the Sheikh, our guide, had only a faint idea of the time it would take before we would come to a Burun village, where water was to be had. Once he said one o'clock in the afternoon, then he altered it to nine a.m. if we went away early. Finally, we decided to start with the camels and one donkey (riding two camels in order to go quickly) at three o'clock in the morning. The donkeys should wait until daylight, as they could not get over the cotton soil in the dark. As soon as we reached water we were to send the tanks back full on the camels. One full tank was left in the camp for the remaining men. Consequently we started of at 3.30 a.m., after having had some trouble in making three Dinkas stay behind to guide the donkey caravan. These Dinkas were without doubt the biggest cowards and the most selfish lot of people I ever met.

Excepting the good old Sheikh and our old guide, all were fearfully frightened of the Buruns. We jogged along at a good pace through the same kind of country as before. It was nice and cool, and just light enough from the stars to see the ground. The moon went down just as we started. Thus we went on until nine a.m., March 18th. Here the trees began to grow a little closer together, and as we crossed lots of paths we knew we were getting near some village. We had seen columns of smoke from time to time on the horizon, so we began to look round for the Buruns. In a little while we came to a dry water hole where the Buruns had made a shelter. Here we stopped to have a consultation, and it was decided to follow a path leading north-north-east. After an hour's march, without seeing anything, one of the men discovered a couple of black forms standing under a tree in the distance. He made chase, and strange to say the two figures stood and waited for him, and finally they were brought up to me. They were Buruns, but both had been to Khartoum and could speak Arabic. This was a pleasant surprise, so much the more as they seemed very friendly and glad to see us, and at once volunteered to bring us to their village and water, which was close at hand, they said. It may have been close for them, but to us it seemed an endless ride, as we did not get to the village before one o'clock in the afternoon. We had been in the saddle nine hours and a-half.

For those who never have ridden a camel it may be of some interest to know what kind of a conveyance the "ship of the desert" is. To begin with, when once in the saddle and the camel begins to get up, you will have the experience of your life in the way of being shaken up as the animal jolts you forward and backward, and upward in four or five different motions, as it unfolds its long and unwieldy legs. Then it starts

off with long, shuffling steps, throwing you forward at each step, making you look as if you were constantly bowing to someone, and, in the beginning at least, making you feel as if you were on board of a small vessel in a choppy sea. There are camels and camels, however, some of which are trained for riding, and consequently are less fatiguing to ride, and some which are trained for pack animals only, but which are used for riding at times. Should it ever be your fate to have to ride a camel, may luck attend you so that you may not have to ride one of the latter kind. If you should be so unlucky, however, whatever you do don't try to make it trot unless you want to get your back broken and wish to lose all your teeth, the jolting is simply awful. The camels we had were all loading camels of the worst kind, although one had been sold me for riding. One can, therefore, imagine how we felt after a ride of nine hours-and-a-half. We had to be lifted out of the saddle, and our backs were sore for days afterwards. The brutes are full of tricks, too, at times, and will kick and bite most viciously without the slightest provocation. Sometimes on the march one will start off with you at full speed and run right under a low, prickly mimosa tree, and if you don't slide off pretty quick you run the risk of being hung up to dry on that tree.

On the other hand, there are no animals so useful for a caravan journey as a pack camel, as it can carry enormous loads, lives on little or nothing, and requires very little water. On a desert journey through sand they are, of course, indispensable, as no other animals could get along on the sand for any distance.

I was very much worried about the rest of the caravan, as our camels were thirsty, hungry, and tired, but still there was no way out of it. They had to be sent back with water, and to fetch the boxes which had been left in charge of three men at the last camp, so I at once asked to be shown to the water. I

had imagined that I should see something like a small pool or kor, but when I was asked to dismount under some dom palms, where there was a hole in the ground some ten feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet deep, my disappointment can better be imagined than described. I went down into the hole, and at the bottom a small pool of water was seen, only about two inches deep and two to three feet in diameter. The water was good, however, but littered all over with dead insects and dust. Swarms of bees and flies of all sorts were buzzing round, and settled all over me, and how the naked natives dared go into the well was more than I could understand.

After a while I found that they had lots of these water holes about the country, and three in the village, so we could get water enough, but it would take some time to fill all our tanks, the wells filling very slowly. It was four in the afternoon before the camels were finally sent back.

I had just had a much needed wash when the old Dinka Sheikh came in and told me that all his men had run away. The fear of the Buruns had proved too much for them, and so they had left their old man to be killed, as they thought. The Buruns, far from being dangerous, were very kind and hospitable. Before two hours had passed they had brought us a sack full of durra flour and some corn, and had offered to help us in every way. The name of the village was Kaloang, Sheikh Shorfa. The people were in very good health, stout and strong, and a good deal cleaner looking than the Dinkas. They used a kind of reddish oily paint, which they smeared themselves with. They had goats, sheep, pigs and dogs, but no cattle. They use their dogs for gazelle hunting, and as they are about the same size and colour as the gazelle they very easily get close to those animals in the high grass. They catch them by the leg and hang on until their master comes up and puts an end to it with a spear. Some of them seem to use bows and arrows, as we

found a dozen arrows hidden among some reeds. They had wooden points and reed shafts, and were very well made.

The men wear no clothes, and the women only a very small piece of native-made cloth in front. The women were small and had no bigger hips than the men. They were pleasant looking and seemed very obedient to their masters. Like the Dinkas, these people have no religion, or place of worship, but they

CAMP AT KALOANG, BURUN.

believe in some kind of a big Spirit, who exerts his influence for good or evil on them. They are ignorant of the simplest mechanical devices, and use their spears for axes and knives. Besides spears and arrows (I saw no bows) they carry a piece of wood, straight at one end and curved at the other, which they use for throwing purposes. They raise durra and maize, and I saw some beehives made of gourds in the trees. Some of their huts were square and very small, and look like big

boxes. They are made in the ordinary way, of reeds and mud, and have one room only. Of ornaments they have some beads, and armlets of iron and brass. They wear a row of small rings stuck through the rim of the ear.

Bleeding is performed in case of headaches. They cut a vein on either side of the head just where it joins the neck. This cutting produces big lumps or knobs which give them rather an ugly appearance.

They are ruled by Sheikhs in the ordinary way, but do not seem to pay much deferenee to him, nor is he in any way different from the men.

In the evening the Dinka Sheikh's men came sneaking in, having been driven to it through thirst and hunger.

We had, of course, to stay in camp the next day as the caravan had not arrived. The camp consisted of a couple of beds only, as no tents or anything else had arrived. We got a sheep from the Sheikh for food, else we had nothing to eat. At last at 10.15 a.m. one of our men came in and relieved my mind greatly by telling me that the caravan was coming and all was well. They had dug for water and found plenty. The four camels I had sent had not been seen, which was rather discouraging. After a while, all the animals, except the four camels, came in looking remarkably well. The two camels had sore feet, and simply lay down to it after being relieved of their loads, but picked up again during the afternoon, and went off to feed on the trees. The men were in good spirits. It seems that water can be found almost anywhere by digging round here, the soil being sandy a few feet below the surface. A lot of dom palms are growing around Kaloang, and trees are plentiful, but small.

I had just gone to bed when our cook Ahmed came and told me that he had found out that the man I had left in charge of the remaining boxes at the last camp had been

seen at this place in the evening, having left everything to come here for water or from fright. He had gone back again a short distance when he heard that I had sent the camels along with water, etc., to fetch the remaining boxes, and had hidden, waiting for the camels to come back. I at once called the men together, and chose two new headmen,

PEACE CONFERENCE AT KALOANG.

instead of the one who had disobeyed orders. He was to be taken in hand as soon as he came in in the morning.

The sun had scarcely risen when I was called by Ahmed and told that the old headman, Abdul Kerin, was coming. As soon as he came back I had his hands fastened behind his back and tied to a tree in full view of everybody. Then he was given a good talking to and reduced to the ranks on half pay. After that was done I asked that two of the

Dinkas and two Buruns should follow a couple of our soldiers back in search of the yet missing camels. The Buruns at once volunteered, but the lazy Dinkas refused. We at once went among them, had their spears taken away, and threatened to send them all away if they did not obey. That helped, and the old Sheikh's son and another man went off with the Buruns. They had only been gone an hour when the four camels came in with their loads looking all right, but they had not met the men I sent. A couple of Buruns had led them in. It was quite remarkable how one party after another could pass each other in such a way, but now we had all our goods, so we felt well again.

In the afternoon I paid off three of the Dinkas we had got at Melut, and all the Buruns who had brought us durra and corn were paid later in beads. After that we called all the Buruns and Dinkas together in order to have a peace talk, as both parties seemed afraid of each other. Everything went well, and after the several sheikhs had shaken hands and promised to be good friends and help each other, I dealt out some beads and calico amongst them. This seemed to please them all immensely, and they all went off in good spirits.

We had collected a whole bag of digig or durra flour and some corn, and as two guides had been promised to us, we made ready to leave early next day.

In the evening I took some observations to determine our position. Temperature 103 in the shade, twelve noon.

CHAPTER IV.

KALOANG TO KOR YABUS.

WE left Kaloang at 5.30 a.m., walking, and went eastward through open wooded country with patches of cultivated ground. Durra seemed to be cultivated extensively everywhere, and large granaries were seen all along the road. We passed through the village of Linavrung-Sheikh, Maserfa, and a little while afterwards we came to some large water holes. Water seemed plentiful all along the road, either in storage holes dug out in the cotton soil, having a clay bottom and covered by a straw roof in which rain water was collected, or in wells dug to a depth of 20 or 30 feet. We passed through numerous villages, and in a small wood passed some giraffe and ostriches. These birds the Buruns kept tame about the villages, but no feathers could be had when we passed through, as they had already disposed of the year's crop.

We finally stopped at eleven a.m. near three large covered water holes. One was empty and perfectly dry, so Mr. Scott and I entered it to find some shade until the caravan should arrive with the tents. It was nice and cool in there, and a relief from the scorching sun. Near by was the village Kaltekka, and at a distance we could see the top of a mountain which the natives called "Besho."

We had good going the next day through the same country, and lots of small villages. I was riding on a camel,

as my feet were too sore for walking. We crossed a small dry kor going in a southerly direction. On the opposite side was the village Kyatko. Here we had to shake hands with a lot of savages covered all over with grease, and a kind of reddish paint, which was running in streams from their heads down.

Their mode of greeting was most peculiar and objectionable. First they would snap their fingers, and then they would catch two of yours between their finger and thumb and give it a very hard pinch, at the same time pulling their hands away slowly, thus leaving all their dirt and grease on your fingers. They would finish up by saying, "Ababa."

In passing through the village of Yalgo the Sheikh came out and took the lead as guide, and thus it went on from village to village, always getting a new guide at every village, costing us quite a fortune in beads.

About seven a.m. we saw a mountain ahead which the natives called "Abogut," but it was hardly the right name as every village seemed to have their own name on distant objects. It was a relief to the everlasting flat, monotonous country through which we had been travelling. Here the woods finished, and we had to cross an open plain, which in the rainy season must be converted into a swamp. The going here was very bad, worse than cotton soil even, as the ground was lumpy and full of burnt off stalks, over which the camels could hardly go at all. We crossed two more kors going south towards the Kor Yabus. One had running water, clear and good, the first running water we had seen since leaving the Nile. (Village Vinja on east bank.) It is hard to say how far it would run, however, as running water in kors in this country have the knack of stopping abruptly at some gravelly patch and disappearing, perhaps, to appear again some miles further along. At

last after passing through some more villages we arrived at the Kor Yabus. We had made about twelve miles. The Yabus, where we struck it, went south, but judging by the fringe of trees on its banks, it turned eastward a little further along, and it is fairly safe to predict that it is really the source of the Kor Adar. The natives said that it was very swampy southward, but that there were a few villages there. We made camp in a grove of mimosa, at a place where a small kor coming from the west and north forms a "T" with the Yabus, which at this point makes an abrupt turn from east to south. A quantity of durra, digig, and pumpkins were brought us shortly after making camp. It was brought us from the neighbouring villages, and strange to say nothing was asked for it in exchange.

BURUN GRANARIES.

CHAPTER V.

KOR YABUS.

SHEIKH WORDEL MAKODI, from a near-by village, took the lead the next day. The first part of the road was over a swamp, and made very bad going, but soon we got into the forest and the road improved. We now had the Kor Yabus close at hand on our left, so we did not have to trouble about water. I was riding a camel, and as the forest was thick and full of prickly mimosas and accacia, and wait-a-bit thorns, I had a lively time of it, dodging branches and extricating myself and my clothes from all kinds of obstacles. We passed through the villages of Balla, Tyunga, Boi, Bunga, Ott, and finally Ndinga, where we stopped and made camp. On the whole the road was good. From time to time we came in close contact with the Kor Yabus, which had high, steep banks up to twenty feet, with dense tropical vegetation on both sides. Dom palms were especially plentiful. The water in the kor increased as we advanced, and its course was very crooked, almost doubling up on itself at times. At Ndinga I secured a young fellow by the name of Abdel Mola as a guide to Kerin. He wore a tarbush, some clothes, spoke Arabic, and was much above the average Burun. He had been in contact with civilization somewhere, evidently. Ndinga was a good sized village, situated on the south bank of the Yabus, which at this place makes a peculiar loop. The scenery was very pretty.

We indulged in a bath in the afternoon, and, needless to say, enjoyed it immensely. I had a little pigeon shooting, about the only game to be seen.

On going back to camp I found all the men, with four exceptions, busy getting drunk on meriza. This I promptly stopped, but unfortunately too late for a couple who had drunk too deeply already. It appeared that all the Buruns kept pigs. At this place they were specially numerous, and as they were left to feed themselves they made a forage among our boxes, etc., during the night, and managed to bite a hole in a durra sack, and eat nearly half of its contents before they were discovered. Chickens were plentiful, and there were also some goats and sheep, but the people seemed to exist on durra chiefly.

We went south, then east, keeping south of the Yabus, which we saw from time to time, widening its crooked course through the forest, which was pretty even at that time of the year. The mimosa and several other trees and plants had begun to bloom along the river, and filled the forest with almost intoxicating perfume. The path was good, and the morning air cool and bracing, so I enjoyed the ride, in spite of the camel. We passed through two more Burun villages, and then some durra fields, and were told that this was the end of the Burun country.

The forest stopped, and before us was a flat stretch of country, dotted with mimosa and other varieties of small trees. The grass had been burned, and the black charred stumps and patches of ashes gave a look of desolatian to the whole scenery. However, in front of us, not far away, we had a grand view of the Abyssinian mountains, which in this place assumed every variety of shape and contour. It was a welcome sight, and brightened us up considerably, making us forge ahead as if going towards a promised land. We should get a breath of

mountain air, perhaps, and be relieved of the stifling heat of the lowlands. The Kor Yabus on its course westward through this plain describes the most fantastic curves imaginable, and we had to cross and recross it three times. We passed a couple of small lakes on the road, and they looked very pretty to us, surrounded as they were by fresh green grass and reeds, among which hundreds of birds were wading in search of food. It was like an oasis in the desert, and I wished I could have had a dip in its cooling waters. Mount Belshingi was in front of us a little to the left, and on the north side of the Yabus. It terminated in a small rocky spur, round which the Yabus wound on the north side (not the south as per Major's Gwyn's report). We crossed the spur, then forded the Yabus, which was here a good stream, and then made camp, practically at the eastern end of Belshingi. Here we had a fine view all round of mountains, rivers, forests and plains, the only detraction to the beauty of the scenery being the dead yellow grass and the intense heat—110 in the shade. I do not believe that anything but a native-born can ever become accustomed to such a climate. They do not seem to mind the sun a bit. How they can walk about without clothes and a bare and even shaven head in such a fierce sun is a mystery.

We had seen numerous tracks of different kinds of antelopes, gazelle, elephant, giraffe and buffalo, but the game itself remained invisible. On the map of the place given to me by the Sudan Government Intelligence Department, I found a note which said there was numerous game around Belshingi, and that the kor was swarming with fish. The game had been there, there was no mistake about that, nor was there any mistake about the fish, only there were none of them over half-an-inch in length. Evidently everything had gone further up the kor.

As the men had had no meat for some time I went out in

the afternoon to see if I could find anything to shoot, and to my astonishment I found herds of waterbuck at the back of the mountains up on the slopes. It was a fine hunt up there among the rocks, and as I made a very good shot, for me, at a buck climbing a hill opposite to the one I was on, and had the satisfaction of seeing him tumble down, I felt quite satisfied and stalked back to camp at once, leaving men to cut it up. I was nearly home when, right in front of me, I saw another buck, with a fine pair of horns, and I could not resist the temptation. I let fly and down he went only to get up again and run off, however; but I was prepared for this, and sent another shot after him, which settled him at once. It was a fine specimen, so I took the horns. It made a grand feast that evening, and both our men and the Buruns had small fires lit all round the camp, and cooking was going on until a late hour. I had been asleep only a couple of hours when I was called by my boy Sambo. He said there was a lion coming, and he wanted to borrow the signal pistol to scare it off. I refused this, as I wanted to hear the lion. It was not long before he satisfied me on this point, and very near he had come, too: it almost sounded as if he was in the middle of the camp. He gave us a grand concert, his deep bass voice making everything vibrate. The camp fires were hurriedly stirred up, and all the men on the alert, except Mr. Scott, who slept through it all. It was a most fantastic scene, the glow of the fires throwing mystic shadows all round, making the men appear extra big, and then the roar of the lion out there somewhere in the black shadows among the trees. Nearer and nearer he came. At last I thought it was time to do something, but then the grand fellow turned, and went towards the swamps near the river; the fires, I think, had scared him off.

This region was uninhabited, and it seemed as if all

these tribes keep a neutral zone between each other, as there was one between the Dinkas and Buruns, and here there was an equal belt between the Buruns and Abyssinians. Both parties hunt in the neutral districts, however.

We started off again at six a.m., followed by a big retinue of Buruns. The track was good, so we had a good chance to look round. Everything looked fresh and cheerful in the cool morning air. The peculiar-shaped Abyssinian mountains, rising majestically out of the morning mists, had their tops crowned with gold from the sun, which was still invisible beyond them. Right in front of us, out on the marsh-lands bordering the river, a mixed herd of antelope and gazelle were peacefully grazing, while the awakening birds in the forests bade us "Good-morning" with their joyful song. It was a beautiful sight, and well adapted to cheer one up. We trotted along slowly, and after a while the country became hilly and rocky, and we went up and down into little valleys, crossing innumerable dry kors, which descended abruptly over huge rocks and boulders piled up in the greatest disorder. One could well imagine how pretty it would have looked when full of water, with all the trees and grass round fresh and green. The tracks now began to be rather hard on the camels, whose soft feet suffered much from the sharp stones.

Among a clump of trees skirting a dry kor we scared up some guinea fowl, and three of them very soon went to fill our larder. Gazelle and antelope were very plentiful, and consisted chiefly of waterbuck, tiang, heartebeaste, roan antelope, oriby and reedbuck. I always find pleasure in watching these animals in their native element, anything more graceful than their motions can hardly be imagined. Time passed pleasantly until 11.30 when we decided to make camp at the Yabus, having gone 5½ hours. The spot chosen was

a most romantic one. The banks of the kor were steep and rocky, surmounted by dense forests and tropical vegetation, which here and there fell over the bank, descending to the bed of the kor. Sandbanks and rocks, with clumps of reeds and tall grass between, mirrored itself in a stream as clear as crystal. Deep pools, almost black from the shadows of overhanging rocks and trees, formed ideal fishing places, and as

POOL IN KOR "YABUS."

I found later, fish by the hundred resorted in them. It was quite a sportsman's paradise, and well worth the painter's brush. Giraffe and elephant had paid this spot a visit recently, also gazelle and antelope, as the numerous and well defined marks on the sandy beach bore witness to, and where these animals are the lion, leopard and hyæna are generally also to be found, although the two last named seemed to prefer the neighbourhood of the villages, where

stray dogs or chickens fall easy victims to their skill. Our camp followers, the Buruns, immediately became busy with their spears, and before long they had all the fish they wanted. There was not much skill about it, however, as they only threw their spears into some pool and trusted to luck to strike a fish.

Mr. Scott arrived with the caravan after a while and we had lunch, which consisted of Kor Yabus perch, fillet of waterbuck, and fried potatoes, coffee and whisky and soda—a fairly good spread for any latitude. After lunch Mr. Scott went out to see if he could shoot anything, and I went to catch some fish in a big pool above the camp. I had the grandest sport I had ever had with a rod. I had hardly got the line in the water before there was a tremendous pull, and the song of the reel made me forget everything else except the matter in hand. The fish were perfectly wild, very large and strong, and as the pool was full of rocks I lost some large fish to begin with, but succeeded in landing six big fellows, one of which weighed twenty-five pounds. In half-an-hour I had more than I wanted, so returned to camp again. Here I heard that Mr. Scott had returned, but without luck. He had gone down the river, and pretty soon I saw him coming splashing along in the middle of it having a small rod and a fish in his hand. He had had better luck at fishing, evidently, but when he saw my catch he at once wanted to go and have a try, so off he went alone. Meanwhile, I took a bath and was just finishing when I saw Scott coming down stream again. He was soaking wet from head to foot. It appeared that at the deep pool he had missed his footing and fallen in, and as he could not swim it was a narrow escape, as the pool had more than eight feet of water in it.

The sun was now setting in its usual magnificence, and one of the most pleasant days we had on this trip was soon at an end. We had dinner which I must record here:—Guinea fowl soup, Yabus river perch, boiled guinea fowl with onion

sauce and macaroni, preserved fruit, coffee, whisky and soda and cigarettes. These cigarettes were our last ones.

We left our pretty camp on Kor Yabus with deep regret at not being able to stay another day. We immediately began to go up and down, over spurs and kors having rock-strewn ground, and hard going. Jebel Tuda was near on the southern side of the kor, and numerous knolls and hills jutted out from the forest all round. A large, dry kor was passed going south to join the Yabus, and some miles ahead was a peculiar shaped mountain finishing up in a perfect sugar loaf. This was one of the boundary marks between Abyssinia and Sudan, and just beyond it was Kerin, our destination. Kerin mountain came in sight after a little while. We crossed so many kors going in all directions that it was hard to keep track of them, and we had to walk for about four hours on account of them. In digging for water in a kor we found a lot a few inches below the surface of the sand. We passed through some old durra fields and deserted villages, and finally arrived at the much looked-for Kerin, or at least the few miserable, dirty waterholes outside that village. It seemed that we were to have either a feast or a famine as far as water was concerned, and, with sorrow be it said, here, where we had expected it to be a little cooler, it was on the contrary hotter than ever. I had had visions of a small town where there would at least be some pretence of a market place with shops, etc., and the proper authorities to whom we could go for information, but, alas! instead we found a few huts scattered about around the base of Kerin mountain, and all the inhabitants were in great fear of a coming raid from the Abyssinians, and were packing up to go into the Sudan. Their Sheikh, Ahmed, of Azosa, had already gone away with all the best men in order to ask for Sudan protection. He had made for Jerok, the first Sudan outpost, about four days' march from Kerin in a north-westerly direction.

The village of Kerin is prettily situated just under the west side of the mountain. The huts were built of bamboo, and were very large, and some of them, placed as they were high up among the boulders on the mountain side, surrounded by trees, looked very picturesque. We found that quantities of durra had been stored up there in caves and caverns, and that even water was plentiful among the hollows. These precautions had been taken as a protection against Abyssinian raiders, who seemed rather troublesome all along the border. As the Sudan Abyssinian boundary had only been established recently, and in some cases, such as Kerin for instance, apparently without much regard to political or local conditions of the inhabitants, things were not very pleasant for these border people.

Besides their own language, very nearly all spoke Arabic and Burun, and as their religion was Mohammedan they naturally wished to belong to the Sudan, from which country a great many of their people originally hailed. All their trade seemed to be done with the Sudan traders from all the Blue Nile towns as far back as Wad Madani, who yearly visit Kerin in order to buy gold, which at this place is washed out in some quantity from the river beds. These people seemed to be a much superior race to any of their immediate neighbours. They nearly all wore some kind of dress, and were well supplied with rifles, ammunition, donkeys, mules, cattle, sheep and goats, and on the whole seemed very prosperous. Durra and corn is extensively cultivated. Their women were all short and fat, and wore an enormous amount of beads of every description, and looked happy and contented. On account of their prosperity the Abyssinians taxed them extortionately, and this they naturally objected to. Their Sheikh Ahmed originally came from a town called Azosa, some miles to the east in Abyssinia, and for some reason the Abyssinians seemed to be very anxious to get Ahmed into their custody.

KERIN.

We arrived at Kerin accompanied by about twenty Burunese, who all seemed to get a friendly reception from the Kerin people in spite of their dirt, grease, and brown or red paint.

On the second day of our stay, however, it was reported to me that some of our Buruns had stolen some durra and sem sem during the night. The thieves were immediately caught, tried, and given twenty lashes each. This seemed to have anything but the desired effect. No sooner did we let them go, before all the Buruns, with the exception of the guide and two of his friends, went away in a body, apparently to show their displeasure. A little while after I was told they had taken with them two boys, a woman, and a couple of sheep, which they had met on the road and picked up just as if they were some odds and ends belonging to nobody in particular. I at once despatched some Kerins and six of our men on camels to hunt for them. Luckily they were all caught and brought back late in the afternoon, tied up and kicked and cuffed along by their captors. Two of them were found guilty and received fifty real good hard lashes from a hippo-hide whip, which made it necessary for members of their family to assist them out of the way. Then all were escorted across the boundary.

Mr. Scott ascended Kerin Mountain to take some bearings, while I finished the map. During the day the Sheikhs from the villages brought us a sack of durra as a present. They wanted no pay, but of course expected a much bigger present in return. I traded a donkey, some calico and beads for a very good riding mule, a great acquisition, as all our animals were much emaciated by this time. Later some pure gold rings were brought me for sale, of which I bought two as samples. Nothing could be bought for money. Beads, calico, clothing, ammunition, and salt were all they

wanted. What happy people! Not even golden sovereigns had any value for them, and a five pound note would not be picked up off the ground even. All their trade was done in kind.

During the afternoon news came that a lot of Abyssinian soldiers were encamped just beyond the mountain, consequently the people left in the village became very frightened, and our opinion was asked what to do. We advised them to stay and see the thing through, as we did not think any real harm would be done to them. This they promised, but during the night they all got on the move, and I heard their cattle go by at an early hour in the morning.

The journey to Kerin had now been finished, and preparations were made for our start northward to Famakka on the Blue Nile, our next destination.

CHAPTER VI.

KERIN TO BLUE NILE.

MARCH 29th we started off at 6.30 a.m., having been delayed by the guide not arriving. The road went north-west, and was good for the first half-hour. Then it began to go across deep kors and ravines, making it hard on the pack animals, and very difficult of progress. The road turned north after a while, skirting a mountain just west of Kerin. The going was now good and we expected to cover a good distance that day, but alas! one never knows what is before one in these countries. On arriving at a small kor with running water I decided to wait for the caravan before proceeding, as I was told it was six hours before the next water place. We waited until 11.30 a.m. before the first animals arrived, and found out that the men had not only been loitering on the road, but had stopped at a village to drink meriza, and that all of them had mounted and ridden the already heavily laden animals. The head man and his assistants with one camel had lost the road and did not turn up until the next morning. These men were simply impossible. No amount of talking seem to do them any good. I fined each man 50 P.T. and promised double that amount next time. We then had gun and ammunition inspection, as I suspected they had been shooting along the road. Fifty cartridges were missing for which each man was fined 10 P.T., while I made up my mind to have the ringleaders punished later on.

In the afternoon we had a shower of rain with thunder, the first rain since leaving Cairo, a month and a-half before. Some men from the Sudan outpost and the police-station at Jerok came into camp and told us they had been sent by the Mamor of that place to find out who we were. After satisfying them on that point they told us that the Sheikh Ahmed from Kerin with some hundred men had been to Jerok asking to be allowed to settle in the Sudan, which confirmed the previous reports I had on the subject. The Mamor's emissary, Abdullah Ismaeen, wanted to know if Ahmed came from Abyssinia or Sudan territory, as he had only a faint idea where the boundary line was, and when told they came from Abyssinia he seemed rather astonished. He told me some sad stories about the outrages of the so-called Abyssinian soldiers, how they entered villages and plundered everything in sight. The same old story all along the boundary, of robbery, fire, and rapine, and no one to interfere or help the poor people who did not know what to do or to what government they belonged. To come into a land where tribe was fighting tribe, and where might was right took one back to the middle ages. A man was not safe a few miles away from his own place. Prisoners were made on the slightest pretence, and slaves were made of men, women, and children, although they were not openly called slaves. Retaliation or indemnity were out of the question, as no law or order had been established, and no Government representative was at hand to whom an appeal could be made. The Rases, or rulers of the districts, cared nothing about what happened so long as they got their tribute.

Our camp was in a hollow among the trees and mountains, and through the centre of it ran a small rippling stream, which was swallowed up in a gravel bed a few yards further down. It had just enough water in it to keep it wet up above, and that was anything but good; but it was water, and that in any form

SHEIKH MOHAMED SHIGEL'S HUT.

is worth its weight in gold in these latitudes in the dry season. During the rains this country would be almost impossible to travel through on account of the many and deep watercourses.

The caravan was loaded up and ready to start at 5.30 the next morning. The missing camel with two men was still absent, however, so I determined to stay, sending the caravan on with Mr. Scott. I rode back to a village called Agora, near Kerin, where I found that the Sheikh Mohamed Shigel had sent two men after the camel early that morning. This was very kind of him, and as he wanted me to stay there and wait, I sat down on a bed outside his hut, which was something out of the ordinary. It was built of bamboo plastered all over with mud, and was placed on piles some three feet from the ground to let the air circulate all round. It contained two rooms, and actually had loopholes for windows, and a door hung on some rude kind of hinges. Around the house, close to it, was a fence over which the roof extended. It was quite a model hut, and the only one of its kind I saw during the whole trip. To my astonishment, I was served with excellent Turkish coffee in a small china cup, my host squatting on a mat beside me with legs crossed under him in the true Oriental fashion. He told me he was a Sudanese from the neighourhood of Wad Medani, and that he had come to this place and settled while young. He liked the place with its hills and valleys very well, and hated to leave it; but if the Abyssinians did not change their behaviour he would go back to the Sudan again, he said, where he had a brother living. He had three wives and some boys, the girls not being mentioned, as they were of no account among these strange people. When a man is asked how many children he has, he invariably answers by telling you the number of boys only.

While we were talking some men arrived from Kerin, and told us the Abyssinians had now entered the village in

large numbers. They were under the command of one Feterari Kabba, who was an officer under Ras Komsa, in the province of Amenti, Abyssinia. It was almost pitiful to have all these people coming to plead for assistance, and being obliged to tell them that all I could do was to lay their case before Menelik when I arrived in Adis Abeba. The Sheikh Mohamed's men arrived and told me the camel had been found, so off I went after the caravan again. We passed the caravan and camel, and after three hours arrived at another small stream, where Mr. Scott had stopped and made camp. It was just like our previous camp, stream and all. The mountain to the west of us was called Jebel Mantaleng. On the road we passed two piles of stone, boundary marks put there by the survey party. We had been following the Sudan-Abyssinian boundary the whole day, and had been alternating between the two countries all the way. The forest was open fortunately, but along the kors which kept very deep with steep banks, thick hedges of bamboo retarded our progress. To a traveller who had no caravan to bother about the road would have been a very romantic and interesting one, as the scenery was very pretty. High rugged mountains covered with trees to the east, and deep valleys and ravines into which the sun penetrated in streaks and patches only, leaving deep and mysterious shadows, where one's imagination was allowed to run riot. A boy would revel in a scene like this, and surely visions of Cooper's Indian stories would come up before him and he would people the valleys and canons with the very realistic heroes of that famous writer. As far as one could see to the north, south, and east, one mountain capped another, gradually fading away and melting into the blue sky beyond. To the west a flat tree covered plain, with here and there only a hill or some rocks breaking through to relieve the monotony.

CURING SICK ANIMALS.

While in camp a lot of sick and mained people came to us for medicine. The native has an idea that any white man is a doctor. We did the best we could for them, and in return they brought us some eggs and chickens and a goat. Some of our animals had sore backs, so Mr. Scott went to work to try and doctor them up, a most thankless task as frequent unexpected kicks were delivered, which, when rightly directed, brought some very loud and select language from the doctor and his assistants. It took a month to cure one beast, and as it eat about 100 lbs. of durra, and about a bucket of Condy's fluid and other stuff had been used on it during that time, I did not see the economy of it at all, but Mr. Scott seem to like the billet of Good Samaritan, so I let the doubtful good work go on.

Our next march turned out to be the worst we had had. We were off at six a.m., following a very good path, winding its way among the mountains, and everything looked good for a while. Then, all of a sudden, we came to a perfect pocket among the mountains, where the path led up a very steep rocky and tree-covered hill. Our guide insisted that this was the only road, but he lied, as I found another road after we finally forced our way across. We had a fearful time of it with the camels, two of them simply laid down and would not get up. One fell half-way up, and rolled to the bottom again, boxes and all. Finally everything was carried across by the men, but one camel died on top of that hill, and a donkey wandered away and was not found again until the next day. A road had to be cut through the woods, and boulders and stones had to be rolled away before we could get down the other side.

Everything was accomplished finally, however, and off we went again towards a water place. The animals and some men were already tired. Mr. Scott, the cook Ahmed, and myself gave up our riding animals so as to relieve the others somewhat,

and I went off at a walk. Everything depends on where water can be found, and the marches must be regulated accordingly. Native information as a rule is very misleading as far as distances are concerned, so one never knows how far one may have to go before a stop can be made. On the two previous days we had been told that water was far away; but, on the contrary, we came to water within three or four hours. This day water was supposed to be near at hand, so I expected to get to it in an hour's time. We did come to a small hole with some dirty water in it close by, but there was only enough for a few men, and besides the Kerin people were there with their animals, which of course made it impossible for us to stay. The next water was still supposed to be near, so off we went with light hearts. It was very hot, and as we had worked hard at that hill we had emptied our water bottles long before noon. The road was good in spite of being very hilly; but, nevertheless, I for one got my feet blistered from the hot rocks and sharp pebbles. We walked and walked, and every time I asked the guide if it were far he invariably answered "garib" (near).

Towards two o'clock, I was not only as dry as dust, with a thirst on that could not be beaten, but it was positive torture to put one foot down before the other, and I was ever on the watch for a smooth patch to step on, while streams of perspiration nearly blinded me. I began to walk as one dazed, and paid absolutely no attention to anything but how I was to keep on my feet. I could have killed that guide without the slightest compunction, and was revolving in my mind several kinds of torture I would like to put him through—Tantalus's Cup was one, I remember. He did not seem to mind it at all, but jogged along as if everything was all right. He even had the audacity to stop and give me the name of a mountain in Abyssinia—"Gauzzang," I think it was—as if I cared about his blessed mountains. Finally, at half-past three, water was announced

to be just beyond that hill. I do not know how, but we got there at last, and I think I must have drunk a bucket right off. It was a stream of good clear water, and its name was Gago, which I hope means something real nice.

Six o'clock arrived, and still no sign of the caravan, so I began firing the signal pistol, and after a while we heard a faint "Halloa" away in the distance. At 7.25 Scott came in, and about 8.30 the whole caravan arrived after having been at it for fourteen hours and a-half. All were dead tired, and no wonder. Fourteen hours on the road without food or drink is no child's play in such a burning climate. I think we all slept well that night.

We did not start until 8.30 a.m. the next morning, and only intended to go a short distance. The road was good and even, so we took it easy.

We came to a small village at the foot of a hill around which the dry sandy bed of a kor wound its way. We went round the hill, crossed a wooded plain, and came to another dry kor on the east side of a high rocky hill, at the foot of which the Sudan Government had a police station before the final boundary had been decided. Only ruins were left now, and in the kor we could only find a few cupfuls of water by digging. A couple of natives came along fortunately and showed us a water hole in a muddy ditch, so we made camp immediately. We dug out the muddy water hole, and after having shovelled out about a dozen big fat frogs and some other creepy-crawly things, we struck gravel, and very soon had nice clear water. Our two visitors got hold of all the frogs, and cooked and ate them, much to the disgust of our Sudanese, who called them savages.

We got off early as usual the next day, and began to go north towards the Sudan military and police post Jerok. The same kind of country was passed through, only it now began to

be flat, with occasional mountains and hills. We soon reached Jerok. This was rather a remarkable little spot, and would certainly surprise any traveller who had seen this apparently flat expanse of forest land from a mountain as we had done. Coming out of the forest of a sudden, rocky hills and knolls with deep ravines around, caused by a good sized kor and its tributaries, unfolded itself before one, and this in a place where we had expected to find nothing but flat land, was certainly a surprise, and as well-built huts, and one large one especially, surrounded by a palisade of logs, over which the English and Egyptian flags were flying, came into view, we felt as if we had reached civilization again.

In the bottom of the sandy bed of the kor we saw a water hole surrounded by a fence and full of pure clean water, and everything around gave evidence of order and cleanliness.

Presently I called on the Mamor Mohamid Ratib Effendi, to whom I showed my papers. We were very well received by the kind Mamor, who, by the way, had just succeeded Hamed Effendi, he told us. We were given a large double tuckle with a covered passage between forming a comfortable and shady place to sit in during the day. The Mamor had come here to stay one year, and although it was a pretty little place and the climate apparently healthy, I should say it would be a most unenviable position to hold. The garrison consisted of forty soldiers and twenty police and servants, all Sudanese, the Mamor being the only Egyyptian.

We had tea with the Mamor, who offered us all the assistance in his power. Fortunately we had all we needed except a guide, which we got at once. I also got a list of the stopping places on the road before us, with the approximate time required from place to place as follows :—

JEROK.

Jerok to Jebel Kormok	2	hours.
Kormok to Kor El Lachmar	3½	,,
Kor El Lachmar to El Keli	3	,,
El Keli to Kor Ofat	1½	,,
Kor Ofat to Kor El Hassan	3½	,,
Kor El Hassan to Kor Tomsa	4	,,
Kor Tomsa to Bakhori	2½	,,
Bakhori to Abu Shenina on Blue Nile	6	,,
Total hours	26	miles 78
days	4	

We stayed in Jerok a day to rest a little, both men and animals being tired. The chief cartridge thieves were, to their astonishment, handed over to the Mamor for trial, and sent on to Keli for further examination.

From this place on the track was first rate in spite of the forest, as the soldiers had cleared all obstructions away. It took us about two hours to reach Jebel Kormok. There was a dry kor of the same name and villages up on the mountain side. Water was plentiful in wells. After this the country became more rolling and hilly, but the track kept good, although difficult in places for the animals. At 10.30 we reached Kor El Lachmar, a rocky stream with a large water hole among the rocks, but with very bad water. Here, as well as at Kormok, the soldiers had built comfortable rest huts of bamboo, straw, and mud. Gold seemed to have been washed out of the kor, as lots of digging had been done along the banks. We took half-an-hour's rest and went on.

From here onwards the Abyssinian mountains on our right presented a most striking picture with their peculiar shaped peaks and ridges. Some peaks looked like gigantic fingers sticking up several hundred feet in height. Right in front of

us a lot of low hills and ridges partly hid the view of Keli Mountain, which is really nothing but a large pile of rocks terminating in a high rugged peak easily distinguished at a good distance. ....

Before reaching Keli we passed a lot of villages, all placed high up among the rocks or on the top of some hill. El Keli is a good sized village, spread over a lot of ground around a hill a little to the east of Mount Keli. It is a very pretty place, one of the prettiest of the kind I have ever seen. A flat and fertile plain about a square mile in area, forming a pocket between peculiar shaped hills and mountains, opening up with a magnificent view of the Abyssinian highlands towards the south-east. The plain was dotted with trees, between which the dark yellow cone shaped roofs of the huts appeared. In the middle of it, on slightly raised ground, were the barracks, neat and orderly, with an evident air of discipline. The eye never tired of looking on the scenery. The rock formations assumed countless varieties, and in places the most fantastic shapes, and in the twilight as the last light of day softened the contours and threw deep shadows over field and forest, one was unconsciously led to think of the old Norse legends of "Trold" Mountain monsters and giants, who only came out of their mountain castles in the darkness of night.

What Keli really is, outside of a military station and boundary town, I do not know. Durrah was not raised in sufficient quantities to feed the garrison even. We were received very well by the Mamor, who was a Sudanese and captain in the army. His name was Karella Hamduni. We were given the Muder tuckles to stay in, and as I had to get a final decision about the cartridge thieves, I decided to stay the next day. An aangereb (Sudanese bed), a chair, some water and durrah were sent us by the Mamor during the day. Water was here got from gammams or wells. It was

good but tasted slightly of iron. I found that Keli was in possession of a Greek Doctor and two merchants, one of whom could speak and write English fluently. It appears that the Greeks get in everywhere in this country. At almost any small settlement a Greek can be found. They seem very industrious and live most economically, but as a rule they all suffer from fever.

The three thieves were examined by the Mamor, who made short work of it, had them all locked up preparatory to being sent on to Roseires the next day. During the afternoon I got a touch of fever and went to bed. The caravan was ordered ready to leave by 4 a.m. the next morning.

We started off again April 6th. It was nice and cool, and under ordinary circumstances I should have enjoyed it, but I had had a very bad night. The road was good and the country the same as that we had passed through the last days. We struck a few patches of cotton soil *en route* and it made me shudder to think of the many weary miles we had tramped over that awful stuff in the Dinka country. We crossed Kor Ofat and arrived at Kor El Hassen at 9.30. It was a desolate looking place. The kor was dry except for a small pool. The trees were bare and black and no grass visible, not even yellow grass, only charred stumps and rocks, and it was very hot with a dry warm wind. We had to stay, however, it being too far to the next watering place. The caravan came in two hours later, and in the middle of it were the three prisoners chained together and guarded by soldiers. Mr. Scott came in last. His donkey had run away from him once and he had fallen off into a pile of stones, so he had been having a hard time of it.

We now went through hilly country, stony path at first through woods, and reached Kor Tomsa (meaning crocodile)

8.45. This kor was deep, winding, and full of rocks and boulders, with some dirty green water in a pool under a cliff. A few feet from it, however, good water was found by digging. We took half-an-hour's rest in the rest-house provided for the Sudan soldiers, and then went on. These rest-houses are put up about eight or ten miles apart, as we came to one more before reaching Bakhori. The road became better, except at some open plains where we again made acquaintance with the cotton soil, and awfully hard it was too. At 11.30 we arrived at Bakhori, a good sized village near Kor Tomat. I had a letter to a man named Nagashi, the wealthy man of the village, to whom I was to apply for durrah and onions, which we were in need of. When I spoke to the old man about these things he simply swore that he had nothing, and was a poor man, just as the Mamors of Jerok and Keli had told me he would. I had to use threats and almost force before I could get even a two day's supply of durra from him at a high price.

One of our camels had fallen down some ten miles away from sheer exhaustion, so I despatched a man with some durra to see if that would give it strength enough to come in, and it did. It came in late at night. There being no grass, and only leafless trees around this village, the little durra we had been able to get had to be divided among the animals and men at last. However, we expected to get to Abu Shenina on the Blue Nile the next day, so no one grumbled.

The road now became good, with cotton soil before reaching the forests at the Blue Nile. When these were reached we had excellent going and fine forest scenery, as all the forests around the Nile are like parks. After five hours we at last reached Abu Shenina, and I made a spurt for the river, not having seen running water larger than a small brook since leaving the Yabus. To me the sight was grand, as I finally got to the top of the bank, and saw the shining

river running peacefully by. The water was clean and pure, and one could see the fish a good distance below the surface. The last time I saw it, it was chocolate brown and thick with mud. I just ran down the bank, and drank my fill. I could have hugged the river had that been possible: I was so glad to see so much good water. A bath was my first thought, but "Beware of the crocodiles" is everywhere written on the surface of this river, as the head of one of those reptiles seldom fails to show itself for any length of time. But, never mind, I loved to see the broad expanse of deep, pure water, and was glad to know that the rest of our journey would not need to be regulated by that any more.

We were received with great courtesy by the Commandant of the Station, Lieut. Mohamed Mohamed Ker, a Sudanese, jet black, but with a fine expressive face and sparkling, lively eyes. He got us durra, digig, sheep, chickens, and onions, and even a couple of mules, all for a very reasonable price. We were given a straw hut for our own use, and altogether we could expect no better treatment from any man. Our animals had been taken down to the beach, where there was some green grass, and it was a pleasure to see them get all they wanted for once, and badly they were in need of it, too. All of them were only skin and bone, but now they should have a good rest, as I had to go to Roseires in order to send in my reports. We had gone about 300 miles since leaving Melut.

I had crossed the river the night before to get an early start, and took along one camel, two mules, a donkey, and five men, the rest being left in charge of Mr. Scott at Abu Shenina. Just before leaving the Commandant came and brought me 100 cigarettes, which was a most pleasant surprise, as I had not had a single cigarette since leaving Jebel Belshingi on the Kor Yabus. I will say as little as possible of my trip to Roseires, as it is of

little interest. I expected to meet the relief caravan from Khartoum, some 120 donkeys and twenty men, with a lot of stores, durra, etc. The caravan was there, and everything in order, except that some donkeys had died on the road, and some fifty of those on hand were played out after their long journey of 382 miles, and had to be dispensed with. The donkeys were put up for sale in the market place, but brought little or nothing, all of them being simply a bag of bones. Ten ardebs of durra had also arrived, but as the donkeys were so greatly reduced in numbers, one-half of that was also sold. I then bought up all the Abyssinian dollars I could get in Roseires, which was only about twenty. Fifteen had been secured in Abu Shenina previously. I had to stay about three days to get the chronometer rated, my reports written, and the maps made out for the Intelligence Department. My time was, therefore, taken up from morning to night, but I managed to snatch a few hours to get in touch with the outer world. I read Reuter's telegrams, and thus learned for the first time about the fall of Mukden, and numerous other things of interest. Roseires was like home to me, as I knew all the officials from my previous visit two years ago. I dined with the Mamor, and later with a Mr. Attenburg of the Slavery Department. On the second day the mail arrived, and to my surprise I received two letters, both old, but very welcome. Mr. Scott received a whole bunch, which I sent on at once. Before leaving Roseires I discharged eight of the men from Khartoum, and four of our own, not having any use for so many. Major Wishaw, Commandant at Roseires, arrived, and Colonel Ravenscroft, whom I had met in Khartoum along with my friend of two years ago, Mr. Gorringe. We all had dinner at the Slavery Department that evening, and long will it linger in my memory. Better fellows one could not meet, and better food, etc., one could not wish for anywhere. New potatoes, fresh butter, green lettuce, were some of the

delicacies one hears of, but seldom, if ever, gets in these latitudes. Then cigarettes, cigars, wine or spirits and good humorous stories until a late hour. It was hard to leave such company the next day.

It took me two days to reach Abu Shenina, where I found some of the men down with the fever, but not very serious.

We prepared for a start to Famakka, and on the 17th of April were off, making camp the same day a couple of miles east of the old Famakka Fort. The place was the same as I had found it two years previously. We at once began to prepare for our long journey to Adis Abeba. Observations were taken, and loads divided up, etc., and after four days we were ready to start.

Our caravan now consisted of the following men and animals:—

27 Sudanese and 3 Gallas, making a total of 32 men, including Mr. Scott and myself. Of animals we had 65 donkeys, 1 camel, 3 mules, and some sheep and chickens. The other camels were sold. As the grass had just been burnt, and the country ahead along the Blue Nile was practically unknown, we carried a lot of durra for both men and animals.

After all the loads had been given out we found we had some fifteen donkeys to spare, so considered ourselves rather well off. It kept very warm: Thermometer, 111° in the shade at noon.

اعلان

من سعادة افندم حكمدار عموم السودان
الي كل البشوفوا المستر جسن والجماعه
اللي معاه المتوجهين لاجل الاستكشاف
نعلمكم ان المستر جسن هو من رعايا الدول الانكليزيه
وصافر بخدمة حكومة السودان لأجل الاستكشاف
وخصوصا لاجل البحث عن احسن طريق للتجاره
من ملوط الي حدود الحبش بناء عليه يقتضي
على جميع مولفي الحكومه وخلافهم الذين يقابلوه
ان يقدموا لحضرته كل مساعدة ممكنه

حكمدار عموم
السودان

PASSPORT FOR THE MELUT TO KERIN JOURNEY, IN ARABIC.

TRANSLATION OF PASSPORT.

From HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN.

To all whom Mr. JESSEN and his Exploring Expedition may meet.

This is to inform you that Mr. Jessen is a British Subject travelling on Sudan Government Service and on Exploration Work, especially with the object of finding the best Trade Route from MELUT to the Abyssinian frontier.

All Government Officials and others whom he may meet are hereby called on to render him every possible assistance.

REGINALD WINGATE,
Governor-General of the Sudan.

KHARTOUM,
16th July, 1905.

ኪሱዳን፡ ዌይ፡ ነተኛ፡ ገዥ፡ ከሠርዳር፡

ወደ፡ ኅበሻ፡ ሰዎች፡ ሁሉ፡ ወደ፡ ሌሎችም፡ ሚስተር፡ ጀሲን፡ ለሚያገኙ፡ ሁሉ
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Reginald Wingate.
Governor General

PASSPORT FOR THE MELUT TO KERIN JOURNEY, IN ABYSSINIAN.

CHAPTER VII.

BLUE NILE.

ON April 22nd, we were off towards Adis Abeba at last. Both river and road were well known, during the first day's march, that is until we reached the Sudan-Abyssinian boundary, some fifteen miles to the east of Famakka, at a place called Bamesi, near Bumbodi. The road went through low woods and hilly country, but gave good going. At that time of the year most of the trees were leafless, and the ground was bare of grass, so the scenery was not very pretty inland. Along the river bank, however, there are always green trees and some grass, besides the ever-varying river makes a pretty picture which the eye never tires of looking at. We made a good march of it, covering eighteen miles. All the animals were well rested and strong, and everything went beautifully. As the real object of the expedition up the Blue Nile was to survey the river, with a view to finding out if it could be navigated by specially-built boats, I had to follow its banks continually, thus many times deviating from the path.

On our first day's journey the river was both good and bad, a few rocks interrupting the peaceful flow of the stream in places, but not enough to make navigation dangerous in boats at high Nile. We passed through the villages of Dangar, Kambal, Yagor, Agab, and Bumbodi. This village is just in Abyssinian territory, on the east bank of the Blue Nile, which

at this place serves as a boundary for a couple of miles. It became cloudy at night so no observations could be taken. Some miles before reaching this place the country became mountainous, and consequently very picturesque.

We now began going south. The sky was clear overhead, but clouds were coming up in the east, so we were saved from some of the fierce rays of the sun. The road kept the same, over hilly, wooded country, which in places became rocky. The river was very crooked, and obtained all kinds of conditions. In one place, where it made a short, sharp bend, there was a small cataract, so full of jagged rocks that it would be dangerous for navigation at any time of the year, and absolutely impossible at half Nile. Further along there was a continuous cataract for about three miles, which at high Nile must be very bad indeed, and I should certainly not like to risk a run down it in any kind of craft.

We passed through the villages of Dashara, Bahmed, Bazo, and Meshessa, and then made camp at a place where the hills open up inland, having a fine view of the mountain Gubba, a grand pile of rocks some 4,000 to 5,000 feet high. Here we got some observations, fortunately.

We were off early, as usual, and had about the same going as before, the river being in the same condition, running between rocks and boulders, so it was hard to say how it would be in flood. The current must then be very rapid and turbulent. Just before stopping we had to cross a rocky spur, which jutted out into the river, and gave bad going for the animals. High up, almost on top of this spur, there was a little village built among some gigantic boulders. It was a most romantic place for a village. I suppose it had been placed there for protection against marauders, and it certainly looked all but impossible to get at. We camped a couple of miles on the other side on a large wooded

plain extending inland for many miles. The opposite bank was mountainous, the mountain of Famangso terminating at this place.

Furthur on was a tableland, which, near the river, curved round in a bow shape. Beyond this we could see mountain after mountain in a confused mass on both sides of the river, the west side having the largest ones, the mountains of Beni Shangul being the highest of all.

Having to follow the river we had to make our own road, which gave us some trouble, the river banks being very rocky, and the bush thick and tangled. We reached the river Wombara, coming from the east, and had to make a detour along it for a mile before we could cross. This was the place I had reached two years previously, and from where I returned to Famakka. Finally we got over, and had to break a road through dense jungle before we could get back to the Nile again. Fortunately the hippos had been in the forest, and wherever these animals go they leave a broad and very good track. One of these we followed, and finally reached the river. It was very warm, especially in the forest, where not a breath of air stirred a leaf, so we were glad to get into the open again. The river was good, but rocky in places, and at the junction of the Wombara a reef of boulders goes half across it, making a small rapid. In the afternoon Mr. Scott went out shooting, as we had seen numerous tracks of antelopes, but he got nothing, only crocodiles visible in the river, the hippos having gone further up, evidently.

We got off at 5.20 the next morning, going along the river-bed, which was very rocky, and made slow going. No villages anywhere in sight. We only went about eight miles before making camp. In the afternoon I went up on a high hill to get a view of the land. A mile to the south of the camp, where the river makes a bend east, I saw a kor, or small river, on the opposite bank. It was the Kor Abeniend-

onga. It had running water, and made a bend south towards Jebel Ab Danab. The mountainous district of Beni Shangul was plainly visible, while, as far as I could see west, south, and east, there was nothing but mountains. The river wound its course from south to north, and looked peaceful enough from such a height. I took some bearings and started my downward path. It is remarkable that all hills in this country are covered with boulders and broken stone, which seem to slip from under one's foot at the least touch. To climb or descend one of these hills is therefore real hard work, and as they are nearly all very steep it is also dangerous if one is not careful. Fortunately they are all covered with small scattered trees, and these give one a chance to hang on at times when it is most necessary. For wearing out boots they simply cannot be beaten.

We followed the river again, but sent the caravan inland. It was bad going and very rocky. The river was anything but what it appeared from the hill, full of rocks and races. We only went about ten miles, and when the caravan arrived we found two donkeys lost, so stayed in camp the next day.

During the afternoon the donkeys were brought in safely.

We again went by a path along the river bank, and had good going. We reached the junction of the Yabus river with the Nile on the west bank. Here there was a very bad cataract, which can only be passed in boats at high Nile, if then. We made camp half-a-mile south of the junction. The Yabus is a good sized stream, with a strong flow of water, and is the main tributary of the Blue Nile above Wad Medani. The Wombara is only a small stream in the dry season.

The scenery from the camp was very pretty. To the

south, in front of a high range of mountains, a peculiar shaped rock jutted out some four to five hundred feet vertical from the plain. This I called "Northrup Rock," after Mr. McMillan. The natives were here washing gold dust from the river bed, but they did not seem to get very much. Hippos were now plentiful, but very wary, only showing their eyes and nose above the water, proving that they had been hunted by the natives.

Our course now went south for about a couple of miles, then south-east and east and south again. At the first bend, the river was very wide, and had several islands over a distance of about two-and-a-half miles, which I called Lucie Islands, after Mrs. McMillan. The water rushed at great speed over a shallow rocky bed, which at high Nile would make a bad cataract. At the last bend south it became narrower and very deep, with hardly any current. Here a high tree-covered hill on the east side descended abruptly into the river, and the path consequently became nothing but a narrow ledge along the hill side, about sixty to 100 feet above the river. In some places the river seemed to be right under one's feet. It was quite a sight to see the animals walk along this ledge with an assurance as if they had done nothing else all their lives, and one had a chance to see the surefootedness of the donkeys. The opposite side was also hilly, but not so steep or dangerous. The whole scene, however, the deep and silent river below, the rugged hills dotted with trees perfectly reflected in the quiet water, formed a most beautiful and striking picture, and was typical on a small scale of the Nile further up. A couple of men had followed this path earlier in the morning, and behind them a leopard had sneaked along, as was plainly seen by the tracks. Half-way round the hill we saw a large crocodile down below us floating quietly in midstream as if he were asleep. The water was so clear that we could plainly see its legs and tail

Blue Nile - South of Junction with Kor Yabus - Northrup Rock in centre

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under the surface. I got my rifle and had a shot at it, and I think that crocodile got the worse shock of its life. It surely had expected nothing to come quite so suddenly, out of the sky as it were. I just missed it, however, so it made off under the water at a great speed, zigzagging about as fast as it could.

The river kept running quietly between steep and rocky banks for many miles. It reminded me somewhat of the Norwegian Fjords, and I would hardly have been surprised to see a steamer come along.

At 10 a.m. we stopped for the day, the caravan being away behind. At this place a kor joined the river from the east. As this was the dry season great difficulty was experienced in securing food for the animals, especially among rocky ground like this, where there was very little grass even in the rainy season. The durra was running low even for the men, so the outlook was anything but bright, as no villages were reported ahead. We saw no game among these hills, even hippos seemed to have gone to where they could find something better than rocks.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MAN SHOT.

THE caravan finally arrived after a nine hours' journey. A sick donkey had been shot on the road by the headman, Dan Tessamma, an Abyssinian. It simply blocked the road on that narrow ledge, so it had to be dispensed with. That shot, however, had evidently given the man a desire to do some more shooting. While Scott and I had our dinner that night a shot was fired at one side of the camp. Every man at once jumped for his rifle thinking that someone had fired at some wild animal. As nothing further developed I sent a man to find out what the shooting was for, each man having strict orders not to shoot without permission, except in case of danger. After a while he came back, followed by three men, the man in the centre being supported by the other two. I was told that a man named Jamma had been shot by Dan Tessamma; that was all he knew about it just then. Dan was just behind them in the hands of Abdul Kerin and the second headman, trembling from head to foot. Scott and I at once examined the wounded man, and found a stream of blood flowing from a small wound in his right side, about a foot below the armpit. The wound was so small that it completely misled me at first, making me think the bullet had glanced off, and consequently the man was treated accordingly. The

wound was washed and bandaged, and in the excitement Mr. Scott pinned the bandages fast to the man's skin. The man was told to lie down. Then Dan was examined. He had been tied up with ropes meanwhile. His statement was that he had heard someone come along among the dry leaves and stones, and had called out, "Who goes there?" but receiving no answer he *thought* it was a hyæna, and promptly fired his rifle—a Winchester No. 35. When he discovered what he had done he threw his rifle away among the grass, but there was a witness to the whole affair, fortunately. The shot no doubt was accidental as far as the man was concerned, but anything more thoughtless could hardly be imagined. To fire a rifle off into the darkness from a camp full of men, where anyone might at any time go out of camp, would mean to endanger everybody's life. Dan was, therefore, given a sound thrashing, reduced to the ranks, his gun taken from him, and he was tied up temporarily. I examined the wounded man later and found his pulse to be only 68, while he was in fever heat at the same time, and nothing would stay on his stomach. This looked serious, and I suspected that the bullet must have entered his side after all. Mr. Scott suggested that we examine his jersey which he had on when shot to see whether we could find two holes. This was done and only one hole found, which of course settled the matter. I then found that a rib was broken, which perhaps had saved the man from being killed on the spot. It was a marvel to me that the man could stand, but he did not even complain, and only said he was a bit sore and stiff around the side towards the back. We did all we could for him, gave him some whisky, which seemed to revive him somewhat, but otherwise we could do very little.

As Scott and I were going back to the tents again another shot was fired, right by my side this time. It turned out to be my boy Sambo, who during the excitement had left his gun off

safe, and as I went by he had picked it up to put it safe, and in the dark had touched the trigger and off it went, the bullet passing through a bundle of the boy's clothes and a bucket of water. It was lucky the gun was not turned a little to the right or another man would have been shot. It seemed as if the Devil was loose in the camp that night, and excitement ran high. I at once ordered all guns unloaded, but felt anything but comfortable while that operation was going on, the very click of a rifle made me jump. All went well, however, and we went to sleep at last.

We were off again early next day as usual and having good going made fair headway. The wounded man seemed to feel nothing but stiffness as the result of the shot as yet, but was told to ride. The road went along the river which was small, rock bound and full of cataracts and races, and looked rather unpromising for navigation in boats. Nothing but mountains wherever we looked, and all in a jumbled-up mass with steep sides and deep valleys. Plenty of Gallas everywhere, washing for gold. I asked some of them to bring us some durra or digig, but had no idea they could do so, knowing they were all far from their homes. At 9.15 we stopped and made camp among some large trees on a small rocky island, which, however, had water on one side only at that time of the year. The caravan began to arrive at eleven a.m. We had made about twelve miles that day. At this place the river was narrow and deep, running between rocky banks almost vertical. Just below the camp it made a sharp bend where there was a cataract, which would be worth seeing at high Nile. It was very bad, and with the river full there must be a continuous cataract for some miles both up and down stream. During the afternoon I had some sport with a lot of hippos, which had made the pool above the cataract their home. I shot one which floated during the evening, so the men got lots of meat. It was a small young one, very fat and made good eating, the men said.

CHAPTER IX.

GALLAS AND DURRA.

JUST beyond the camp a rocky hill rose vertically out of the river to about 500 feet, so we had to make a detour inland the next day. After passing this place the track was good for a distance, and seemed to have been used a lot, probably by the Galla gold seekers, who swarmed on both shores in that district. These people, who came from villages many miles from the river, seemed to exist on almost nothing. A small bag of durra slung around their neck made up the whole outfit. They only wore a small piece of cloth round their loins, otherwise they were naked. No doubt they knew of fruits, nuts and roots in the woods on which they could live. Wild honey was found in the hollow trunks and branches of the gongolaise trees, which were plentiful, and the fruit of the same trees was also eaten, although I should think it would have bad results if used in any quantity. It made an excellent drink. The tamarind was plentiful everywhere, also a tree with small yellow fruit, with a slightly bitter taste. Wild yams were also found in places, and were rather good. The gold washing was done mostly by Gallas coming from the south side of the Nile, but in places the Shangallas also did some washing. Their implements only consisted in a large wooden dish, in which the dirt was placed, and by swishing it around a sediment of black sand

was obtained, under which the gold dust would be precipitated.

The Gallas are as a rule a handsome race, the women especially being very pretty, with their light colour, fine figures, and large beautiful eyes. From the Yabus River up no villages exist along the river bank, they are all inland, so to say. The river winds its way alternately among rocks, boulders and sandbanks, and in places becomes so narrow that a child could throw a stone across it; but, of course, this was the dry season, and the river had reached its lowest point. Signs of rain were in evidence, however, and a good downpour would soon alter the present peaceful aspect of things. Instead of a quiet, clear, pretty little stream, a dirty, raging torrent would force its way down among these mountains and rocks, and cataract after cataract would prevail all the way to Roseires. The forests at this place were just like those at Roseires, park-like in appearance, and when green must be very beautiful. Signs of advancing spring, however, were in evidence, as many trees were in bloom, although no leaves were visible.

We stopped, and made camp at a place where the river curves round north from south-south-east. Here it was very wide and shallow—that is, the river bed was; the channel itself was narrow, with swift running water from two to six feet deep, on the west side.

From here on the state of the river and road was about the same as that of the previous day. Right ahead were large mountains, but far away, right in the heart of Abyssinia. At about eight a.m. we came to a place which is marked on Colonel Lewis's map as "Dabok" ford. On the opposite side is the kor Wau. This was as far south along the river as the Colonel got.

As I was told that the road on the other side went inland I determined to keep on where I was. In leaving

camp that morning I had changed Saises, letting the one I had been having, Ahmed Adlan, a Sudanese, go along with the caravan, and taking on an Abyssinian by the name of Ibraim, who could speak Galla, and knew the names of the mountains and kors, so he said. This change came near causing a disaster, as the man proved to be an absolute fool. After passing the ford we came to a rocky ridge running into the river, which looked rather bad for the animals, so I went ahead to investigate. It proved possible, so I called to the men to come on. My boy Sambo came, and we went over, but the Sais and the mule seemed to have disappeared. We shouted, went up on the ridge to look, fired a shot, etc., but no answer. I thought he had gone into the forest to go around the rocks, so went on, leaving Sambo to come on with the Sais. I went on slowly, rather enjoying the scenery. Some hippos were playing in the river, and snorted and roared at me with their magnificent deep bassoon voices. Once I came near shooting a goose which let me come very near, but just in the nick of time I discovered a couple of very small goslings in the water just beside the mother. It made a very pretty sight, the old mother goose with its tiny young ones gliding along on the quiet water among the rocks, the youngsters darting about with great importance and speed, while out in the river the huge heads of the hippos would appear from time to time, and snort and grunt with a volume of voice which could be heard miles away. The goose paid not the slightest attention to them, nor did any other living thing along the river, all nature seemed to know they were only bluffing. Personally I love to hear that enormous voice of theirs. They seemed to swarm about the river just here, as I had seen about fifty of them within a couple of miles.

I stopped under a tree to wait, and to my astonishment Sambo came along and reported that he could find neither man

or mule. When the caravan arrived I sent four men to hunt for them. This certainly looked serious, as all my valuable papers were in the saddle-bags. Passes, books, instruments, and even my road book, in which I had all my notes, were lost. As if this were not enough for one day, a man came and told me that all the men's durra and digig had been lost on the road the *previous* day, and that nothing had been said for fear of punishment. Some Gallas must have found and ran away with it, he said, as it could not be found. The climax was certainly reached when no food for the men was forthcoming, and there were no prospects of getting any. Not a scrap in camp save some dried hippo meat, which the Abyssinians would not eat. Such men certainly ought to be whipped instead of fed. How the fools could go to work and lose their own food, and still go on, was simply beyond my comprehension. As I could not very well whip the whole crowd, I think I used some of the most complicated language I have ever used in my life. But the time would come, if we ever got through the trip, when there would be a settlement. I took my gun at once and tramped off into the bush, and as luck would have it managed to shoot a waterbuck, and strange to say it was the only waterbuck I saw the whole journey. This gave meat for a couple of days at any rate for all hands.

At night the men came in, the missing Sais among them, but no mule, consequently we had to stay over the next day to make a search.

The men sent to look for the mule came in during the afternoon, May 4th, with the animal, and everything on it intact, thank goodness, and I forgot all other troubles at once. At night we had a thunderstorm with rain.

We did not get away until 5.30 the next day owing to wet tents and animals. Shortly after leaving camp we came to an island, which I called Malo Island, where we met a

number of Gallas, who were camping on it. I asked them to sell me some durra, or digig, or corn, and to my astonishment they promised to bring it after us, so on we went with lightened hearts; here the river widened out, and island after island appeared. It was a very pretty scene, the prettiest we had seen all along the river. At a small cataract between the islands there was a deep pool full of hippos, so I went to work at once to secure some meat. I succeeded in hitting two, one of which was the largest animal of the kind I have ever seen. That done, we went on and made camp on the last island in the group, which I called Durra Island, the Durra River being just beyond. This island was a perfect gem, there being plenty of water all round, everything was green. It was covered with a real tropical forest, with all its indescribable charm and beauty. Large shady trees, bushes, and creepers, air roots, reeds, grass and flowers in such confusion that one did not know which nook was the prettiest. Spreading libengo trees with their peculiar sausage-like fruit, suspended by long strings, enormous octopus-like gongolais, the pretty dainty leafed tamarind, all in bloom, and here and there a dom palm with its Y shaped trunk. The leaves were young and so was the fine grass which covered the ground like a velvet carpet, on which one hardly dare tread. It was a delightful change from nothing but rocks.

In the afternoon the Gallas came in with durra, digig, and corn, and I bought about 200 pounds of all kinds. This was luck indeed, and we could go on for some days at least, but would have to trust to luck to get a further supply or live on hippos and donkeys.

We took some observations at night, after which we had a thunderstorm, in the middle of which a lot of hippos came ashore and treated us to a fine concert.

CHAPTER X.

BAD ROADS.

ON May 6th we started off in high spirits, following the river bed, and had good going at first. After half-an-hour we crossed the river Durra coming from the north. It was a wide stream with sandy bottom, but with very little water when we saw it. A little further along we came to an awfully rocky hill, which compelled us to go inland to get past it. We had to climb a steep hill covered with boulders, which was anything but easy on the animals. Nearly all trees and bushes had sharp thorns which stopped one's progress at every turn. On getting over and down to the river again, we got into thick bush, which we had to break through, the river banks being vertical; the going was, consequently, very hard. The river was full of cataracts and swift runs over boulders with patches of smooth deep water and sandbanks in some places. I was offered some coarse gold dust in a goose quill on the road for two dollars, (Abyssinian) about four shillings, and as I thought it a bargain I bought it. At ten a.m. we stopped, although we had only gone about ten miles. The animals could stand no more, however, most of them being fagged out for want of food, and sore backs. Even the dry grass was becoming scarce, nearly all having been burnt off by fire. Before we wanted water, now it was grass. When I looked at the map

and saw the distance we had to go yet, I nearly grew disheartened in view of the emaciated animals and men. However, here we were and had to make the best of it. For those at home, who look upon these adventures as pleasure trips, I must say that there is very little pleasure and lots of hard work with nothing to eat for eight or ten hours at a stretch. For a man who cares nothing for scenery or a rough life it would be positive torture, as I am sure it was at times for Mr. Scott. The only thing that keeps one going is the newness of it all, and the utter ignorance of what is before one.

We were now getting to the unknown part of the river, and that fact made it very interesting, though the natural features of it did not change much, and nothing extraordinary appeared, not even a decent waterfall, something which I had expected to see ere this. Gold washing was still going on everywhere, and the dust seemed to be much coarser than that found below. Two o'clock, and still no sign of the caravan. Eight hours on the road, and still we had only made ten miles.

After I had been up on a mountain at the back of the camp I went in quest of the caravan, which I found two miles back, loitering along as if they had a year at their disposal. A couple of men got a thrashing, and all were ordered to stop where they were for the night. The only camel we had had died on top of that rocky hill. It proved too much for the poor thing. It had gone the whole trip with us from Khartoum to Melut, Kerin, Abu Shenina, Roseires, Famakka, etc., to leave its bones on top of this hill. It had been my riding camel through the Dinka and Burun country, and was a very strong animal, but these frightful roads would kill an elephant in the end. This meant another day's stop, as the poor donkeys, having gone the whole day, had eaten nothing.

The caravan arrived during the next morning, and the camel's load had to be sent for, so three men went back, and, of course, took it easy, and in the end did not arrive that night, as a thunderstorm came on. Consequently, we spent the day in camp finishing up the maps, a work I was behind in owing to the extra hard caravan work and slow progress. Hardly a day could I get my things before three or four in the afternoon, and there was always a lot of things to do, so I was glad to get affairs in some kind of shape.

The mountains now began to close in on the river, and where we could get a glimpse ahead the outlook for quick progress looked very black. Nothing but rocks and high hills and mountains. About eight a.m. we arrived at a place where the river turned east, and here there was a very bad cataract. It might be passed in boats on the south side, however. The river now became crooked, turning from south-east to north-east.

I had noticed that animal and bird life was not very prolific among the forests. A few monkeys, some small gazelle, oriby or dikdik, and a few small birds were all we saw. One little bird, however, sang very prettily and seemed to have quite a repertoire. It reminded me of the song-thrush among the pine woods up north, and, like it, it filled the forest with its lovely notes in the evening just as the sun was going down, or in the early morning at the break of day. There was another bird which only emitted two notes, a high one and a low one, but these were so clear and flute-like that one had to notice them. This bird was most exasperating, in so far as it was almost impossible to get a look at it. I tried time and time again, but only succeeded once, and then not long enough to get a description of it. Its notes are most deceiving, and one must have very good ears indeed to be able to locate the tree from whence they come.

In the river on the other hand life was swarming. Fish and hippos were plentiful, and from time to time the ugly head of a

crocodile could be seen on the surface. Of river birds we only saw a few—ibis, egrette crane, a brown crane (the name of which I do not know), Egyptian geese, and some snipe. The crocodiles were just laying their eggs, but wherever the Gallas were at least the eggs were not allowed to hatch, as they make too nice a dish for the hungry gold washer to be left alone. The crocodiles always lay their eggs in sand, and as their track is only too plainly visible the nest can be easily found.

That night a donkey was reported lost.

The weather kept nice and delightfully cool in the evenings. We went a little into the forest in order to cut off a bend, which I had investigated the previous day, however. Half-an-hour after leaving the camp we came to the river again at a place where it is joined by a river called Didessa coming from the south. It was a good size stream with swift flowing water, and very rocky at the junction. Next to the Yabus, it was the largest tributary of the Blue Nile which we had seen so far. At this point the Nile comes from the north-east, and runs in a deep channel between high steep hills. One of these, just at the junction, was called " Dibi." The road here became very bad over rocky hills and down deep kors, and in places progress was awfully slow and laborious, and the animals suffered accordingly. The loads had to be carried by the men again, and as durra was scarce and they were working on half-rations, this hard work began to tell on their tempers and condition. Consequently I stopped a little beyond the bad part, only having gone about four-and-a-half miles in a straight line. After arranging for the camp, etc., I went up on what I thought was a nice little hill, at the back of the camp, to get a view of the country. When I got on top I could see no more than I could below, a high hill further along obstructing the view, so on I went again. This thing repeated itself three times when I got to the top of the last peak of the series, so to say,

and here I had a fine view. The mountains, Seribanti and Dongab, rose high above the surrounding hills some miles to the south-east. They were in a way the promised land, as we had been told that villages were plentiful there.

The river could only be traced a short distance either way, as it curved its way among the steep hills and mountains. The whole country seemed to have been ploughed up, nothing but high steep hills, and deep chasms and valleys everywhere. It was a grand sight, but at the same time a most discouraging one to me, as nowhere could I see a chance to make a good day's march. It looked impossible everywhere to find a way into the land of the Negus.

After taking some bearings, etc., I went down and had a hard time of it, as I took a very steep road. Once down I found the caravan had arrived, and no animals lost, fortunately. In the afternoon I tried to catch some fish, and sent Sambo out to a reef in the river, where there were a lot of river oysters, to get some bait. He waded out until the water reached above his knees, then he stepped on a slippery stone and tumbled in head over heels. I, of course, laughed heartily, and made lots of fun of him. Sambo was a plodding and quiet sort of lad, who always took his time about everything, and seldom showed his feelings, but he generally came out all right. In this instance he only smiled and plodded on again. On the reef he suddenly stopped working at the oysters, and looked earnestly and steadily into the deep water beyond it. After awhile he called me and said there were plenty of big fish there. I started off at once while Sambo kept gazing stedfastly into the water. Of course I came to the same slippery rock, and—well I went in, head and all. When I came up Sambo looked at me, without changing a feature, and only said, "It's just like soap." I had my suspicion that the little rascal was laughing inwardly, however, but I said nothing, only went on out

Blue Nile. A Bend in the River May 11th 05

to the reef. I had a look; "Where is the big fish?" "Oh! he all run away when you fall in the water, sir." Well, I could only laugh, and he had to show his white teeth. We got to fishing at last in the cataract below, but the fish simply behaved like whales. They no sooner got hold of the bait before they were off like lightning, and none of my gear would hold them. They got six hooks before I gave it up as a bad job.

The river now became full of cataracts, and coming from the north it took us out of our course. We only made eight miles. On the road we got some durra from the Galla gold washers again, which I paid for with Abyssinian dollars. Our supply of dollars was getting awfully low, only seventeen left. During the afternoon, June 11th, I shot a big hippo. Mr. Scott was down with fever again, and had a very bad time of it, poor fellow.

On account of the hippo, which I had shot the night before, having drifted down to the camp, I let the men cut up the meat before leaving. We got off about 6 a.m. however. The road was good for a change, but only for a short distance along the river bed. Then the same frightful roads over boulders and along steep hills, walking along a ledge and through thick bush, began again. In one place, if anyone stumbled, he would have gone down some 200 feet into the river below. Consequently, another short march, only three and-a-half miles this time. I went up on a hill whilst waiting for the caravan, and on the road up managed to shoot a bushbuck, and had a fine view as usual. Bamboo was growing around the kors high up on the hills. When I arrived at the river again none of the caravan had arrived, which was more than strange, considering the short distance. Finally, Ahmed, the cook, arrived, and told me they had been misled by the Galla guide, who had taken them up country along a kor with running water. They had followed this road, which

was a very bad one, for two hours. Consequently, the caravan did not begin to arrive until a late hour. Most of them did not arrive at all that night. How so many men, Mr. Scott among them, could let themselves be misled like that in the face of the standing order always to follow the main river, was more than I could understand.

This meant another day wasted, as we had to stay over the next day, of course. It was most fatiguing work, as it appeared no one could be depended upon, and everything was left to me. Between observations, calculations, mapping, mountain climbing, shooting food for the men, looking after the caravan, picking a road in the most difficult country, and writing up things in general, and the river especially, I had my hands rather full. The observations alone kept me awake until a late hour, and we had to get off at sunrise every morning, so there was not much rest. Riding was out of the question, besides the riding mules were requisitioned for caravan work, so there was nothing for it but to walk every day, and that was hard work. I was dead tired at times, still I rather liked it. The food was beginning to be rather indifferent, as little but guinea fowl could be found for the pot, and all vegetables were gone. The bread Ahmed made always became bricks before it was a day old, still I was in excellent health and spirits as yet.

We stayed in camp until the rest of the caravan arrived, but five donkeys had died on the road, and one had become blind. A box had fallen off, and a bottle of whisky and one of bitters were broken. Scott was very bad with fever, and generally and actually things were a bit cloudy, but then it was the 13th.

On May 14th we got off at 4.40 a.m., and had an awful time of it. After an hour's going we were completely blocked by a vertical bluff jutting out into the river. I took Sambo along, and began hunting for a road up among the hills. It was

Blue Nile

One of the worst Roads on the Journey - May 14 05 (Centre Position)

such a jumbled up mass, and so rocky, that it almost made me despair. On the top of a small mountain we came to a good-sized cave, where someone had been living some time, to judge by the broken crockery-ware. It was now empty of everything excepting bats. On we went again, and at last we discovered a thin line along a hill on the other side of a deep valley. This we made for, and found it to be a very good game track, which we followed until we found it went the right way to the river, on the other side of that bluff. Sambo went back to the caravan, and I went on towards the river. The descent was a zigzag track down a very steep hill, but fortunately free from large stones. Once at the river again I, of course, stopped and waited for the caravan. Distance gone by river two-and-a-half miles. It took the caravan nine hours to accomplish that journey, and still I considered it well done for donkeys. At night I took an observation, and I had just got through when it clouded over, and we had a thunderstorm.

On proceeding the next day we came to a very bad cataract, with nothing but immense jagged rocks. In a pool I saw a couple of hippos, and as meat was required I shot one, which kindly struggled in among some rocks and shallow water, where I finished it, and could go to work at once cutting it up. This was very lucky, as those animals generally sink in deep water, and take from one-and-a-half to four hours before they float, according to the temperature of the water. I had sent the caravan along the shore, and they had got amongst a frightful mass of rocks, where a man even had to be very careful indeed not to stumble. I think no one would believe it possible for any animal to cross that half-mile of rocks. It took part of the caravan three hours to go that distance. There was no other road; the hills extended almost vertically into the river, leaving only a narrow strip along the bank, and that only at low water. The hippo

meat was brought to camp by the men, where it was cut up in strips, and smoked during the night, and would give food, though fearfully tough, for about five days. We only had durra enough for two days, so no more of that could be given to the men at present.

After this we had good road all the way for a change, along the river, and very welcome it was, too. There were some bad cataracts, and the river was very winding about three miles from camp.

At 8.30 we met some natives from the much-talked-of mountain Seribanti, and as they told us their village was near, and durra could be had, we made camp. The caravan came in early. I went to have a look at the donkeys and found two with frightful sores about the legs caused by careless loading and driving, the boxes hanging too low. This made me so angry that I thrashed the headman Sachi on the spot. Some of these men really had no feeling at all. They would whip a donkey along which was quite willing to go, but was prevented from doing so by pure carelessness and downright cruelty on the men's part. I caught one man hammering away at his donkey with a heavy stick while the poor animal had its leg caught between the rocks. However, one becomes hardened to such cruelty on a journey like this, and it is only the very worst cases that are noted.

Heavy thunderstorms and rain at night,

We only made a very short march of it the next day as we had to wait for the men from Seribanti to come along with durra.

The road was fair, but rocky, and the river rather bad. We crossed the river called Dora and stopped on the other side, which proved to be most fortunate. The Dora was then but a small stream, with only a few inches of water, but the river bed was wide and deep. It has its source among the Dongab mountains, which were some miles to the north of us. As the men from

Blue Nile. May 14th, (Looking East)

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Blue Nile May 16th

Seribanti did not arrive we had to stay over the next day again. It seemed impossible to be able to get ahead, and still we were fortunate to be able to secure some food at all in such a wild country.

CHAPTER XI.

DORA RIVER.

WE had a very heavy thunderstorm during the morning, with rain, so everything was wet and sloppy. During the morning I ordered three men to take a mule along and go to Seribanti after some durra. Two men from that place were in camp and should go with them. The three men and mule got across the Dora river and were waiting on the other side for the guides when a rushing rumbling sound was heard from up the Dora river way as from an approaching storm. We did not know what it was at first, but very soon a tremendous rush of water was coming down the river, and in less time than it takes to write it the little stream was converted into a raging, seething torrent, with water from five to six feet deep. It was a wonderful sight, the transformation being so sudden that one could hardly believe one's eyes. The men sent for durra were thus divided. Fortunately these rushes do not last very long, and after a couple of hours the men were able to cross again. At night they came back with about 150 lbs. of durra and digig, so we were helped again for a few days. Took observations at night.

Heavy rain in the early morning prevented us getting away until eight a.m. This proved to be our record day as far as bad roads went. Never in my experience had I seen anything to equal it. A mile beyond the camp the track went up along the

Blue Nile May 14th 1905 (Looking West)
(A Fearful road)

[p. 307.

bottom of a dry mountain brook, which was so steep and full of boulders and water that it was only with great difficulty that a man could get along it. I gave it up as hopeless after a while, it would only mean death to all the animals. I went back a bit, and as there was no other road I decided to try and get along on the mountain side where there were less boulders. It was a frightful climb, especially for the animals. Once on top the track went along, and over steep rocky hills and mountains, sometimes along the top of a ridge, then down into a deep ravine, and up again half-way on the opposite side along a narrow ledge, some hundred feet below which there was a mountain torrent in a deep chasm. A more wildly romantic road one could hardly imagine. To get loaded animals over such a road was no easy task, and the loads had to be carried in a great many places. The worst of all was the final descent to the river again. After six hours' going, when all were dead tired of course, we came to the last part, a hill so steep and rocky that we literally had to slide down. The donkeys were practically lowered down, and all the loads carried. After all this work we had only advanced three-and-a-half-miles along the river, and four donkeys had died from exhaustion. That left forty-four out of the sixty-five we started with, and made a total of twenty-one donkeys, and one camel, dead in twenty-eight days, with fifteen on the sick list. The road ahead looked as bad as ever, with about 300 miles yet to go, and the rainy season having begun it looked rather bad. Scott came in sick with fever again and very tired. He was getting thin and pale, and I think he wished he had never come. Only two men sick beside Scott, fortunately.

I sent one of the Abyssinians called Dibaba along with one of our Seribanti guides up to the Dongab villages some miles in among the mountains, to see if he could secure a good guide and some durra. Meanwhile we loaded up the caravan and went on.

The road was good along the river, so we could get along all right, but on account of the man sent to the villages we only went nine miles, having to wait for him. The river was rocky, and had two small but bad cataracts in it. The scenery was grand, the mountains increasing in size and wild appearance, and in places it looked as if they had closed up the river altogether, they were so steep, but fortunately there was a narrow strip along the bank. The rains had brought the grass out, so the donkeys could get some juicy food at last, and well they deserved it. Dibaba did not arrive at night, so we had to wait over until the next morning, May 21st.

It was just a month since we left Famakka, and still we were not half-way, and with the worst part before us. The rainy season having begun in earnest, all the kors and water-courses were filled, and the ground where there were no rocks became cloggy and slippery, giving heavy going. To add to this our tents were water-soaked and heavy every morning, increasing the already heavy loads. We had cut the loads down as much as possible by throwing away everything we thought we could do without, and all we could do now was to cut some loads in half and load up all animals, sick or well.

During the afternoon some men came into camp from Dongab, bringing with them a lot of digig, corn, and some chickens. They had been sent by Dibaba, who still remained absent looking for a guide it appeared. We bought nearly all the corn and digig for calico, only using one of the precious Abyssinian dollars, of which we now only had ten left. As we managed to get about 300 lbs. of digig I felt greatly relieved, having now enough food for the men for about ten days. It turned out a fine day with sunshine, so everything got a chance to dry, but during the night we had a thunderstorm again. Never a whole day without lightning, thunder, and rain in enormous quantities. Dibaba

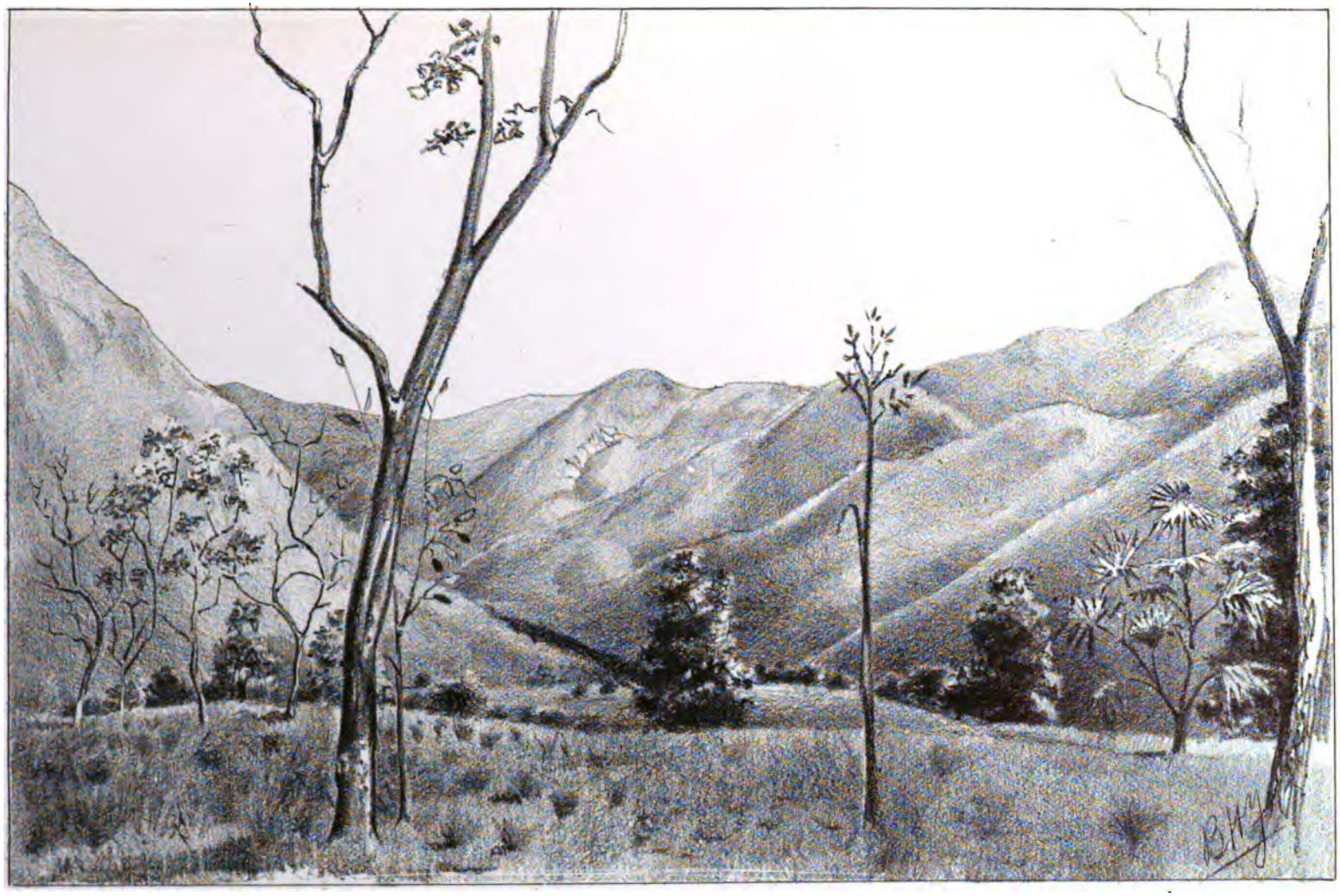
View down Blue Nile May 20-05 Mount Siribanti in Centre

did not arrive at night, but we prepared for an early start the next day.

Unfortunately we got heavy rain in the morning, preventing us getting away before seven a.m. The path was good, so we were able to make some headway. The river was rocky, narrow, and deep, full of small bad races and runs, which at high Nile would become continuous cataracts. We crossed two small rivers, one called Shoka and the other Since. At ten a.m. a high rocky spur seemed to completely block further progress along the river bank, and a dispute arose as to which way we ought to go, in over the mountains or along the river. Our guide favoured the inland route, but as I had been misled by these fellows twice before, I decided to stop and make an investigation first rather than risk it. Consequently camp was made. We had made about eight miles. During the afternoon Scott took the mountain track, and I went along the river. The path along the river was very rocky and bad in places, but not impossible by any means, a little work with axe and knife, etc., would make it far better than some roads we had gone lately. After consulting with Scott, who reported the mountain to be all but impassable, the river path was decided upon. Dibaba came in during the day, not having been able to secure a proper guide. He was sick with fever, which he had caught up among the mountains. Some Gallas came in with him, one of whom wanted to go with us, so I engaged him as donkey man. The scenery as usual was grand and imposing, the mountains towering high above us on all sides. The rains had made everything green, and the forests were filled with flowers. A kind of white lily seemed to flourish in such quantities among the trees that the ground looked as if it was covered with snow, and the perfume of these sweet scented flowers was almost intoxicating. It was very beautiful, and I almost wished we could have had more time to enjoy it. There were serious drawbacks, however, which the rain brought along

with it; not to mention fever, which, of course became very prevalent, but bugs, moths, insects and ants of every conceivable variety, size and kind seemed to swarm. As soon as the lights were lit in the evening it began to snow insects, making it impossible to do anything. Writing was out of the question, and when I had a chance to take an observation on a clear night the star I was looking at would be put out of sight by a bug crawling across the lens, or a few of them would get in your eyes, or try to make a nest of your ears. It was something frightful at times, and as some of them were so big that they would hit you with a resounding smack, fall down your back and begin to bite and sting you, one can imagine how very unpleasant it was. Sometimes, however, even that plague would cause amusement. I am sure if anyone could have sat in a mosquito net and watched Scott and I at it while trying to get an observation, they would have been very much amused. I will not try to describe Scott's language as he was intently looking at the watch in order to catch the right time when I would say stop, and perhaps just at the very moment a bug would get in his ear and another on the watch.

During the day one had to be careful where one sat down on account of the ants. In fact, one need not have sat down at all in order to make their acquaintance. In going through the bush, they would very soon make yours, and they never forgot to let you know they were there. There was one special kind which we dreaded above all others. It was of a reddish colour, rather large and very vicious. I got one under one of my leggings, and I do not remember getting that article off my leg so quick in my life, but it had already done its work, and my leg burned like fire the whole day after it. The worst dread of all, however, were the scorpions, which began to be a little too affectionate. Scott found two



Blue Nile Valley .May 22 Looking S.E. up River

[p. 310.

among the blankets in his bed one morning, and I found one in my tent. The men found some every day among their bedding, and the only wonder was how they escaped being stung, as they all slept on the ground. This insect seems to get over the ground like a shadow, and zigzags about with great rapidity. It holds its claws wide apart, and its sting curved up over its back, always ready for trouble, and generally speaking seems to be the worst horror and most dreaded of all crawling things. These were some of the drawbacks to a pleasant time in this country.

CHAPTER XII.

SHANGALLAS.

WE persistently stuck to the river-bed, and managed to get over the bad, rocky parts without serious trouble. On the road we passed a mountain called Dongi, which descended vertically from a height of a thousand feet. The river was the same as below—narrow, rocky, and full of small cataracts—and looked anything but promising for navigation. We stopped opposite a village which was on the south side of the river, and built high up on the side of a mountain called Yabi. It looked very picturesque, and the people enjoy a magnificent view, but it must be very hard on the women, as I was told they have to go down to the river nearly every day during the dry season for water. There was a grand echo among these mountains. On the road I had a chance to shoot an oriby, and the report rang through the valley, and was sent back and forth between the mountains for quite a long time. A couple of guinea fowl were also shot, so we had our larder full again. The day was fine to begin with, but, as usual, we got a thunderstorm and rain during the afternoon.

After some more bad going the mountains began to recede a little from the river, leaving a flat stretch covered with trees. All around, on the very tops of the mountains, sometimes we found villages, which all belonged to the Shangalla negroes. These people seem to have been hunted

away from their villages along the river by the Abyssinians, who used to come here and take away the men and women for slaves. The Shangallas, therefore, had to resort to the mountains for safety. They certainly built their villages in the most inaccessible places, and must have a hard time of it climbing up and down into the valley in order to cultivate their crops of durra. They keep goats, sheep, and chickens, but none for sale. All along the river for the last ten days we had crossed lots of old village sites, which were now used for cultivation only. One of the natives told me that the Abyssinian rifles could not reach them up there among the mountains, and that should they attempt to follow them up they could easily hide among the rocks until danger was over. They willingly brought us anything they had when asked for it, as soon as they found we would pay them. One man brought us some honey, which we were very glad to get, all our preserves being finished. We had some for lunch, but the bees came round in such swarms that things became most unpleasant, and we found that we would not be able to enjoy honey except at night.

Guides were easily obtained, but as a rule they were densely ignorant about everything beyond a few miles from their homes, and no reliable information could be had. The river on this day's journey began to change its appearance, becoming very swift and rocky, and, consequently, full of cataracts, some of which looked very bad. It was rising but very slowly as yet, and the water had become muddy. It began to be very crooked, and unfortunately for us still kept coming from the north. We stopped and made camp at a kor called Melini, which came from the south. We had gone about eleven miles, but mostly in the wrong direction on account of the river. The rains had cooled the weather off considerably—in fact it began to be quite cool at night, the thermometer going down to 65. We had

been fortunate the last few days in getting away in the mornings, and going from camp to camp without having any rain, but we always got some with thunderstorms some part of the day or night, and as they were becoming more frequent, sometimes three or four times during the twenty-four hours, the outlook was rather gloomy. Our donkeys were reduced to forty-two, some more having died during the last marches. How the poor animals could stand this weather was a marvel, always in the open, wet one moment and dry the next, and sometimes the loads had to be put on while they were wet and shivering from the last shower, but we now had to forge ahead as much as possible. It seemed cruel, but it had to be done.

The weather cleared a bit on the 25th, and as the road was good we made a long march of it, but of course something had to happen to dampen our spirits. The river went south-west nearly the whole time, consequently the headway we made towards Adis Abeba was only a few miles. Actually we went sixteen miles. The river was full of shallow runs and rocky channels, with small cataracts in places, and looked altogether unpromising for navigation, in fact I made up my mind to report it impossible. The mountains began to recede from the river, and became much smaller, consequently a large tract of flat fertile land was left in the valley. This the Shangallas had taken advantage of, and for many miles we passed through cultivated durra fields. The villages were still on top of the mountains, however, and seemed quite numerous. After crossing a small river called the Adi we made camp, no grass being obtainable except along its banks. This absence of grass was rather astonishing, as plenty of rain had fallen, but nothing but burned stumps appeared above the ground at this place.

During the morning we passed through fields of grass

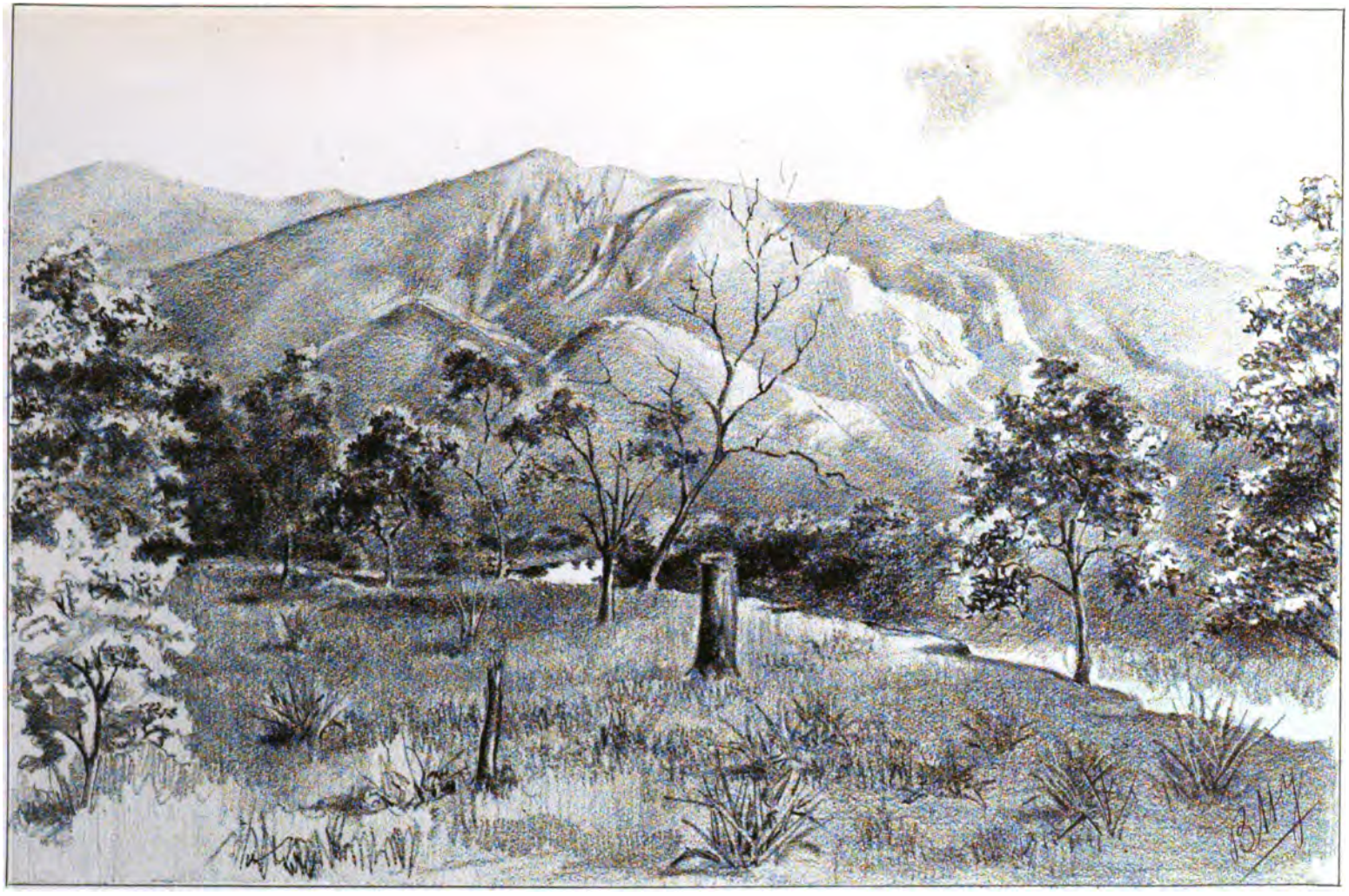
dotted with a beautiful kind of lily, white with cherry red stripes, having from two to seven or eight bell shaped flowers on one stalk, so it was all the more disappointing to find bare ground where we had to camp. The caravan had arrived, all but one mule, the strongest one we had, although it had a very sore back, and all crossed the river Adi safely, there being only about eighteen inches of water at the ford. After being unloaded the animals crossed the river again, there being more grass on the other side. Then we had our usual thunderstorm and rain, and an hour afterwards the river Adi became a raging torrent in a few minutes, and no one could cross to the other side. It was only a question of waiting a few hours, however, and the animals could be brought over again. During the night our best loading mule died.

We had now about reached the end of the Shangalla country, and expected to reach the district of Damot the next day, after crossing another Durra river. There Abyssinians were reported to be plentiful, so I looked forward to getting some reliable information with respect to roads, etc.

On May 26th we had a fine day, and having a fairly good path we made good headway, but in the wrong direction again, the river going south-west and south. It was very broad and shallow and full of rocks. The current was about three miles an hour. Along the banks cotton was grown quite extensively, and as the natives had fenced it in to keep the hippos out we had to climb the bank in many places to get round the plantations. Villages were plentiful all over the hilltops, but the natives were very shy. It appeared I was the first white man they had ever seen, and they looked on me with wonder, and had big talks about me.

We arrived at Durra River (again Durra) at nine, and after crossing made camp half-a-mile beyond, opposite a small

island which I called Murder Island, the reason for which will be seen later. I hoped that the river would be more favourable to us further along. A sick man had been left behind on the road, so I was told, when the caravan arrived. I sent a couple of men after him, and at night they came back alone and told me that he would be in shortly, he having expressed the desire to come on alone. How they could go and leave him like that I could not quite understand, but I found he had been very persistent in being left alone the last three or four days of his sickness, which really only consisted of weakness about the knees and headache. At night we had a heavy thunderstorm with rain in torrents, and as the sick man was still absent he must have had a hard time of it. However, there was nothing to be done just then. The Sheikh from the village came in and promised to guide us the next morning. He was the most murderous-looking negro I have ever seen, and proved to be an awful scoundrel. I sent two of the headmen to look for the lost man the next morning, and went on with the caravan. On rounding Murder Island the river came from the east, and kept on in that direction during the whole march. The road was rather difficult, and, as our guide had not turned up, I took the lead myself. The river was exceptionally good, broad and quiet, with an occasional run of shallow water over boulders. We crossed a couple of very large kors called Dibano and Matano, and reached a mountain called Gomano—all Shangalla names, however. Camp was made on the beach at the foot of Gomano. At this place the river came in a sharp bend from the south-east, and right in front of the camp formed a small cataract with a drop of about four feet in 100. Eastward, however, the river was good for several miles. The mountains had again increased in size and wild appearance, and at this particular place they came close to the river, only leaving a narrow strip of rocky ground along the banks.



Murder Camp. Blue Nile Valley. May 26th 05. Near Last, Durra River Looking N.E.

[p. 816.

During the afternoon the two headmen came in, and reported that the lost man could not be found, and that they suspected that the Shangallas had taken him, consequently there was nothing for it but to stay over the next day, and make a general search. Our cook, Ahmed, told me at night that, as he came along the road alone trying to catch me up, a lot of Shangallas had come down the mountain side towards him waving their spears, and altogether behaving threateningly. He stopped and watched them coming, not really suspecting any danger, when the report of my rifle in the distance was heard. I was trying to shoot a hippo at the time, about a mile from where Ahmed was. No sooner did the Shangallas hear the gun before they made off, and, as we found out afterwards, Ahmed's life was really saved through that hippo hunt.

I had ordered eight Sudanese and two Abyssinians, all armed with rifles, to go back along the road and look for the lost man. If they could not find him they were to go up among the villages on the hills and try and find him there, and if not found to bring a man from the village if possible, so that we might force some information from him. The men went away about sunrise, and I took my boy Sambo and an Abyssinian along, and went up among the mountains to climb a peak from which I could get a good view of the surrounding country. It was a hard climb, but I was fully rewarded by the magnificent view I had. The whole country as far as the eye could see was one mass of mountains, peak after peak in endless array, deep valleys, ravines and gorges everywhere, and just below me the Nile flowed by in its rockbound channel. Strange to say, the river water had been pure and clean since passing the Durra river, so the rains could evidently not have started yet further up. I took some bearings and sketches, and returned to camp. After lunch the whole search party came in. They had with

them two old women only. Their report was as follows:— On getting to where my tent had stood at the last camp, they had found the missing man, but he had been murdered by the Shangallas, and his body horribly mutilated. He had been speared twice, his throat had been cut, a piece of flesh had been cut out of his arm, and the rest must remain unrecorded. After burying him, the men went along the bank, intending to go up to the village, when a Shangalla was seen by the river fishing, evidently suspecting no danger, as he had seen us depart the day before. He was surrounded as quickly and quietly as possible, but he no sooner discovered our men than he went out into the river. It so happened that he could not swim, and consequently he did not dare go out of his depth. One of the men called Abdella followed in order to catch him, but all of a sudden he sank, and no more was seen of him, although the place was watched for two hours. On the beach was found his spear, a couple of rudely made handpicks, a fishing rod and line, and, horrible to relate, a piece of human flesh, a small piece of which was actually on the fish-hook. What a monster! The men made for the village, but, of course, found nothing but empty huts, and the two old women hiding among the cotton plants, consequently they returned. As nobody could understand the language of the two captives, which was called "Abidi," I turned them loose. They were fearfully frightened, and one talked incessantly and trembled all over. I must say I wanted to go up among those villages badly and burn everything down, but on second thoughts concluded to report the matter to the right authorities when once I should get to an Abyssinian town. I knew that if once the Abyssinians get started on a punitive Expedition the result is usually utter devastation. The dead man's name was Samain Ali.

Birthplace, Tadasi, Sudan; Religion, Mohammedan; Name of Mother, Howa; Name of Father, Unknown; Age about twenty years.

He left with us nothing but a blanket and a few pieces of cotton clothing.

It appeared that the Shangallas have the same horrible custom with regard to securing a woman as the Donekil tribe, living along the road towards Adis Abeba from the coast. Mr. McMillan on his first Blue Nile Expedition had had the same experience as we, only the man killed then was the Frenchman, Du Bois. Both men had been mutilated in the same horrible fashion. I could now quite understand how the Abyssinians chased these people up among the mountains.

During the afternoon all the men were busy cleaning their rifles, and in order to make it easier to get the bore cleaned I let each man fire a cartridge. In spite of the instructions they had received at Melut, I found that only three or four of them could handle their rifles at all. I counted six men whose rifles went off before they had raised them to their shoulders, and the bullets were whistling in all directions. They simply caught the rifles by the trigger guard, and put their finger on the trigger at once, and it was lucky no one was shot. I again gave them instructions, but of course the men would be about useless for defence, and in such a wild and lawless country it was a very elating fact to find out. However, I consoled myself with the fact that the noise they would make might frighten away the whole Shangalla race. Camp fires were lit at night, and kept up until morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAMOT.

WE were all glad to get away from that camp, and the Shangallas, who were undoubtedly watching our every movement. The road was both good and bad going along the foot of the mountains. Rocky spurs would jut out at times, and then there would be some trouble, but on the whole it was not the worst kind of road. The river was broad and quiet, and came from a southerly direction during the whole march. On the road I found out that five donkeys had strayed away the night before, something which the man Abdel Kerin had purposely neglected to report to me. I was just about tired of that man, as it seemed impossible for him to tell me the truth; and besides, he had proved himself an awful coward. He could work, but knew nothing about making other men work, and was afraid of them. Consequently we only made a ten mile march, and camped on an island. When the caravan came in I was told that the lost donkeys had been found. Our durra was getting low again, so I was anxious to get to some village. One was reported in sight up a mountain ahead of us, and I hoped it was an Abyssinian one. I wanted to have no more of the Shangallas. We had reached the province of Damot, so we ought to meet with people soon.

We left our island camp and followed the river, which came from the south-east. It was broad and quiet, and any kind of

craft could easily have gone both up and down. As usual there were a few rapids, but at high Nile they would all disappear. The scenery was the usual mountainous kind, with variations. About two hours from camp we came to a small river on the opposite side. It had a good flow of clear water, and seemed to go many miles inland. We went on, expecting to get to some village where we could get some information and durra, if possible. We discovered the tracks of a couple of mules going up the river, which we followed carefully. They led us to a small kor going north where the tracks left the river and followed a road along the kor. I therefore ordered camp made, and took my boy Sambo off up on a mountain to have a look round. We discovered two villages on the top of some mountains close by, and through the field glasses I could see six tents outside one village. This looked good, so I at once went back to camp, and as the caravan had arrived I despatched four men to the village at once, sending my pass along with them. Then I took a bath in the river and a rest. The men did not return in the evening, and as I knew nothing about the inhabitants, I put on an extra guard during the night. About midnight we had a heavy storm and rain.

The next morning we had beautiful weather, not a cloud in sight anywhere. During the morning the men came back from the village, bringing with them the Sheikh and some men, also honey, durra, corn, and three sheep. Unfortunately our money was exhausted all but nine dollars, and we could get very little for calico, but succeeded in getting some durra, honey, a little butter, and the Sheikh made us a present of one sheep. The name of the village was Gombi-Sheikh-Kanathe. The people were Abyssinians under Ras Mangesha, and came a little nearer civilization than any people we had come in contact with for the last two months. I asked them if they knew anything about the McMillan Expedition of two years ago, which had upset and

come to a stop further up. They all knew about it, and said it was at a place some days further up the river, so we thought we were getting near the place where we should branch off to Adis Abeba at last, and I for one was very glad. I think we all longed for a rest.

Mr. Scott thought he could dispense with an old night-shirt, so we went to work and tried to get something for it, and succeeded in securing a good sized sheep at last; a rather good bargain. It was very amusing to see the man strut around with the shirt on. He seemed very proud of his purchase, and showed it to everybody, the length of it seemed to give him special satisfaction, and he viewed himself in all positions, just like a woman putting on a new gown. We at once went through our wardrobes and found some more shirts and things for which we might get some food. Fortunately we got all there was to be had, and were all right again for six or seven days. Two guides were secured from whom I got some valuable information, which however made me feel anything but happy. It appeared that we were only at the west end of Damot, and we were goodness only knew how many days' march from the river Guder, some eight to ten days at least, and worst of all that the going along the river ahead was impossible on account of rocks, etc. Villages were plentiful but always on top of the mountains, or inland, and money was required for digig and other food.

Our boots and shoes were now worn through from the awful roads we had been forced to walk over for about a month, and no new ones were obtainable. Our feet were sore and walking became a torture. Scott had put on his very last pair of thin kid, his Sunday shoes, after having worn out two pairs of his own and one old pair of mine. According to the maps I had we were still about 250 miles

from Adis Abeba. How I wished for a railroad, even the Shellal to Assouan one would be a luxury. We had been twenty-five days making about 100 miles towards Adis Abeba, so the outlook was promising, surely.

We made a forced march, in spite of the frightful roads, of fifteen miles. I was dead tired, more from sore feet than anything else, although it took me seven hours. Camp was made at the side of Kor Jingin, which had running water. Grass had again disappeared, so we had to give some corn to the animals in spite of all. The grass question was apparently going to give us a great deal of trouble. In order that we might get some grass it would have to rain, and if it rained very hard we would be stopped by the numerous mountain torrents and kors, so what we really needed was plenty of calico and money, for which we might buy corn and durra. It was a nice predicament to be in. However, no matter what might come, we had to go ahead now. The caravan did not arrive in camp until four p.m. During the day I shot a gazelle, a Guereza monkey, and a guinea fowl.

We now again met with frightful roads, and as the animals had been having a hard time the day before, and had eaten only a cupful of corn each, we made a short march, only about seven miles. Where we camped there was some rank grass along the bank, which the hippos seemed fond of, and some short young grass sparsely sprinkled among the cobble-stones along the beach. Hippos swarmed in the river, so I went down and shot one. Some Gallas with their pretty wives had arrived at the camp, bringing with them some corn, and one of the women actually had a good sized bag of onions, which I immediately secured, although I had to give a dollar for it. I enjoyed one of those onions better than any fruit or vegetables I have ever tasted. We also got some

chickens, some honey and eggs, and a few cupfuls of sour milk, so we simply had a grand feast—or at least I did, Scott being ill with fever again. We passed the Dibuk River and ford, where there was a road leading to Amura, a market town in the uplands towards the south. The camp was made near the village of Mobil, some miles in, up among the hills. The river had been good, but was shallowing up fast. There was a short run over cobble stones at Dibuk ford, and one in front of the camp. I was told that one day's march ahead the mountains descended vertically into the river, and that it was impossible to get along except by the inland track. This at least sounded interesting, and I decided to have a look at the place, and was glad to give the donkeys half a day's rest and a fairly good feed, so that a good day's march could be made, even over rough ground. We now had thirty-nine donkeys and two mules. One donkey was too sick to go any further, so it was shot in the morning. I cannot say enough in praise of the Khartoum donkeys. They were perfect marvels of endurance and strength, and still no pity could be shown.

We finally had to stop on June 3rd at a place where further progress along the river was impossible. Mountains descended almost vertically into the river, and wherever they receded somewhat they had huge piles of enormous boulders at their foot, making even walking impossible. The road had been bad during the day, frightfully sharp and jagged rocks along the steep banks, making progress all but impossible. One donkey died and one lay down from exhaustion, and it was dark before the last animals arrived, and then they were too tired to eat. Two men got fever on the road and had to be brought in. Scott was also ill with fever, so things did not look very bright. Our guide was worse than useless, and knew nothing at all about any track, which in reality only

consisted of a hippo path. Here I must say a word in favour of those bulky animals, which no one seems to have any use for in these parts, not being eaten either by the Gallas or Abyssinians. Where there are hippos there are always tracks, and good ones at that, along the river and away inland, even up the mountain sides in some instances where grass was scarce. Had it not been for the hippos we would many times have had a hard time of it. In fact we should have had to cut our way through the bush or up the steep banks where rocks stopped us from following the river. The hippos after feeding inland would perhaps return to the river at a place where the bank was vertical, descending some ten to fifteen feet to the sandbank below, but they had to get to the water, so they simply slid down, and a couple of them would carry enough earth with them to make a road, which could be easily climbed afterwards. I was glad to see the hippos also for another reason, especially towards the end of a hard march over nothing but rocks or hard barren ground, as wherever the hippos were collected together there was always a patch of sandy beach with enough grass along the banks for our tired and hungry animals. They were our guides in that respect. Had we got up the river a month or even fourteen days earlier all our animals would undoubtedly have died of starvation, as we could not carry durra enough to feed them, and none was to be bought for fifty to a hundred miles at a time. This is a very important point which travellers in this country should take particular note of, as the grass when tall and dry is burned around the villages, and the fire spreads to the most remote corners. The young grass in the woods in the early part of June was still only from one to two inches high.

As the road along the river now was blocked, we were forced to go in over the mountains, which were very high, steep, and rocky. There was a track, however, leading up to the

country of the Gallas, but such a track I never wish to go again. It was so steep, slippery, and full of rocks and cobble stones, and zigzagged about in such a way that it nearly exhausted all my patience, and then there seemed to be no end to the upward climb. We no sooner reaehed the top of one hill before there was another right behind it. Our fool of a guide insisted that this was the only way, and that as soon as we got to the top we should have a fine road all the way to Guder river. I was leading, and, finally, reached the top where there was a village. Under a large tree sat two young Gallas playing a game with some stones, which they moved from hole to hole in the ground. We saw no one else at first, and these two youngsters paid not the slightest attention to our arrival in spite of the fact that I was the only white man who had ever been to the place. It was as if they were playing a game of "freeze out," to use a poker expression, and I must confess it made me feel a little uncomfortable. I gave one of them a kick, which woke both of them up, but they maintained a surly expression, and would give no information. Finally a woman came out of one of the huts, and from her we learned there was only water enough for the inhabitants, and that all their animals had to go far away to drink every day, pointing to a place some three miles beyond, an awful looking steep valley, which separated this mountain from the next one. Was there any road going parallel to the Blue Nile or Abai towards the Guder river? No, she knew of none, but perhaps the men could tell me. Where are the men? All the big men had gone away that morning, but she thought they might return the next day. Here was a nice predicament, to be told that after the animals had been climbing like flies for four hours, and being dead tired, they could get no water, and that there was no road going our way, was enough to disturb the temper of a saint. I did the only thing I could under the circumstances. I sat, or

dropped down, and did not see things clearly for a few moments, but after that the guide got it, and if he could only have understood the smallest part of it I am sure he would have felt grateful at having been able to relieve me of so much pent up feeling. As it was the fool smiled sublimely during the whole tirade. It was no use talking to an ass like that, so I just picked up my things and started to go back again. I was rather astonished to find myself confronted by a dozen men of all ages and sizes, so all the big men had not gone away that morning after all. I immediately saw which way the wind was blowing. These people had evidently conspired to have me go down to the river again, consequently I sat down, lighted my pipe, and waited for the caravan. No going back after that, no matter how far it was to water or anything else. The river road was impossible anyway, and going back of course was out of the question, so something had to be done. After a while part of the caravan arrived and reported four donkeys dead, and one too weak to go on. Two donkeys had been taken from a man they had met on the road coming down the hill, and had been loaded up with the dead donkeys' loads. The guide was ordered to take us to the water. After a most fatiguing climb both down and up, and down again, we came to the water. I expected a bubbling brook, and instead there was a hole amongst some rocks filled with brown water, which smelled so strongly of cow that one would think the place was a stable. I let what was left of my feelings out, but they were becoming about exhausted. There was nothing for it but to stay. The animals could do no more; in fact, seven of them did not come in until the next day. Some of the men had followed us from the village, and I translated to them that if they did not immediately change their behaviour, bring me a man who knew the road, etc., and (as I was in a bad humour I thought I might as well put it on thick) some durra, some sheep, some milk, and

enough bread for the men, I would raid the whole neighbourhood the next day. The men went away, and as the caravan came in we busied ourselves with making camp. Scott came in sick again, poor fellow, and awhile after we had something to eat, the first we had had since five a.m. It was then five p.m. While we were eating, a lot of men came along the road, carrying different kinds of loads. I had forgotten all about the villages, and the threats I had made, too, so I cannot describe my surprise when I found that everything I had asked for, even the guide, was brought to us. There was bread enough for the men for two days, milk enough for twenty men, a large sheep, some digig, corn, and two jars of meriza (a drink made from durra). All were supposed to be gifts, and it made me feel almost embarrassed. Of course, I suppose they expected to get something in return, but we had nothing to give. It was a blessing they could not read my thoughts, or they would undoubtedly have gone off into some corner and kicked themselves. Well, threats are cheap, so I felt quite happy at having increased our stock-in-trade to such an enormous extent, and decided on staying the next day, in case our new trade articles should be less acceptable further along.

Consequently, we stayed in camp the next day, and thoroughly enjoyed the magnificent view and fresh mountain air. It was quite a change from the valley below, and did us all good. As far as we could see, which was from twenty to sixty miles, in all directions, villages were scattered about the mountain plateau, some very large. Just by our camp was the village of Tjoba, prettily situated on a plateau at the foot of Mount Tullu Dejabir. The people came to the camp and brought us a lot of native bread, "kissera." some meriza, milk, chickens, and one sheep, for which we gave them a woollen undershirt and a cotton shirt. The Gallas live in the same hut with their donkeys, sheep and chickens. The hut is double, a

Blue Nile Valley View from Mount Dejabir Vill·Tjaba Galla Country June 5th, 1905
(Looking South)

Ep. 886.

passage being formed between the hut proper and the outer wall, in which the animals live. The people are orthodox or Abyssinian Christians, and have churches or places of worship, which, however, were very few and far between in this district. We saw two twenty miles away on top of a mountain plateau of great height. Cattle seemed plentiful everywhere, and were of the hump-back species, large and fat. The milk had a peculiar taste, however, which did not agree with the European palate. The chief food was corn (maize), but little durra was raised. Their ignorance and lying propensities were immense. No one seemed to know anything of the country a few miles from their homes. They are ruled directly by chiefs, but really they are all subjects, and very abject ones too, of some Abyssinian Ras, whose power over them is unlimited, and whom they look up to with fear and trembling. Ras Mangesha ruled over this particular district, and from what I could learn just then he seemed very powerful. In the afternoon the skin of a very large python, about fifteen feet long, was brought for sale, but as dollars were scarce we had to let it go. I had great fun with some of the men, letting them look through my field glasses. It caused great excitement, and when I turned the glasses round they could not believe their own eyes. Our new guide, "Pasha" by name, showed himself to be a superior sort of man, with some knowledge of the surrounding country, so I engaged him to go with us all the way to Adis Abeba, if ever we should get so far.

CHAPTER XIV.

BIR RIVER.

AFTER having had a day's much needed rest, we started off again on June 6th, and having a fairly good road we made some headway. We went along a rolling plateau at first, and being some 3,000 feet above the river we had a fine view of the mountains and valleys below us. After an hour's walk we came to the edge of the tableland, and before us spread a panorama, the grandeur and beauty of which almost startled one, it came so suddenly. Right in front of us and about 2,000 feet below, spread a broad valley covered with luxuriant forests and green plains, through which the river Bir wound its way, disappeariug in a deep canon some distance towards the west, to appear again further along like a thin ribbon of silver, finally getting lost to sight among the dense vegetation around the banks of the Blue Nile. North and eastward, table topped peaks and fantastically shaped mountains seemed to vie with each other in making the landscape romantic. Across the valley rose a tableland in the centre of which a mighty mountain reared its head far into the blue heavens. Villages were nestling peacefully around its slopes, as could be seen by the smoke that curled lazily upward. To the south and west was the Nile Valley, which appeared as a dark line on the high tablelands surrounding it, which apparently descended abruptly into the valley. The sky was clear and the air bracing, and with such magnificent scenery before one, all troubles were forgotten, and one felt almost repaid for all the

Junction of Kor Labanetja with River Bir. June 6 05

hardships which he had gone through. We began to descend and found the road good, though steep in places. Once in the valley we went ahead with a will, and before long reached the other side, where the river Bir had its bed. Here we stopped and made camp alongside the river where there was a small waterfall. It was a pretty place and a good one for the caravan, with plenty of grass everywhere; I was anxious to go down to the Blue Nile again, in order to see how it looked, and thought I might go down along the Bir. The guide was asked if it was far, and through a mistake of the Galla interpreter I was told it was very near, and I could get back to the camp again by two o'clock. Consequently I took the guide, my boy Sambo, and the young Galla interpreter along, and started off at once. The guide seemed reluctant to go, but not knowing the reason why I urged him on. It was half-past nine in the morning when we left. We had already walked eleven miles that morning. There was no road, so we had to break our way through bush and grass and pick our way among sharp boulders until we got on top of the tableland again. To follow the Bir at that place was impossible, the banks being too steep and rocky. Once on top we had good going for a couple of miles, but then our troubles began. Everything seemed to finish up vertically, or almost so, and nothing but boulders everywhere. Well, we climbed and we slid and worked like bees until we finally reached the bottom, where the Bir was racing along in one continuous cataract. At this place the Kor Labanetja joined the Bir. Boulders again—boulders of granite and lava, of enormous size, as far down as we could see. It was almost overpowering down there, the mountains on both sides being so steep that one had to bend back to see the top. They seemed to close above one. I asked if it were far to the Nile now, and was dumbfounded

to be told, " Yes, very far yet." To keep on meant to climb boulders for miles, and to go back was worse still. I did not know what to do for a moment, but finally decided to keep on. It seemed such a waste of energy to have gone so far for nothing. So we went, and never shall I forget that march. For two hours we kept on up and down, slipping, falling, stumbling, jumping and wading, but never a piece of smooth ground. Finally it looked good on the other side, so we forded the river. The water was very swift and the stones slippery, so it was rather a dangerous undertaking as the depth was up to our waists. The guide, the Galla and I got across all right, but Sambo slipped and fell in. He was carrying a rifle and all the ammunition, besides a small sketch and note book of mine, in a leather bag, which, of course, got full of water. The only wonder was the boy was not lost altogether, as he got down among the boulders where the water ran like a mill race. He stuck to the rifle manfully, and finally succeeded in scambling ashore. Fifteen minutes afterwards we reached the Blue Nile at 1.15 in the afternoon, having been three hours and three-quarters on the road, and all down hill at that. The poor excuse for soles I had to my boots were now completely finished, and my socks showed through in many places. My feet were sore, and all of us were tired excepting the guide, but still we had that awful march to make over again. The Nile and its banks looked much better than I had expected as seen from above, in fact, at the junction there were some sandbanks between the rocks and a good sized beach. The river itself formed a rapid for some distance, but both above and below the junction it was smooth and quiet. The mountains on the opposite side and further along descended abruptly, however, with piles of sharp boulders of lava along the banks, where no caravan could possibly go ahead. We had something

River Birr - Blue Nile June 7·05
9 Miles inland from Blue Nile

to eat, and had just finished when it began to rain. Back we went again, but decided to try and go over the tops of the mountains. We climbed for two hours, but, as we did not succeed in reaching the top, I gave up trying and began going along the mountain side. It was awfully hard work for me with my soleless boots and sore feet, and the young Galla simply collapsed and could follow us no further. There was nothing for it but to leave him, as we could not all risk being left among those rocks after sundown. After great struggles, the three of us finally reached the camp an hour after dark. I was completely done, and had hardly any feeling left in my feet, and being wet through and cold I was more than glad to fall into a chair. We had finished our supply of whisky and even brandy some time before, and consequently I thought no stimulants were obtainable.

One may therefore imagine my pleasant surprise when Mr. Scott brought out a small bottle with some brandy in it, and pouring out a generous portion, gave it to me and said: "Here you are, drink that and you will feel better." It appeared that he had saved some of the last bottle which we had divided some time before, and as nothing could have been more welcome to me just then I thanked Mr. Scott fervently. The poor Galla stayed among those mountains all night, and how he got in alive next morning was a marvel.

We began fording the Bir at once the next morning, and then up the mountain side, having a grand view of the Bir canon, then down the other side, where we had to ford another river or mountain stream called Tomtja, full of boulders and with a strong current. After that up and up without end for three hours, when finally a plateau was reached and camp made under Mount Wamit, which we had seen from the other side of Bir Valley the day before. One donkey died on the road. We had the same grand view

only reversed. In the evening we had a thunderstorm to the east, and a grand sunset to the west.

The next day we had the most marvellous scenery and romantic mountain roads. From the very beginning we started to go up, curving along the side of Mount Wamit until the lower plateau was reached, *i.e.*, 600 feet above the plateau we had just left. Here was a church, the first one we had been fortunate to come close to. It stood in the centre of a large clump of trees and giant cactus, which were surrounded by a stone fence. At the gate there was a kind of lodge or rest-house, where people could sit in the shade. I went in to have a look at the place, and saw wonderful things. The church was round and double, the walls being a continuation of arches, with stone steps going all round. The spaces between the arches were all adorned with paintings of angels, with red faces and hands, black hair, white or blue wings, and different coloured garments. They were all frightfully ugly, and badly painted. The inner church was the same as the outer one, only here the angels were varied in places by pictures of devils. On a wooden screen was stretched some calico, on which was a print of the Virgin and Child, some angels, and cherubs. In the centre of the inner church, the arched doorways of which were all covered with calico or carpet hangings, was a wooden imitation of the Ark; the floors were covered with straw, and littered with dirt of every description. Behind screens, priests were chanting some hymns or parts of the Bible, in a low droning voice, and now and again a small bell would be rung. Everybody seemed very devout, and the walls and steps of the church were kissed by everyone who entered it. The whole thing looked more like a barn on the verge of collapse than a church. I was told there was one of the same kind higher up on the mountain. I showed my pass to the priest, who could read, and it seemed to work wonders. The whole village was turned out at once,

Tullu Wamit Church East of Bir Valley. June 8.95

Ep. 334.

and loaves of bread, meriza, milk, etc., were brought me, but I refused it all, not having anything to put it on.

On we went again, and a couple of miles further along the path took a sudden turn south and up the side of an all but vertical mountain. I have never seen a path to equal it even in the varied experience of roads which I had been having on this trip. It zigzagged about and between enormous boulders and rocks. It was most romantic and picturesque, and the view back over the valley was grand and imposing. All the loads had to be taken off and carried to the top, but everything was done successfully. Once on the top the road was good for a number of miles. As we advanced through open forests of leaf trees and palms, and grassy plains, with tufts of ferns and flowers, the view gradually opened up on the Blue Nile valley on the other side, until finally the road went along the edge of a vertical red sandstone cliff. Here we had a fine view of the Nile valley far below, and grand mountain scenery all round. In one place the Blue Nile lay open to the view for a distance of some six to eight miles, and through the field glasses I could plainly see every detail of its surroundings. No wonder the natives said it was impossible to go along its banks, and that no man had ever done so. The river itself was a continuous cataract, crooked and full of rocks, while the banks were nothing but piles of jagged sharp boulders, beyond which the hills rose up steep and forbidding looking, with apparently no footing anywhere. This was where it had a bend towards the north-east. The river course was easily followed for many miles to the south-east, and far away faintly visible in the blue distance was an opening in the mountain range where the Guder river was supposed to be, the place where we expected to find the men building the boats.

The road now took a turn east towards another mountain plateau called Mitchik, some 500 feet above the one we were on, so we had to climb again. On the slope of this mountain

we met a family of very large dog-faced baboons. They were walking leisurely across our path, and seemed to pay no attention to us at all. On reaching the top a mountain plateau of enormous extent unfolded itself before us. Wherever one looked one saw villages and fields under cultivation, dotted with large fig-bearing rubber trees and groves of mimosa, etc. Just at the western extremity of the plateau where we came up stood the church of Mitchik, surrounded like most of the Abyssinian churches with large cedar trees, planted in two circles at regular intervals around it. Smaller trees and bushes filled up the space between the cedars, and formed an almost impenetrable fence around the place of worship. These churches with their groves of trees form conspicuous landmarks all over these highlands, as they are nearly always built on high land or on the top of a hill. It was quite evident that these highland plains had been under cultivation for hundreds of years, as not a stump of a tree of any size was left anywhere for miles at a time, where originally giant forests must have been growing. Of this we had much evidence later in spots where the forests were still standing, and by the enormous size of the rubber trees which were dotting the plain in every direction. We went on for three miles and made camp in a hollow among the hills, where there was a spring of cool clear water, and a grove of flat-topped shady mimosa.

For once we made a good march in spite of difficulties, and covered about sixteen miles. We were now supposed to be over bad roads and difficult going, and looked forward to a good long march the next day. After four days' marching we were to reach the Guder, and then off on our final tramp to Adis Abeba. Thus we calculated, and went to bed in good spirits. Man proposes and God disposes was a proverb brought home to us next day in a most unexpected and unpleasant way.

CHAPTER XV.

TAKEN PRISONER TO RAS MANGESHA.

WE were all up and doing at an early hour. The animals were being loaded up while Scott and I were taking our breakfasts, and although it was cloudy, and the ground wet and soaked from the last night's rain, the outlook was good for a fair day.

On the opposite hill a lot of Abyssinians were seen to come towards the camp in some haste, and as all had rifles, and one was mounted on a mule, I took it to be a delegation from the village to wish us good-bye. In a few minutes they were in the camp, and after going through the usual greetings, I was told they were soldiers sent by Ras Mangesha, at Buri, to bring me to him, as he wanted to see my pass, etc. I naturally objected, saying that my pass strictly stated that no man was to interfere with me. None of the men could read, however, nor did they want it read to them. They had orders, they said, to bring me back with them to Buri, and that was all they had to go by. I tried every scheme I could think of, even made believe I would go on and pay no attention to them, but they said this was Ras Mangesha's country, and a word from him would set the whole population against me. As it was, we only had a little corn for the men, enough for half rations for two days. Our donkeys were emaciated and full of sores, our calico was all but exhausted, and we only had five Abyssinian dollars left. Worst

of all, one of our two mules had a large sore on its side, and could hardly last one more day carrying a load. I knew the pass was good, and that by going to Buri I could get our English money changed, and be able to secure mules and anything else we wanted. But the rains were increasing daily, and the time for our arrival at Adis Abeba was already up, besides Buri was about sixty miles north-west of us in a straight line, and it would take four days of forced riding to go there and back. I finally accepted the inevitable, however, and made preparation at once. I was provided with two mules, one for riding and one for my outfit, and in half-an-hour we were off for Buri. I only took one of our men along, the Abyssinian Dibaba. My outfit consisted of two blankets, a clean shirt and one tin of potted meat. The caravan was unloaded and the Sheikh of the village notified to supply food during my absence. It was nine in the morning when we left the camp. The escort consisted of fourteen of Ras Mangesha's men, all mounted on mules and armed with rifles; some had revolvers and swords, but no uniforms, only the usual flowing cotton garment thrown loosely around them, and the tight pantaloons of the Abyssinian pattern. They were rather a rough looking lot of rogues from whom one could expect no consideration whatever, still I rather enjoyed the novelty and adventure of it, and made up my mind to give them a hot time of it if I could. The path was good for the first two hours so we could gallop along at a good pace, then we had to dismount to climb down a steep and frightfully rocky mountain path. At the bottom we reached the river Godieb, a good sized stream with a strong flow of water. They wanted to carry me across but I refused and waded over alone. On again as fast as possible for an hour or so, then we forded the river Tomtja and up a steep hill on the other side. At the top was a village where the men wanted to stop to

get something to eat, but I refused and said we could eat where we stopped for the night. This seemed to put them out greatly as they evidently expected to have a picnic of it, eating and drinking the whole way. It did me good to see their disappointment. It was hard work to get them to go along at all, but finally I threatened to report them to Mangesha if they did not hurry, and that had the desired effect. We went on until four in the afternoon before we stopped for the day to give the animals a chance to feed. We must have gone about thirty-five miles, and I was stiff and sore from riding and was glad to take a rest. At our stopping-place was a small village and a church, where we obtained some food and milk, the men, of course, helping themselves to everything without any questions. The priest called on me, and appeared rather an intelligent man. He wore a small silver cross, suspended from a chain round his neck, and a long black garment resembling those worn by Catholic priests. I was shown the church, which was in the same tumble-down and filthy state as the one I had seen at Tullu Wamit and Mitchik, having the regulation two rows of giant cyprus trees around it.

At night I was given a corner in a hut to sleep in, and I doubt if I ever slept in a worse place in all my life. Everything seemed covered with fleas of a most peculiar lively kind. They seemed to attack you in all places at once, and if you tried to catch one there would be a dozen getting at you somewhere else, and consequently you would forget about the one you were going for and tackle the new contingent. The place was full of chickens and two cats, which were the friendliest pussies I have ever seen. One took charge of my feet, and no amount of gentle kicking seemed to disturb its peaceful slumbers. When I finally succeeded in snatching a few moments' sleep I was awakened again by the other cat

purring contentedly into my ear. To crown it all, there was a fire in the middle of the hut, and as there was no outlet for the smoke you could cry quite easily, you did not have to think about your clean nice bed far away to do it.

One of my escort, the headman I think he was, must have been a lover of animals, because he had quietly got his mule into the place, being afraid it might catch cold outside, I suppose. That mule did not purify the air exactly, as I heard things during the night which simply made me bolt outside for my life. I had some sleep after that in spite of the rain. This hut was by no means an exception, as I found out later on. According to what the men said, it was the best and cleanest one in the village, belonging to the priest's father.

I was not sorry when we got off at five a.m. the next morning, crossing the Bir Valley and the Bir, then up a rocky hill, and across a plain strewn with broken blocks of lava, and overgrown with prickly mimosa and waitabit thorns. Then across the River Lak and a small swampy stream, in which there was a lot of tarro growing, the only tarro grown in this part of Abyssinia, I was told. We finally came to flat country, and good going for some miles.

The spot where Buri was located had been pointed out to me in the early morning, but it seemed a long way off yet, behind some low mountains. We passed some villages, and here I found it impossible to keep the men from raiding. A few huts were surrounded, and the inhabitants caught and made to produce milk, eggs, oats for the mules, kissera, honey, and mariza. This was either consumed at once, or put on the saddles, and then off again. It seemed a wonderful country, and all kinds of cereals were raised: wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, corn, durra, onions, cucumber, melons, dates, lemons, honey, and milk everywhere. Thousands of cattle, sheep,

goats, etc., and still countless acres lay unused, as their antiquated implements and ignorance of the great markets of the world, or laziness, made them cultivate only a little more than they required for their own use. Oxen were used for ploughing. Their ploughs were of wood and very simple, but, the soil being soft and loose, they served the purpose very well. These plateaus must be a grand sight when the crops are ripe, the heavy rain and excellent soil forcing the growth to an unusual size.

On we went across fields and through villages, taking the straight road for Buri without consideration for crops or anything else, and finally after a few hours' ride Buri was sighted on the northern slope of a plain some six miles ahead of us. To me it was a disappointing sight, as I had expected to see a good sized town, and there was only a lot of mud huts in a jumbled up mass instead. It put new life into the men, however, and we all galloped ahead as fast as our mules would go, until we reached the outskirts of the capital of the mighty Ras Mangesha. Here I was told to stop and wait in a calico tent until the Ras was notified of my arrival. To my pleasant surprise coffee was served me in a small cup by a pretty Galla woman, the wife of one of the soldiers who had been with me. As I had tasted no coffee for over a month I enjoyed it very much, indeed, and astonished my attendant by drinking five cups. While drinking coffee and waiting my tent was visited not only by numerous natives, but by chickens, cats, sheep, goats, and donkeys, which seemed to have the run of any place they chose, and went in and out of the huts at will. Dirt, bad odours, and disease everywhere, and not the slighest attempt at sanitary arrangements or cleanliness. After waiting an hour His Majesty's representative arrived at last in the person of the Negad Ras Zeror, a fat, portly, and vivacious young Abyssinian, of great power and importance. Hé came into the tent and squatted down like an Arab, and began

to talk to me in his own language through an interpreter, who spoke about as much Arabic as myself. However, we got along all right. He seemed nervous and anxious to keep me in the tent, and served me with the Abyssinian drink "arragy" as fast as he could. At last I stood up and demanded to be taken to Ras Mangesha himself. He bowed, kissed my hand and knee, and mumbled a lot of stuff which I could not understand. Once outside the tent he presented me with a fine riding mule, saddled and bridled, and wearing a neck band of leather, embossed with silver work. I did not know what to think. The man had not seen my pass yet, nor did he know anything about me, then why all this generosity and profuse humility. It made me rather suspicious, but I accepted the gift, mounted the mule and rode up to the gate of the enclosure around the Ras's grounds. Here I had to pass through four gates and three yards, all dirty, surrounded by large stone or mud huts full of men and boys in dirty rags. Finally the palace was reached. It consisted of a large round towerlike structure, built of mud and stones, with a verandah running all round it. Wooden steps made of solid logs went up to it. The roof was of straw. There was one door and two small windows, without any glass. Dirt and dust everywhere, both on verandah and steps. At the door squatted four boys, in dirty cotton rags, busy burning some wood in an iron tray. I went up and was led into the house, which consisted of one large room only. The floor was covered with bamboo mats and Turkish rugs. Just inside the door stood a high screen. Wooden columns painted blue formed a sort of open hall between the centre of the room and the wall. I was led around the outside of these columns towards the other side of the room, where I could see a chair and some rugs, behind which stood a table full of all kinds of rubbish. The room was half dark, and it took me some time before I could see anything clearly. The noble Nagud Ras was on his knees kissing the floor. From

Ras Mangesha's Compound "in Buri"

him I looked in front of me, and there at the other side of the room was the great Ras Mangesha himself, reclining on a mattress spread on the floor. I must confess I was surprised when I finally made out the Ras's features. Had he been white I should have taken him to be some wealthy banker or high official. He had a fine head and face, a straight cut strong mouth, a rather broad nose—but his eyes were his strong point. They were large, deep set, under heavy eyebrows, and of grey colour. His expression was stern and commanding, and one could see at a glance that he was used to having his orders obeyed. Still, when he smiled, he looked like a kind old gentleman who had seen his best days and subdued all strong passions. His hair was iron grey, as were his whiskers, which were square cut, neatly trimmed and parted in the middle. He must have been of medium height and weight. I was called to his side to shake hands as I thought—at least, that is all I did,—then the Nagud Ras came on, knelt down, kissed the outstretched hand and put it to his forehead. One of the soldiers who came with me was to act as interpreter, as he could speak Arabic. I soon found, however, that something was wrong, and that the man was lying, so I asked if there was no one in Buri who could speak English as I could only speak a very little Arabic. I was told there was a Greek by the name of Demetre, who had come there to buy mules for the Sudan Government. He was sent for, and I insisted on going over the whole conversation again. The first question and answer was all right, and the same as the Abyssinian interpreter had given me, but the second question simply staggered me. It was: "*Why had I come to Buri, and what did I want of the Ras?*" When told that I had been sent for by the noble Ras himself, and not only sent for, but ordered to come, the Ras fairly jumped up from his mattress, and a heated conversation took place between him and the Nagud Ras, which ended in the soldier interpreter being

hustled off to prison. Then came profuse apologies and explanations, and I was made to understand that the soldiers had been over-stepping their authority and had told a lot of lies. I had formed my own conclusions, however, and knew very well the real culprit was Nagud Ras Zeror, who was now standing trembling by one of the columns awaiting further developments. I now showed my pass, which was in order. The Ras then asked me what I wanted and said he was sorry I had been detained, etc., etc. I said I wanted to change £20 into Abyssinian money, and wanted four mules to go with me to Adis Abeba, from whence they would be returned. I was told that there were no mules on hand just then, which I knew was a lie, but that I was to get 200 dollars for my £20. As I had no mule with me I could not very well be expected to walk back sixty-two miles, so I changed my behaviour. I demanded four mules as a gift for having been forced to come to Buri against my will, 200 dollars, ten pounds of coffee, and four men to go with me to the Guder river. If my demands were not acceded to before eight o'clock the next morning I would stay in Buri until sent for by the Negus. That helped. Anything I asked for was granted, but here again the wily Nagud Ras played his tricks, as will be seen later. The Ras was a bit sick and asked me for medicines. I had only quinine and calomel, but gave him some of each, and a woollen shirt, as he only had cotton. The interview was then over. Out in the yard I had a look round. In a corner I found an old brass cannon, which had a laurel wreath with an N in the centre engraved on it, besides two names which I was careless enough not to note down, and consequently have forgotten. It was evidently one of Napoleon's cannons, that must be worth a good deal to some people. In a round mud-house I was told there was a maxim gun, but that they only had 150 rounds of ammunition for it. I was not allowed to see

it, however. This was all there was to see. Buri itself is only a collection of mud huts, and very dirty. The only remarkable thing is a mineral spring, tasting like soda water with iron in it. I was taken to Nagud Ras's house, which was built of stone, mud and straw. I was astonished to find that even here cattle were housed in the same building, and in the same manner as the common huts, in the hall running round the one living room. The air inside was, of course, that of a stable, and as the wall was very thin one could hear things which grated somewhat on an European ear. On one side of the living room was a space about ten feet by four, screened in by calico. Here I was told the Nagud Ras kept one of his wives; in fact, she was there then, but not the slightest attention was paid to her. We sat or lay down on a slightly raised clay platform, at one side of which was a small hollow circle, in which burned a wood fire. The smoke filled the whole house, and as it had to leak out the best way it could, there being no chimney or opening excepting the door, the air became all smoke. After a while I was served with some native pancake bread, some boiled eggs, a little fearfully tough mutton, and milk. The Nagud Ras and the Greek, Demetre, however, squatted down on the floor along with the servants and so-called soldiers around a common dish full of kissera, on which was poured some boiled and hashed-up mutton, grease, bones and goodness knows what. They all dipped in with their fingers, and to judge by the smacking of lips and ejaculations of delight, it must have been something extra good. After that drinking began; large jars of meriza were brought, and cups made of horn frightfully dirty. I was given some arragy, the Abyssinian whisky, which, if clean, is rather good. Every one of them became more or less jolly, mostly more, and somewhere near ten o'clock the Nagud Ras announced bed time by a few snores. He was lying on a mat on the floor. Thus ended that eventful day.

As the four mules had arrived the next morning and I had got £20 changed into Abyssinian dollars, I made ready to start. First I went to see and say good-bye to the Ras. He was feeling a little better, but I told him to stay in bed as it was raining and damp outside. We shook hands and then off.

Besides the four mules, two of which were good, and the one I had had given to me, I bought one more for riding for 75 dollars. The four men were there but looking anything but soldiers. However I was glad to get away. On the road I was asked if I had receivd the hundred dollars which the Ras had ordered to be given me. I was also told that two out of the four mules had sore hoofs and that the men were not soldiers. The Nagud Ras had played tricks, evidently, but I could do nothing but make a note of it at the time. We made a long march from eight a.m. until six-thirty p.m., when we stopped in a small village. I gave a woman a dollar to get us something to eat. This sudden prosperity seemed to upset the whole village. Everything they had was brought out, so the men simply gorged themselves. The village people had evidently expected a raid instead of money.

After another long march we reached the camp in the afternoon of June 12th. The men all fired off their guns when they saw me, as they had not expected me for a couple of days yet. I found that the village Sheikh had refused to give anything to eat after the first day. Mr. Scott, however, managed to get even, and had collected quite a lot of digig, &c., by giving saccharine as medicine to those of the sheikh's men who were sick. This medicine was accepted and used for all kinds of diseases, even cancer. It is to be hoped that their faith would help them. However, it was a little too much to put up with to be ordered to Buri when our rations were all but exhausted, and then to be given nothing to eat while waiting; so

I ordered ten men to go and fetch the Sheikh. When he arrived I demanded six sheep, two dozen eggs, some butter and milk and kissera for the men, and if not given at once we would go and help ourselves. That changed the aspect of things, and at sunset all the requirements were brought. I gave the Sheikh one dollar as bakshees; and then, as we had six water tins which had been hampering us a good deal, I told him to send them to Ras Mangesha, to be kept until sent for. He acceded very humbly, and I think was very glad that I did not want an ox or two.

A year after the above occurrence, while in London, I received a copy of a letter written to Lord Cromer in Cairo in which the Nagud Ras Zeror claimed 160 dollars for the four mules given me, and 20 dollars, which he said had been lent to some of my men. In view of the actual facts of the case, I think one must admit that the methods of the Nagud Ras were anything but honest. The Legation at Adis Abeba was put in possession of the facts of the transaction, and it is to be hoped that the wily Nagud Ras will now receive the just punishment due to him.

CHAPTER XVI.

BACK TO THE BLUE NILE.

ON June 13th we were off again, and it was a delight to be able to head the caravan, well mounted instead of walking on the sticky soil. The country was now rolling and grass-covered, no stones or steep hills, so we could make good headway. We had the most magnificent views of mountain scenery on the road. In one place, where we came near to the edge of the plateau and could look down some 4,000 feet into the Blue Nile valley, the scenery was grand in the extreme. It was the Grand Canon of the Blue Nile.

We camped near a small stream and sent men to the village in quest of food. Again we had to make a show of force before anything could be got. The people seemed to know little or nothing about Menelik, and cared less. We got what we wanted, however, for which I again paid one dollar. I was determined to get all I could from Mangesha's country. During the evening I arranged for Mr. Scott to go along with the caravan the next day, while I was to take six men and three mules and make a rush for the Blue Nile at Gudero, in order to find out something if possible about the two boat builders. The Nile was two days' march by caravan, but I could make it in one. Consequently on June 14th I went away with my small caravan, having secured a guide for Mr. Scott meanwhile to go to Gudero. We had good going for an hour, but when the edge of the plateau was reached

RAS MANCESHAS STRONGHOLD

Tullu Motara & Gudero Gap-Blue Nile - June 14-05

(Looking South)

a descent began which I shall never forget. Steep, crooked and full of boulders, down it went until it terminated at the foot of an immense rock, something like Gibraltar, only far more imposing and grand. This was Tullu Motara, Ras Mangesha's stronghold. It consisted of a peak and two plateaus, with almost vertical sides. The lower plateau was about 2,000 feet above the hills below, and only in two places could anyone see any possibility of access. One was a steep and cone-shaped slope, the other a rocky spur, descending steplike into the valley towards the east, and was only accessible to mountaineers. Up the cone-shaped slope a zigzag path wound its way to the edge of the first plateau, which at this place only consisted of a broad sloping ledge, widening out into a roomy plain to the east. At the top of the path, a cross wall was built, one running horizontally and one going down the cone to a place where it had a vertical drop, thus cutting off any access but by the track. There were two gates and a guard-house at the top of the cone. On the plain to the east there was a village, and as water, grass, and even trees were plentiful, and the soil excellent for cultivation, no wonder the inhabitants thought the place impregnable. It was at least impregnable to the Abyssinians.

To the west another sharp rocky spur ran out, terminating in a tower-like rock, on the top of which was built another guard-house, overlooking the valley for many miles and also the road by which we were going, the only one possible for animals, by the way. As we came under this guard-house a man up there shouted something in Abyssinian down the valley. Every word could be heard distinctly, although the man shouting looked smaller than a fly. We went on paying no attention until a turn in the road brought us to a peculiar guard-house built in the top of a tree. Here some men with rifles stopped us and said

we could not go on. I showed my pass, but no one could read. Then a lot of shouting went on back and forth between the guard in the tree and the one on the mountain, but we were told to stop after all. We explained that we came from Mangesha at Buri, and that I had his permission to go on, and besides, what did they want to stop me for? Was I to go back, or what? The man did not know. He wanted me to produce one of Mangesha's soldiers, who would have to go up the mountain, a climb of half-a-day I should say, in order to be identified. The officer of the mountain had gone away to Buri, and now there was no one there who could read. All that he and his fool assistants knew was that I had to stop. I had none of Mangesha's soldiers along, the smart Nagud Ras had managed that for me, for what reason I do not know, except that the man had shown strong leanings towards everything German. He had shown me a very fine revolver which he boastingly said was German, no such revolver could be made in England. I examined it and found it was made by an English firm, however. I lost all patience and said I would go on in spite of them. They simply told me I could go but they would stop the caravan. That made me lose my temper completely. I jumped off the mule, took hold of a rifle and told the three of my men who had rifles to load up. I went for a fellow standing on a boulder in the road holding a rifle in one hand and a stick in the other. He disappeared like smoke before the wind, and when I turned round I found the whole troop on the run. The people on top must have noticed what was going on because more shouting commenced, and some men came climbing down. The guard was called back and told that I would wait for the caravan, but that when it came, if they stopped us we would fight them. This was shouted up the mountain, whereupon we were told to go.

Before leaving, however, they were told that if the caravan was interfered with I would go to Gudero and bring an army of Menelik's men back with me. That seemed to impress the fools.

Off we went again, a little up and a good deal down, until the Blue Nile was reached at 4.30. The water in it was chocolate brown, the banks were vertical, cut into the solid rock for some distance. Up and down stream, high rocky hills descended directly into the river, leaving no banks. A little below where we reached it there was a ford just above a cataract full of boulders, so we commenced fording at once, the water being very shallow, and camped at a kor having clear water. That night we had no rain for a change.

I found it impossible to go along the river, so took the path inland and up. It seemed to go up without end. On the road we met some Gallas, who said they had heard there were some white men at the river higher up working at something as the Gallas had heard hammering from the top of the mountains. I at once concluded it was the two boat-builders. The hammering was supposed to have been heard near the Guder river, a day's march away. This looked promising, so away we went again. A little further along we met a Frenchman and a lot of Abyssinians, who were nearly all carrying hammers. We had a talk, and I found they came from the Guder. They were prospecting for gold, and had been breaking the rocks along the river further up. So they were the men the Gallas had heard. It was a disappointment, but I was becoming immune to almost every feeling now. On it went again up and up. At two p.m. we had reached a small plateau on top of Tulli Rodgi, in front of the high vertical looking tablelands of Gudero. There was a village called Rodgi, where we forced something to eat from the ever-

lying, surly Gallas, and then off again. The climb was simply awful, and how the loaded mules got up was a wonder. We passed a lot of Gallas with cattle on the road. Half-way up one of our mules fell down, and came near being lost with load and all over a precipice, but was just saved in time by one of the men.

It was six p.m. when we finally got up, dead tired, hungry, and thirsty, having marched twelve hours. There was a village near the edge called Hamilley, where we made camp in a depression among the grass fields, where there was some water. It was damp and cold, lying about 9,000 feet above the sea, and as no wood could be found we had to go to the village for it, where we again were met with surliness and lies. At village Rodgi I had sent a messenger to Scott telling him to let the guide take him by another road than the one we had come by to Gudero or the whole caravan would come to grief.

I made enquiries at the village, but could get no news of the boatmen.

The next day we made a short march to Village Gow, where there was a market twice a week. We camped there in order to make enquiries about river and road, etc., and were received with some courtesy by the Abyssinian officer, Alleka Tedla, in charge of the market. He knew of Mr. McMillan's last venture and failure to navigate the Nile, and gave me a lot of information about the river and road as far up as the river Muger. I secured a messenger who, for the sum of fifteen dollars (Abyssinian), was sent to Adis Abeba with a letter either to Sir John Harrington or Mr. McMillan, telling them of my whereabouts. I also sent another man up the river to look for the boat-builders.

The remainder of the day was used for much-needed rest. I was at least a bit tired of this daily climbing, although one

Blue Nile from Guder Mountain - Kor Goa-Junction, Gow - June 17-05

could fill one's soul with magnificent and grand scenery. If one could only get a proper meal it would not be so bad, but as it was I had no cook with me, and was living on native kissera. Fortunately I shot a duck and a goose that morning, so I had a grand meal that night, only vegetables of any kind were lacking.

We stayed at Gow waiting for the caravan, and I made a trip to the Guder river, and saw the Blue Nile for many miles east of the river Muger. I made some sketches of the place, and on returning found a note from Scott, saying that the caravan had arrived safely at Hamilly Gudero. The caravan arrived the next day. Two donkeys had died, five men were sick, but not bad, and Scott again suffered from fever. Camp was made at Gow, and we arranged for a start to Adis Abeba the next day. Two men were engaged to go along the Blue Nile as far as the river Muger to look for the boat-builders, and then to catch up the caravan and report. Sheikh Gabriel Marian kindly supplied them, and behaved very nicely to us. He was a young and exceptionally handsome man, though dark, fine features, thin lips, and lively black eyes, a perfect Othello.

During the evening we got heavy rain and thunderstorm, and it became very cold. The rains were daily increasing in strength and duration, and it was good time we were getting out of the country.

Everything was loaded up in the morning ready for a start when Mr. Scott was suddenly taken ill. He had mounted his mule all right, although weak with fever, dysentry, &c., but all of a sudden he fell off fainting. His constitution was considerably run down, having been sick on and off now for over a month, and besides which the weather was such that it took a strong constitution to stand it at the best. Hot days, rain in the evening and cold nights, with damp misty

mornings, and then, while on the road, we had many times to ford streams, thus getting wet to the waist, and of course there was no changing until camp was made, so the clothes had to dry on one. Down in the valleys it was generally hot and close. One night we made camp in the valley, the next on top of a mountain, and no two days did we have the same climate, so it was no wonder that a young man like Mr. Scott, unaccustomed to any hardships, should become sick, although he was of a robust constitution and strong physically. Consequently we had to unload and stop, there being nothing else for it that day, but I determined to make up a small flying caravan and rush through to Adis Abeba as fast as possible the next day, in order to send back mules, edibles, &c., to the caravan. We had now nothing left of our stores, even the candles were all gone, fruit of any kind could not be had, nor could we get any vegetables, only durra and corn. There were lots of vegetables growing, but none fit for food as yet. I existed mostly on milk and eggs, which we could get at times. I would have given almost anything for a potato just then. On this day there was a market at Gow, and the Gallas came in with their wares from the early morning, and before noon there were several hundreds of them. Some had come quite a distance from Kutai at the Muger river and Gojam on the north bank of the Blue Nile, or Abai as it was called here. They were all Gallas who seemed to make up the industrious part of the Abyssinian population. They had for sale coarse cotton cloth, made by themselves, tanned hides, basket work of pretty design, some made into parasols, of which every woman carried one. Then there were earthenware jars, pots, etc. The principal articles of barter, however, consisted of cereals, cattle, sheep, goats, donkeys and mules, butter, fat and grease, some wheat, a litte durra and even coffee, sem sem, beans, peas and teff, honey etc., but

View East of Blue Nile as seen from Gudero Mountain at River Guder-June 17-05
Place where Mr Mc Millan was wrecked June 1903

Ep. 386

no corn, or digig. I bought some beans, peas, coffee, butter, etc. for which I paid with Abyssinian dollars, but if a man wanted one-and-a-half dollars for anything one had to buy square sticks of salt first, five sticks for a dollar, this being the small change of the country, at least here among the Gallas at the Blue Nile. It was quite an interesting sight, this market, and I spent several hours in it. The bargaining was very amusing. I seemed to attract great attention, as many of the people had never seen a white man before. My clothes, I think, attracted the most attention, such a rigging they had never even dreamt of, and some of them had to feel my shoes and leggings. As for themselves, they wore nothing but cotton clothes in the usual artistic and picturesque way. The women wore skirts and blouses without sleeves. They had the most peculiar coiffeur, their hair being plaited in fine plaits on the top of the head, finishing up in a kind of pompadour in front, and a big roll from the ears back. They were good looking but of a peculiar kind of feature, which I cannot quite describe. In most cases their noses were too prominent, but their eyes were fine, and judging by their figures they must have been strong. They were all unclean in the extreme, and smelt of grease and fat which they seemed to smear themselves with. But little buying seemed to be done, and I believe I was the heaviest purchaser, having spent fifteen dollars.

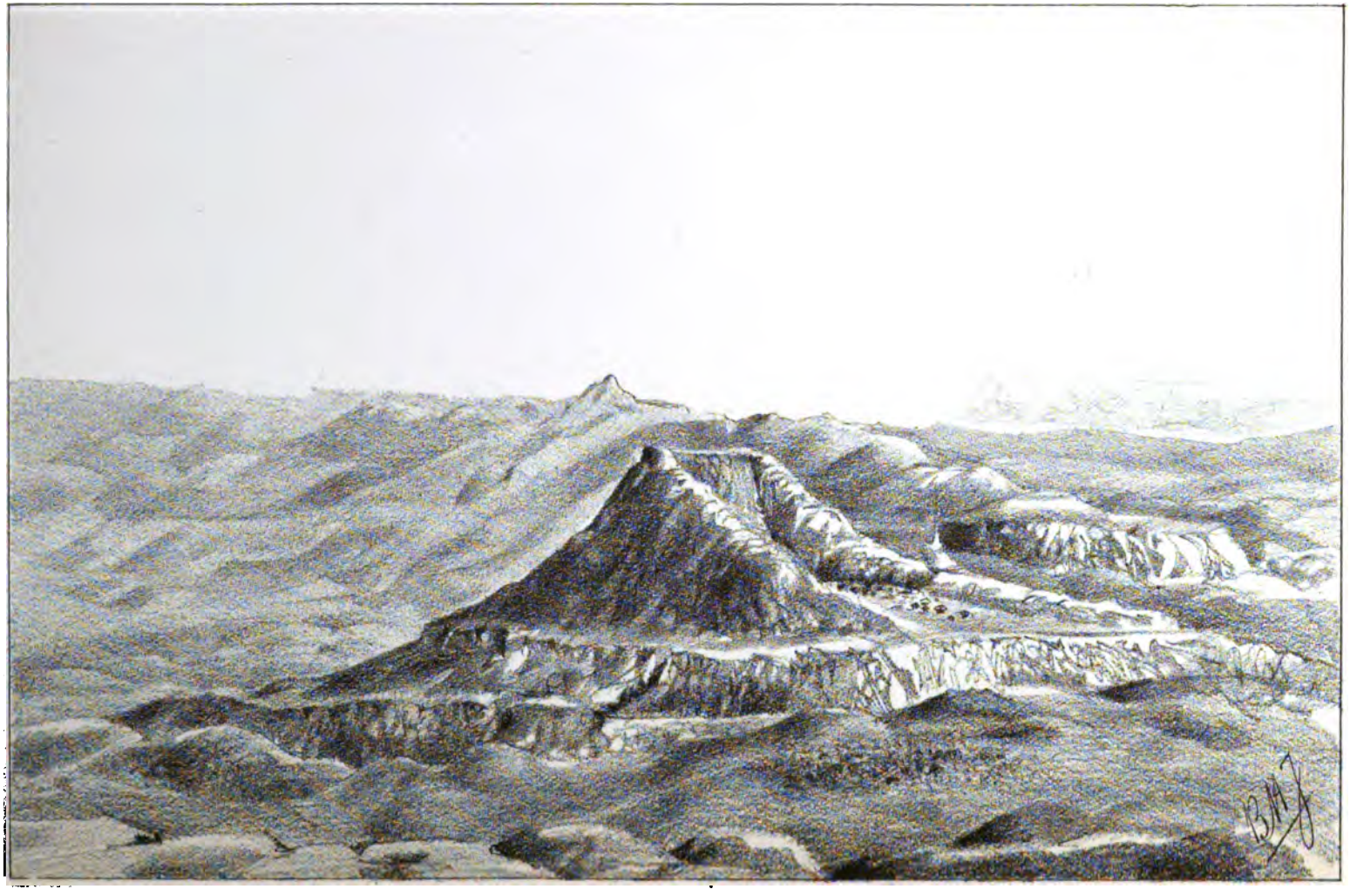
In the evening we had the usual thunderstorm with heavy rain, making everything wet and miserable.

CHAPTER XVII.

OFF TO ADIS ABEBA AND THE COAST.

HAVING made all arrangements the previous evening for a quick march with a small caravan, consisting of six men, three mules, and two small tents, I got off early in the morning of June 20th, saying good-bye to Mr. Scott meanwhile. He was all but himself again, but I advised him to stay in camp that day to regain some strength. We went along at a lively pace, and having a flat road for once we reached the villages of Kumbultia and Kalamma by noon, a distance of eighteen miles. Here we stopped for lunch, and found real hospitality from some Gallas. We were given meriza, two kinds, some kissera, milk and water, and at last a woman brought me some very good coffee in a small porcelain cup. We were asked to stay over night, but I refused, being anxious to get on. We went until 3.30 p.m. before camp was made.

I shot a reedbuck on the road, and nearly took the breath away from the two Abyssinians I had along with me. It was a very lucky shot for me, as the animal was about two hundred yards away, and I really never expected to get it, but it so happened that I hit it in the head as it was turning round towards me, and it dropped dead on the spot. The Abyssinians would hardly believe their own eyes. One of them clasped his head in



Negus Throne Mountain - Tullu Zemo Gudiro June 17-05

Ep. 87.

both hands, and said, " Oh my! those English, the Habashees are nowhere." We camped in a little village called Sadeni. Sheikh Gullu Gultan. The big Sheikh of the district was Grasmatch Attemaji. We had gone about twenty-five miles. Hardly were the tents up before we got a most fierce rain and thunderstorm. The rain drops seemed to be as big as pebbles, and made a noise among the trees like a waterfall. On the road we had passed numerous villages, large cultivated fields, and magnificent grass land. For the first time in Abyssinia I saw the wild rose or briar. It had white flowers, and reminded me so much of home that it made me nearly homesick. Maidenhair ferns of unusual size, and a couple of varieties of other ferns, were also in evidence, while flowers of many kinds—some very beautiful—grew in great profusion. It was a lovely ride but I had no time to enjoy it, having to drive the men and animals as hard as possible. At night I discovered that I had forgotten to take any medicine along.

We had a fine ride the next day, and, like the day before, we passed a lot of villages. There seemed to be no end to them, and they could be seen in any direction. Just after starting we crossed a small stream, then uphill on to a large plateau, which terminated abruptly some miles further on, at a magnificent canon a thousand feet or more in depth. It was pocket-shaped, with vertical, cracked and torn sides, the opposite wall to us being formed by a narrow, sharp and broken ridge, a couple of miles in length. At one end of the canon a small stream came bounding over the precipice and descended in a streak of snow-white foam into a crevice hundreds of feet below. It appeared again a little lower down, and fell like a lovely silvery veil over a broad ledge of rock into the valley below, where it disappeared in the forest.

The valley itself was a lovely sight — forests and grass-clad hills, dotted with huts, and here and there a

village with cultivated fields, and cattle grazing peacefully around. It made a grand picture, and was one of the most romantic places I have seen in Abyssinia. We skirted around the edge of the precipice until we came to the little river, which we crossed, and some distance beyond we stopped and had lunch. At one p.m. we were off again and commenced descending into a valley formed by one of the arms of the Guder river. The descent was steep, but the road was fairly good, and the surroundings so beautiful that one forgot about fatigue. At the bottom was another canon, smaller than the previous one. Here was another waterfall which could be followed for a short distance only, as it fell into a gorge piled up with boulders and torn rocks, between which large trees were growing, interrupting the view. After crossing this stream we began to ascend, and kept on for two hours. The road was very difficult and fatiguing, and I was glad when the top was reached. The height of this plateau was about nine thousand feet above the sea level. We made camp near the village of Ababo, the whole province was called Jellea. It was very cold up there, and, of course, the usual nightly rains paid us a visit and soaked everything through. I was getting tired of these storms, the infernal racket they made was simply awful, especially among the mountains, and then there was never a chance to get anything properly dry. It was quite marvellous the way they sprang up. The sky would be perfectly clear as long as the sun was well up in the heavens, but no sooner did it get a bit low before clouds seemed to appear everywhere, and before long there was not a bit of blue sky in sight. After that the fireworks and cannonading commenced, followed by a perfect deluge, making rivers and torrents of the roads, as if they were not bad enough before. As a matter of fact they were nothing but ditches in places, very narrow and with steep sides, so that a man had to lift his

legs well up when riding, if he did not wish to get them pinched.

The road now went south, up and down in a most exasperating manner, although from a distance everything looked flat and nice; the hills were all round and seemed to melt into each other, but deep ravines and gulleys were so plentiful that I was kept busy jumping on and off the mule all the time. It was very tiring for both animals and men, and as we had made two long marches the previous days I made camp at eleven a.m., having gone about fifteen miles. It was just as well we made camp as we got a heavy thunderstorm with rain at two p.m. that day. We passed villages all along the road again, some rather large, and the country round seemed well populated and cultivated. Wheat seemed to be the staple crop up there. The ground was simply scratched up a bit, the wheat sown, and then it was scratched again. When harvested the crop was cut off about eighteen inches from the ground, as evidenced by the long stalks everywhere. Any place was good enough for a crop. Sometimes the road was ploughed up for a mile or so, and one had to make a detour around the field and search for the road again on the other side. Rats seemed to be thriving among these fields, and had proper roads from hole to hole much better than those we had to struggle with. In places the whole field looked like a network with rat roads. They were small of size, dirty brown of colour, and very fat, and simply seemed to roll along the ground until they struck some hole where they disappeared. Birds and flowers were plentiful, but nearly all of a kind I have never seen before. One flower was most peculiar, and seen from a distance it looked exactly like a white crane. It was pearl-white, and shaped like a bird's head, with a long beak. It grew on a long stalk, having a fringe of green leaves, half-way down.

On June 23rd we had fine weather, and as we got away at

4.30 before daylight, the sun had no time to dry up the so-called roads. In all my life I have never seen such awful roads, they were in a state which reminded one of a badly kept pig-pen. The soil was of a gluey consistency, and made a most unpleasant noise when we walked along it. It was hard work to keep one's boots on, and what with slipping, sliding, and sticking fast, etc., one's patience was put to a very severe trial indeed. In the Dinka country over the cotton soil I thought nothing worse could exist. Then came the banks of the Blue Nile with deep sand, piles of rock or thick bush, or ledges along the hills, etc., over which I read many a blessing. I was always told, "Go inland where the big Abyssinian roads are, nice and clean, and you will be able to go twenty miles a day with the caravan." It sounded too nice for words to a man whose boots consisted of uppers only, but at that time I thought I could not make use of those roads conscientiously, it would be too much like shirking duty in order to gain some comfort. I finally *had* to go inland, however, but in spite of many an earnest effort at trying to convince myself that perhaps my eyes were out of order or some other thing, I never could find those excellent Abyssinian roads. I was told time and time again that I was walking on one of them then, and thinking perhaps it was a particularly bad spot we had struck, I looked forward hopefully to some improvement or semblance of a road. I had now gone from Buri, Ras Mangesha's capital, to this place over one hundred miles, only sixty miles from Adis Abeba however, and still that excellent road was not only out of sight, under the mud, but it became broader and worse as we advanced. We could no longer avoid it in places, we had to walk into it. As long as we could walk alongside of it on the grass it was rather a source of amusement when a donkey caravan came sliding and slipping through it, reminding one of a lot of people learning to skate, but when we had to wade in ourselves I began

to look for the man who told me that awful lie. Every half-mile or so there would be a valley with a mud stream in it which had to be forded, upon which we had to sidle up a greasy mud bank on the other side. No, I was in favour of the banks of the Blue Nile or cotton soil any day.

At Tullu Dimtu ("Mount Dimtu"), we reached the end of the upper plateau, and began to go down to the plateau on which Adis Abeba lies. At the top I was told to get off my mule. I had been riding the last half-hour and jumped off with a heavy heart, thinking that now we must have reached the descent to Hades, as the guide had never told me to get off the mule before, although, had I stuck on at times, both it and I would have gone to glory long ago. We began to go along a broad ledge sloping gently downwards along the side of the plateau. To my astonishment I found it to be an excellent road at last, one could not wish for a better or prettier road anywhere, but here I had been told to get off the mule.

At the bottom ran the Guder river, which we crossed at a place where there was a waterfall and a real bridge, the only one I had seen in Abyssinia so far. On the other side the same pig-pen roads commenced again, and kept on until we stopped and camped at one p.m. We had gone about twenty-two miles.

Adis Abeba was supposed to be within two days' march, according to the men, but I had been fooled so often on distances lately that I paid attention no longer.

My tobacco was just now finished—in fact I smoked the last pipe in that camp. The consequence was no sleep the whole night.

It occurred to me during the night that Mrs. McMillan must have gone through the same mess at this place about a year before, and how she and her maid had survived it is more than I can understand. I consoled myself with the

idea that none of them would ever attempt it again. They *had* come through it, and I should think that enough to satisfy the most arduous seeker after excitement for life.

We actually got away at four a.m. the next day, marching over a rolling plain, extending eastwards as far as we could

GALLA GIRL AT TULLU DIMTU.

see, and for some twenty miles north and south. High dark mountains rose up on three sides, while the third was open to the morning sun. A faint streak of light announced the awakening day, while two planets were shining with a magnificence and power I have never seen before. Mars especially was very brilliant and large. As the sun rose they seemed to

recede and gradually disappear. We were here 8,400 feet above the sea. The sun was now fast rising over the horizon line, its rays silently sweeping the shadows away from plain to mountain. Thin mist was hanging over the valleys, but as soon as the golden sun rays touched them they began to rise, slowly and sedately until they reached the brow of the mountain. There they stopped and seemed to dream themselves away into the lovely mountain forests and fields. The day had now begun and life was stirring everywhere. Herds of cattle were grazing lazily along down towards their accustomed watering places, lowing sleepily. Droves of horses were galloping out of their enclosures, glad to be free once more.

The Gallas with their mule or donkey caravans going to or from Adis Abeba were preparing their morning meal, and columns of light blue smoke curled silently upwards, all over the plain. The earliest risers were already on the road, and dark strings or single dots were seen to be on the move all converging towards the main road, but the whole plain was the high road towards the capital. We passed caravans loaded up with skins full of honey or strong leather bags filled with coffee, wheat, barley, peas, beans, etc. Some had come from distances one hundred miles away, and their tired and sore animals were a sorry sight to see. If the poor animals could only have been made to understand that one more day of toil would give them a long rest, a good many of the numerous skeletons along the road would still have been up and doing. As it was they were driven along in a most cruel and regardless manner. Other caravans there were coming towards us. Here were loads of salt, calico, and various cotton goods, and all kinds of articles for wear and use. All were in good spirits, and songs were vibrating through the air joyously and mingled with the sweet notes of birds. It was a fine day and Adis Abeba was near, that was

all that was required just then. At noon we stopped at the upper reaches of the Hawash river for lunch. The Hawash was only a brook at this place, while further east it is a good sized stream.

After an hour's rest we were off again, but only for two

GALLA GIRL CARRYING GRAIN.

hours, both men and animals were very tired, as we had gone about twenty-eight miles. We camped on the east bank of the river Jamjam, a tributary of the Hawash. We were now, according to my calculation, only about thirty miles from Adis Abeba. To describe my feelings at such a close proximity to civilization, news from home, news of the

doings of the world, food, tobacco, clean things, rest, etc., would be impossible. Since the 18th of April we had been cut off from all communication with the outside world, as we had had no news from home since the 27th February, just four months ago. I was naturally anxious to get news of Mr. McMillan, the boat-builders, and various things, so my brain was in a perfect whirl that night. Our candles were finished, so we had to use calico dipped in wax.

ABYSSINIAN AND GALLA GIRLS.

In the morning of June 25th I started off with one mule and two men, expecting to reach Adis Abeba by noon. The rest were to follow, taking it easy. I rode until noon and only reached King Menelik's summer Palace, some miles west of a village called Volletta. After that we kept on riding until four p.m., before Adis Abeba was finally reached in a pouring rain and thunderstorm, which at once transformed all roads into torrents. I asked for the British Legation and was told it was at the other end of the town. The rain had now

finished, but instead we encountered swarms of locusts; it was actually snowing with them. I reached the Legation at last, where I was received by Mr. Heard, the British Vice-Consul, who told me Sir John was sick in bed. I was also told that Mr. McMillan had been taken seriously ill two months before, and that the Expedition was off for this year. Our work was done, however, and it mattered little whether the Expedition was off or not, as I knew the Blue Nile was impossible; but I was very sorry to find both Sir John and Mr. McMillan sick. I found lots of mail and news of all kind, and the sudden change from hardship, and almost starvation, to the height of luxury, was almost overpowering. I was given a kind reception, and was invited to stay in the Legation. That night I slept between clean sheets, and had an absolute dreamless sleep. I had ridden forty miles that day.

RUSSIAN HOSPITAL AT ADIS ABEBA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

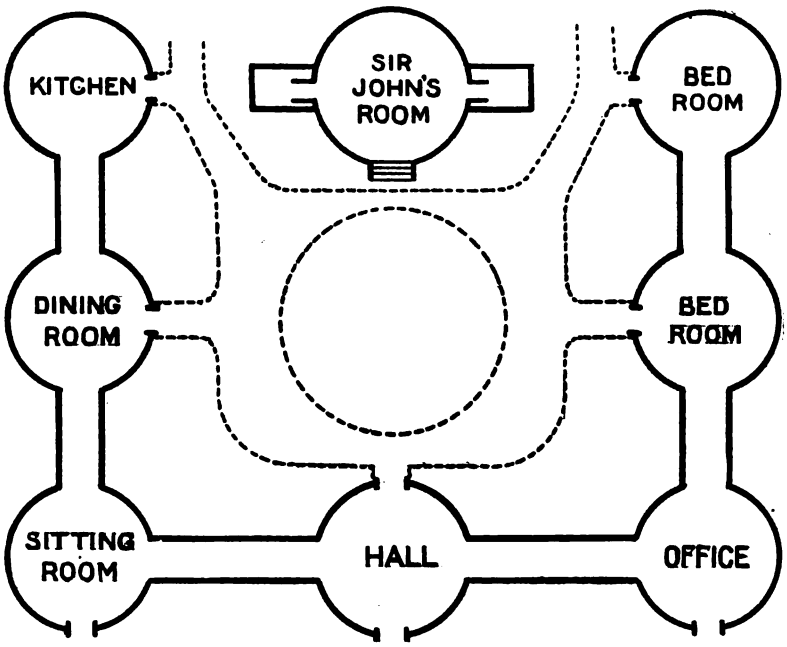
ADIS ABEBA, ETC.

WHEN I woke up the next morning I was quite dazed, and did not know where I was for a moment, but when it finally dawned upon me, I quietly rolled over and thanked Providence I had no ride to make, and no dirty food to eat that day. A servant brought my breakfast to me in bed. It was porridge and milk, poached eggs, coffee, and good toast, which I ate with great relish. It was simply heavenly.

In the forenoon I saw Sir John, and arranged with him to send back four mules and some men to help Mr. Scott along. Sir John was the same delightful man he always had been. I cannot imagine a more charming personality than that of the British Minister at King Menelik's Court.

The day passed pleasantly, and I lived on the fat of the land, and could smoke all I wanted, and I am sure the Legation cigarettes must have suffered considerably. I wired Mr. McMillan, Mr. Singer at Khartoum, and home, and then wrote letters, &c.

The Legation buildings were most admirably arranged and comfortably fitted out. The building proper consisted of seven round houses, or rooms connected with passages or halls, thus giving complete privacy to each room. The buildings were built in a U shape, at the open end of which was another round house, with two wings extending out to either side. This was the Minister's sanctum, and consisted of three rooms.



PLAN OF BRITISH LEGATION.

The compound was very large, and of course contained a lot of buildings not shown on the sketch. There was also a kitchen garden, large enough to supply the needs of the Legation members, and a very large stable, which at that time, however, was in a state of dilapidation. Nothing could be more admirably arranged for a tired traveller than the daily routine in the Legation.

In the morning, about seven, an Indian servant would come into your room and ask what you would like for breakfast. While you made up your mind what to have he gathered up your clothes and boots, which he took along with him, together with your order. At 8.30 breakfast would be brought to you in bed. At 9.30 your clothes arrived, along with warm water for your bath, so it was no use for you to worry about getting up, all worry was taken off your

mind by the absence of your clothes, you could rest in absolute peace and take your beauty nap with a clear conscience. It was generally eleven a.m. before anyone appeared, all being by that time in good form and ready for lunch, which was served at noon, just giving you time to take a short constitutional. The afternoon was more or less spent in work of some kind, or, if the weather was fine, a ride was taken down town, paying visits along the road.

EXECUTION TREE, ADIS ABEBA.

Regarding Adis Abeba itself, it is hardly more than a very large camp, with a few stone and mud houses scattered about in all directions. In fact, it impressed me that everybody was most anxious to live as far away from everybody else as possible. There was the King's Palace in the middle of it all, built on the top of a small hill, and surrounded by numerous buildings, which were built in the greatest disorder and without regard to sym-

metry. There were also a Customs House and market buildings in course of construction, a few Greek shops, the different Legation compounds, with their buildings, and thousands of Abyssinian mud huts. The different Rases in the country had also built themselves houses in different parts of Adis Abeba, in order to have a place to go to on their visits to the King. Numerous tents, forming camps, were scattered about every-

ROAD IN ADIS ABEBA.

where, belonging to the many armies of Gallas and Abyssinians who daily were coming and going in order to sell and buy in the capital. Adis Abeba is situated on the south-western slope of a bare mountain range running north-west and south-east. South and westward a large grass-covered plain extended undisturbed for many miles, but broken in places by deep kors and water-ways, which made progress difficult and all but impossible during rains. The whole

plain was treeless, and was used for cattle-raising mostly. The Emperor had been given presents of several kinds of carriages by different nations, but as there were no roads good enough for the transport or use of vehicles of this kind, new roads had to be made. During my stay in Adis Abeba some roads were already completed, while others were under construction, and very good roads they were, all of the Macadamised type. Stone bridges or culverts were under construction over the different kors, and on the whole, everything pointed to a speedy and great improvement in the city's traffic arrangements. The Emperor's sanction for the extension of the railway from Diri Dawa to the capital had not yet been given, and at the date of writing this, November 1st, 1906, I learn from the newspapers that the joint efforts for an international extension of the railway by England, France, and Italy, has failed to secure the sanction of King Menelik, and thus the enterprise of opening up Abyssinia by rail is still held in abeyance, probably for political reasons. Abyssinia has no seaport, being hemmed in by the Colonial possessions or protectorates of Great Britain, France, and Italy, and hence it is of vital importance for the country to get an easy and cheap outlet for its products either towards the sea or into the Sudan. It is not for me, however, to suggest the best and most profitable trade route, but that the Cape to Cairo Railway will eventually play a very important part with regard to the development of Abyssinia there can be but a very small doubt.

Latitude of British Legation at Adis Abeba .... 9° 1′ 42″
Longitude, ditto .... 38° 45′ 35″
} From Mr. E. Butter's Report on Frontier.

Height above sea, 8,200 feet, about .... } East Africa and Abyssinia, 1904.

Survey made by Captain Maud, R.E.

The rainy season was increasing in strength daily, and still no news of the caravan. A telegram arrived from London

asking if there was any news of me here, so evidently my wires had not been received yet. An answer was immediately despatched by Sir John.

During the afternoon I called on Sir John and had a most delightful chat for a couple of hours. He was a good deal better, fortunately, but ought, no doubt, to have taken a holiday and rest.

It was now about time for the caravan to arrive, and I

THE EMPEROR MENELIK AND SUITE ON THE MARCH.
THE EMPEROR IS SEEN UNDER THE UMBRELLA TO THE RIGHT.

was beginning to worry a good deal about Scott, and only hoped he had benefited by the slow marching. While waiting I became acquainted with Dr. Wakeman, the Legation physician, and Captain England, of Messrs. Ochs Bros., and his assistant, Dr. Hansen, a Danish gentleman. As Dr. Wakeman had been a member of the Butter Expedition down towards Lake Rudolf in 1903, he had a lot of interesting incidents to relate of that use-

ful expedition, and thus time passed both pleasantly and quickly. The mail arrived with newspapers up to June 9th and Reuter's telegrams up to the 18th, so we were all well posted on the doings of the world.

At last, on July 2nd, Mr. Scott arrived with what was left of the caravan, only three mules and two donkeys, all the rest had died. It appeared they had been having a very hard time of it, and the men had to carry our things. Scott was very sick, and at dinner that day he became so ill that he had to go to bed, where Dr. Wakeman kept him for several days.

On July 9th Scott was well again, and everything got ready for a start the next morning. Dr. Hansen and Mr. Heard had a practice game of polo that day, and as the ground was covered with a growth of mushrooms, all looking like balls, I am afraid the crop suffered considerably.

At last, on July 9th, we said good-bye to Sir John and started off towards Diri Dawa in a pouring rain. All our men, except four, had been paid off and provided with a fresh donkey, caravan, and guides for their long journey back to Khartoum, and to the great credit of these men, who had walked the whole distance from Melut on the White Nile to Adis Abeba, I will here say they all reached Khartoum in safety two months and a-half later, in spite of the rainy season. They had all worked very hard under the most trying circumstances, and I hardly believe that better men than the Sudanese for caravan work can be found anywhere, when they have once had some training. The men we took with us were the cook Ahmed and a boy, Mr. Scott's boy, Ahmed Adlan, and my boy Sambo.

We engaged a hired caravan of mules in charge of Abyssinian Negadies, who turned out to be a good-for-nothing, lazy lot of scamps, trying their best to delay our progress.

There are two roads from Adis Abeba to the coast—one a highland route and one a lowland route through the desert,

both well known. We took the latter and had awfully sloppy going at first on account of the rain. The country was a rolling grass-covered mountain plateau, with ridges of mountains visible in the distance. It was monotonous riding, and very cold in the mornings. We made good long marches, stopping to rest in the middle of the day and going on again in the afternoon until sundown, consequently I was too tired to write. The country traversed was a step-like plateau land, with steep descents and tortuous mountain roads at the descents. The rains ceased and grass became very scarce. We crossed the Hawash, which was a good-sized stream, at the ford, with steep rocky banks. I had to bribe the Negadies to be able to go ahead, and still they behaved very badly. Twice we were left without the caravan arriving and had to sleep out in the open. The first time I had only a shirt and a pair of pantaloons on, and felt rather cold after sundown. I sent for the caravan, which was found dismounted, the men having gone to sleep, about a mile only from where we were. I gave the headman a good thrashing when he came in. The second time it happened we were better provided with blankets, and as we were only about forty-five miles from Diri Dawa we took a rest until twelve midnight, whereupon we started on again. We encountered myriads of locusts all along the road, devastating the country to an alarming extent. Wherever they appeared not a blade of grass or a leaf remained on the trees, making the country look as if it had been burnt up.

Along the road we sometimes encountered herds of cattle of the big horned, humpbacked species, coming against us; these cattle, though herded by Gallas or Abyssinians, seemed perfectly wild, and they no sooner saw us than they stopped and some of the bulls made ready to charge us.

Our mules were none too well trained, and consequently we spent many an anxious moment in passing those half-tame herds.

Further along, on reaching the lowland plains, camel caravans were encountered, and as none of our riding mules had ever seen a camel before, we had a lively time of it getting our animals to pass those awful looking beasts.

The road in places was strewn with the carcases of dead animals, which had been left where they died and no one troubled to remove them. The stench at times was most obnoxious. Scores of vultures were seen hovering about these places, and tracks of innumerable hyænas and jackals gave evidence of the orgie which must have gone on at night.

The pride and arrogance of some of the Abyssinians or Gallas whom we met on the road went beyond endurance at times. We would come along with a loaded caravan in the middle of a very narrow path, and would perhaps meet a single Abyssinian on his mule. We naturally expected him to get out of our road, but not he, he evidently expected us to get out of his, and two or three times we actually had to resort to force before we could proceed on our way.

It is no doubt that this proud spirit has been engendered through the disgraceful thrashing which the Italian army received from the Abyssinians, and many a monument of that fight remains along the roads down to the coast. To approach Adis Abeba from the east with an army must be a terrible task indeed, as water is scarce, and as the lowlands consist of nothing but a desert, animal food must be carried in places.

On July the 20th we reached Diri Dawa (Diri Dawa means "the place of the medicine"), after a most fatiguing ride of fourteen hours, having accomplished the journey from Adis Abeba in twelve days, in spite of the Negadies.

The caravan arrived the next day, but five mules had succumbed on the journey, one animal had run away, and three were very sick, so we had just managed to get through.

At Diri Dawa we were very kindly received by Mr.

Michealidis, temporary British Consul, and a Scotchman by name of Flemming, from Greenock.

Diri Dawa was a small place then, and the terminus of the railway from Djibouti. The only industry in the town was a fibre cleaning plant, as tons of a short fibrous cactus were growing for many miles round the place.

There was a small and fairly good hotel run by Mr. Michealidis, and a number of Greek, Syrian and Arab shops. A small palace for King Menelik was just being finished, but strange to say the builders seemed to have forgotten to provide for a kitchen.

There was a rather nice railway station and some very good railway shops.

We stayed in the hotel nine days, as we were told that Aden was in quarantine, and that no steamer would leave Djibouti before the 3rd of August.

It was rather a blow to us to have to wait so long, but there was nothing for it, and consequently it was not until July the 28th that we took train for the coast.

We left at six a.m., but did not reach our destination until 10.30 p.m., the engine having broken down *en route.*

It was an interesting railway journey, and great credit is certainly due to the designers of the road, as rougher country could hardly be found anywhere.

Djibouti, which owes its existence principally to the railway, is about the hottest town in the world, I should think. Its houses are mostly built of blocks of coral, which are cut out of the reefs along the coast. In the middle of the day, or from eleven till three, the place is dead, and very few venture out in the streets for fear of sunstroke. The hotel is anything but ideal, its worst feature being the bath room, in which there is only a shower bath. As the water tank is kept on the roof in the blazing sun one can imagine the result. When I pulled the

string in that bath room I jumped away as if I had been struck —the water was simply boiling. It is all but impossible to sleep, as mosquito curtains must be used on account of those tormenting insects; and, as the air seems dead, one perspires in buckets, and finally prickly heat breaks out. That is about the last straw, and you are not a bit sorry when your steamer finally does come, although you know you have to encounter the Red Sea before any relief can be had at that time of the year. We had accomplished our work, and—looking back over our doings during the trip—we could discover no sin for which this dreadful final punishment should be inflicted upon us. We had seen and learnt much, but the long continuous journey of six months from Khartoum had tired us out, and all we wanted just then was to get away from Djibouti.

Finally, we did get away, but we took the prickly heat with us, just to have something to remember Djibouti by. Of our four Soudanese only one had ever seen the sea before, so we had some fun with them on the road to Port Said. My boy, Sambo, who was a Nile sailor, wanted to know how the man at the wheel could know where to steer to when he saw no land, and then he wanted to know how many feet it was to the bottom of the sea. When I told him one mile in some places he left me in disgust. What did I take him for anyhow? Fifty feet of water was the limit of Sambo's imagination. With regard to the steering he made up his mind that the Captain (no one but the Captain ever steers a Nile boat) steered by the sun and the stars. When they all got sea-sick one day the climax was reached, and they were never going to see their dear Khartoum again. I had to point out to them the direction of Mecca, and tell them how very close they were to that wonderful place before they would cheer up again. Finally Port Said was reached, and they were all shipped to their homes in Khartoum. A week after we were in London, where I met Mr. McMillan,

who then was well again. I also met Mr. Bulpett, who kindly lent me his diary of the hunting trip which he and Mr. McMillan had made in British East Africa. From it, and also from personal experience which I gained later on, I have been enabled to write the following chapters on the wonderful game countries around Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa.

KING MENELIK'S PASSPORT GIVING PERMISSION TO GO THROUGH ABYSSINIA.

TRANSLATION OF PASSPORT.

PASSPORT FROM KING MENELIK FOR BLUE NILE EXPEDITION.

The conquering Lion of Judah, Menelik the 2nd, invested by the power of God, King of Kings of Abyssinia (Ethiopia).

The bearer of this letter is an English subject, Mr. Jessen by name.

He will come with boats to the River Abay (Blue Nile) in order to examine it.

For this reason, may he come by water or by land, do not hinder him.

He is at liberty to come by any way he chooses, and nobody must maltreat him on his road.

Written in Adis Abeba on the 11th of Tegemt, in the year of grace, 1897 (1905).

(Seal). "Menelik," King of Kings of Ethiopia, the conquering Lion of the tribe of Judah.

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ABYSSINIAN PASSPORT FROM ADIS ABEBA TO THE COAST.

TRANSLATION OF PASSPORT.

PASSPORT FROM ADIS ABEBA TO DJIBOUTI.

The bearers of this letter are the Europeans, Mr. Jesson and Mr. Scott by name, under the protection of Colonel Harrington.

As they are going to Djibouti, let them pass freely, do not hinder them.

Writen in Adis Abeba the 1st of Hamle in the year of grace, 1897 (1905).

(Seal), Alega Gaba Sellâsê, *Secretary*.

Messrs. McMILLAN & BULPETT'S

JOURNEY TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA, &c.

MESSRS. C. W. L. BULPETT & W. N. McMILLAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

MESSRS. McMILLAN AND BULPETT'S JOURNEY TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

AFTER the return from the Sobat Expedition Mr. McMillan and party took a much-needed rest of a few weeks in Egypt, preparing meanwhile for a hunting trip to the central regions of British East Africa. During their stay in Cairo, a Doctor Grote joined the party. He was to act as expedition Doctor and photographer.

Ammunition and stores were ordered from England and Egypt, and shipped to Mombasa, and, as soon as everything was ready, the party started off through the Red Sea, *viâ* Aden, for that place. Nothing of importance happened during the voyage, and on September 14th Mombasa was reached.

The town is situated on the north-east side of a coral island, which is now connected to the mainland by a railway bridge, as the famous Uganda Railway commences at this place. Parts of the town are of great age, dating back some hundreds of years, and it is also of some historic interest, having been occupied alternately by Portuguese, Arabs, and native tribes. In years gone by it was the headquarters of the negro slave trade, and, if the now ruined walls of the old fortresses along the shore could be made to speak, many a harrowing tale of rapine and murder would be unearthed. Seen from the sea it is a beautiful place, the luxuriant tropical

growth of giant trees, creepers and bush, interspersed with groves of cocoanut palms, among which the white painted houses jut out, lends a charm to the place which would delight any lover of nature.

The foreshore is steep and rugged, but, although the sea must wash over the edge in stormy weather, the dense vegetation hangs in graceful curves and points over the escarpments, and nearly touches the water in places.

Part of the town is now modernised and looks very pretty. The native town, which is mostly hidden among mango trees and tropical jungle, has a population of about 20,000 people. The town is nominally the suzeranity of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who collects a yearly tribute, though actually it is under British rule. On the south-east side of the island is the town of Kilindini, where also the best and deepest harbour exists. The town is of little interest, however, except as a railway and shipping point. There are Custom Houses in both towns, and woe betide the merchant who falls into the hands of these Customs' officials if he has a large stock of goods and a slim pocket-book. The McMillan party had considerable trouble. Duty was charged on everything brought in, new or old, except on clothing. They were told that their guns, camp equipment, etc., had not arrived, and ten days afterwards they were found stowed away in a corner of the Custom House. Everything around that establishment seemed to be in a muddle, and red tape was indulged in to an exasperating extent.

In order to shoot game a license costing £50 had to be secured, and besides this a small license had to be paid for on all rifles, guns, and revolvers. Only a certain amount of ammunition was allowed to be taken up country, and as the party had with them 8,000 cartridges, a lot of writing and wiring had to be done before finally a provisional permission was given.

The four mules and two horses which had been brought

from Aden were not allowed to go up country until they had been submitted to the Mallein test, and as no Mallein was obtainable it looked as if the animals would have to be left behind at the coast in a tetse fly district. Finally, however, a special permit was obtained from the Commissioner, the late Sir Donald Stewart, to take the animals up as far as the Athi River in quarantine. It seemed to have been a very high-handed proceeding on the part of the chief veterinary surgeon to have passed a regulation preventing mules and animals coming into the country without undergoing a test which he was unable to carry out.

After some more trouble and red tape had been gone through, the party finally got off up country towards Nairobi, where they intended to stop. The distance between Mombasa and Nairobi is about 330 miles, and is accomplished in thirty-six hours. The accommodation on the train is fairly good, but one must bring one's own bedclothes; it is better, also, to bring some food and drink, as meals are only obtainable at certain places on the road. The country at first, on leaving Mombasa, is very pretty, as the road runs through tropical forests and among scattered hills. Before evening, on the first day's journey, some big game is seen, such as waterbuck, heartebeaste, and even giraffe. The following morning, if the day is clear, the mighty mountain of Killimenjaro, 18,800 feet high, in German East Africa, can be seen to the south, and as the day advances the forests begin to disappear, and presently the Athi plains, famous for the enormous herds of game scattered all over them, come into view, and soon the train is actually travelling through innumerable herds of all kinds of game. The most common are congoni, zebra, wildebeaste, and Thomson's and Grant's gazelle, but other varieties abound, and a times a rhinoceros or two are seen. It is a perfect Noah's Ark. As this is a game preserve the animals are very tame, and come not only within

a few yards of the train, but actually cross the line in front of the engine. It has actually happened that a rhino has charged the engine with disastrous results to itself. At a place called Simba (meaning lion) the lions are supposed to be very plentiful and daring. I was shewn a hole in the web of the rail on the track caused by a bullet fired at a lion passing close by the station-master's door. Previously, three lions had been shot from the station's water tower. I do not think that anyone would have any hesitation in pronouncing this country the greatest game country in the world.

Nairobi was finally reached September 24th, and the party put up at a small hotel called the "Masonic."

At that time Nairobi was mostly composed of tin houses, and was consequently called "Tinville." It has since made great strides towards becoming a modern and prosperous town, and at the time of writing this, autumn 1906, Nairobi can boast of large railway shops, some dozens of Government buildings, a fine bank building, six hotels, an extensive business quarter, two markets, a botanical garden, and even a race-course, and two newspapers with their offices and staff.

Nairobi has an altitude of about 5,400 feet above the sea, and lies about one degree south of the equator. It has a population of about 6,000 people, of whom only about 300 are Europeans. The rest are composed of Indians and natives of different tribes, such as Kikuius, Masai, Wakamba, Swahili, etc.

A call was made on the Commissioner and Sub-Commis-missioner, and a plot was assigned the party for camping purposes, and every assistance was promised. After a rest of seven days, during which time porters were hired and everything got ready for an extended hunting trip, a fresh start was made for a newly bought farm belonging to Major Ringer, who had emigrated to East Africa from the fever

stricken and unhealthy West Coast. The farm, or shamba, was situated by a river called N'Derugo, some thirty miles east of Nairobi, and was called Long Ju-ju. After four short marches the farm was reached and a permanent camp made. On the road Mr. Bulpett shot a Thomson's gazelle and a congoni, while plenty of game was encountered all along the route.

THE EDITOR OF THE "GLOBE TROTTER" AND THE WRITER.
NORFOLK HOTEL, NAIROBI.

Major Ringer's farm was situated in a very pretty valley formed by the N'Derugo river some eight miles from its junction with the Athi river. Approaching the Athi east from the farm one enters into a most picturesque country. The valley itself, which has been dug out of the plains by the constant erosion of the water, is one of the prettiest spots in the surrounding country, and, just before arriving at the junction

of the rivers, a perfect park-land is encountered. A river called Como joins the N'Derugo a short distance from the junction, and here vertical cliffs about 150 feet high descend into the valley on the north side. Further down a small delta is formed with islands and swamps fringed with papyrus and tropical forests until the Athi itself is reached. Here the waters flow comparatively quietly along for a while both up and down stream, and boating and fishing can be indulged in for a few miles either way. Down below, however, there is a cataract obstructing further navigation except at full river. Further to the east the mountain of Donyo Sabuk rises out of the plains to a height of about 6,000 feet above the sea level. The party were now in a real hunter's paradise, as all kinds of game were obtainable within a day's march. Of the specimens to be had around Major Ringer's farm I will mention the following:— rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe, and at times elephant, lion, leopard, hyæna, jackal, fox, zebra, eland, impala, heartebeaste, waterbuck, wildebeaste, Thomson's and Grant's gazelle, bushbuck, reedbuck, oriby, dik-dik, and ostrich, and lots of crocodiles in the river. Fish could easily be caught in both rivers, and attained quite large proportions, some tipping the scale at over twenty pounds.

I think any sportsman will agree with me that a better place for sport would be hard to find anywhere, but every paradise has its detractions, and so had this. Horse and cattle disease were by no means unknown, and ticks of every conceivable size and variety abounded. Besides this you ran the risk of getting jiggers, a small insect which has the peculiar habit of getting under your toe-nails or feet, and burrowing into your anatomy, growing meanwhile from the size of a microscopic point into a sphere as big as a pea, and causing the most excruciating pains. If not attended to in time they will sometimes be the cause of an amputated toe or two, or you will be laid up with a very sore

foot for perhaps weeks. The climate is undoubtedly excellent, but during the rainy seasons, of which there are two, one in November called the light rains, and one during March, October, May, June and July, called the heavy rains, it depends on your disposition how you are going to like the climate. The rainy seasons are no doubt very much exaggerated, as, although no one who has never seen it can have any idea of the amount of rain that will descend in a few minutes when it does rain, scarcely a single day during the year passes in which you do not have some sunshine. The soakings you may get, however, are such at times that waterproofs and high boots are of no avail. The whole country may be changed in a few minutes from a dry, dust-covered plain to a glittering sheet of water some inches deep. After that you may have to walk through sticky clay, getting your boots pulled off at times, but after a couple of hours everything dries up again, and you will have better going perhaps than you had before.

During the dry season all grass withers up, and the plains, on which no trees exist, look very dreary indeed. Still, the game does not leave the plains, and, strange to say, even cattle seem to thrive exceedingly well on the dry grass. Along the kors and rivers there is a fringe of trees, which in places grow to quite a respectable size, and some good timber is obtainable for building purposes, etc.

The hill Donyo Sabuk is the only hill of any pretensions in the immediate neighbourhood of Nairobi, and for several reasons it is of great interest. It is covered with grass from top to bottom, but near the top, and also in all valleys and ravines, dense forests exist, which are frequented by different varieties of game, such as reedbuck, bushbuck, oriby, dik-dik, and various gazelle, and last, but not least, a herd of buffalo, the only herd existing in the neighbourhood. The

mountain is owned by five or six Englishmen, who have formed a syndicate for the protection of the game on it, especially the buffaloes. At the time Mr. McMillan's party arrived upon the scene this was not generally known, however.

During the stay at Major Ringer's farm a lot of game had been shot, such as wildebeaste, zebra, impala, Thomson's and Grant's gazelle, congoni, etc. Ostriches were plentiful,

AN IDYLL IN THE JUNGLE. HE DOES NOT USE PEARS' SOAP.

but owing to the open state of the country they were all but impossible to get at. Eventually the party crossed the Athi river, and made camp at Major Boileau's, near the foothills of Donyo Sabuk. Here Mr. Bulpett succeeded in bagging his first rhino, a huge beast with a horn measuring twenty-one inches. He also killed a large bull eland with horns measuring thirty-one inches round the spiral, and twenty-two inches in a straight line. Plenty of big game was seen and shot all round, and as provisions of all kinds were easily obtainable, the party

were in good spirits and enjoyed themselves splendidly. Finally Mr. Bulpett made a raid on Donyo Sabuk in order to bag a buffalo, but after a hard journey and several attempts had proved failures, he descended into the lowlands again. A grand view had been obtained from the top of the mountain as the whole country around lay unfolded before them, and Nairobi, forty-five miles distant, was plainly visible with its tin roofs glittering in the sunshine. Camp was made by the Athi river, and lunch had been indulged in, when the Somali shikari Jama, Mr. McMillan's head shikari, the man who told a story about a lion hunt previously described in book number two, came galloping up reporting that a lion had been located close to the camp in thick bush. Mr. Bulpett and William Marlow started off at once, and were joined by Doctor Grote, Major Ringer, and an East African pioneer, named John Boyes, at the place where the lion was hiding. A lot of boys were also there bent on rounding up the lion. As this was Mr. Bulpett's first lion hunt, I am sure that what follows will be put down to the extra anxiety and zeal of a man who for a long time had been wishing and longing for an opportunity to have a tiff with the so-called monarch of all animals. Of Mr. Bulpett's undaunted courage and nerve I had seen several proofs during our journey through Boma, and hence I was not astonished when I learnt that, although he was warned against doing so, he fearlessly went into the bush, accompanied by William Marlow and some Somalis. The bush was very thick and thorny, and after a while the lion was seen just making ready to jump away. Mr. Bulpett, in his anxiety to bag his quarry, fired at once without taking any careful aim, with the result that the lion was only slightly wounded, and before he realised what was happening the animal sprang at him like a flash, and he had only just time to fire the second barrel at it before he was down almost under

it. It was a very narrow shave, as the lion succeeded in grabbing his helmet between his teeth. Mr. Bulpett's first shikari Hassan, who had the second rifle, fired twice: whereupon, an excited Somali behind him shot him through the hand, making him drop the rifle, and giving him a very bad wound. William

MR. BULPETT'S LION. W. MARLOW, SOMALI SHIKARIES, & MR. BULPETT.

Marlow, who had an 8-bore rifle, sent two shots into the beast, while Mr. McMillan's shikari, Jama, went fearlessly up to the animal and began emptying his revolver into his head, but got so close that the lion bit him badly in the wrist. Then everybody cleared out. Mr. Bulpett succeeded in rolling over, and

managed to climb up into a small thorn tree just above the lion. There he spent a few very anxious moments, as the lion was watching him all the time, and he expected to be pulled down at any moment. It proved, however, that he was too badly wounded to make a spring, and finally he was finished off by one of the men. It was a fine animal, with good mane, and I believe the skin is now adorning Mr. Bulpett's home in England.

It would not be right to say that Mr. Bulpett escaped without a scratch, as—although he escaped the lion's claws—the small prickly mimosa tree which he had taken refuge in seemed to have resented his hasty visit, and had stung and scratched and torn him in a dozen places. The two wounded Somalis had to be sent to the hospital, but fortunately recovered eventually. The helmet, the rim of which had been pierced by the lion's teeth, was kept as a trophy and can be seen at Mr. Bulpett's rooms in London.

The chances of hunting are like the chances of war. As a battle is won through some well directed movement, so also is a dangerous animal laid low through a careful and well-directed shot. Any hasty move in either case is generally apt to prove disastrous. A number of hunters will tell you that shooting a lion is just like shooting a dog. That is undoubtedly very often the case, but then there are lions and lions, as there are dogs and dogs, and *the* lion has not got its character written on its forehead. For instance, Mr. McMillan had an experience with a lion on his journey into Abyssinia where the animal charged him on sight. Fortunately a well directed shot finished it at once.

After this hunt a visit was made to a zebra farm belonging to Mr. Bronsard, lying some five miles from the Athi river station. Mr. Bronsard, a most enterprising man, had conceived the idea of taming zebras for domestic purposes, and seemed to have been rather successful up to that time. Some hundreds of

zebras had been impounded and were already becoming very tame and docile. I learned later on, however, that one day the whole herd had taken fright at something, and had stampeded out on the plains again where they originally came from. Through this disgraceful behaviour they almost ruined their temporary owner.

About this time Mr. McMillan became unwell, and stayed quietly in camp, while Mr. Bulpett, accompanied by Mr. Boyes, made a journey to such places as Nakuru, Eldama Ravine, Guas Ingishu Plateau, Mount Sirgoi, Kavirondo, Mumais, Port Florence, Lake Victoria Nyanza, Entebbe, Kampola, Jinga, Ripon Falls, and then back to Nairobi. Numerous game had been seen and shot, and much new and interesting country had been traversed. Several attempts had also been made at securing a bongo, but although lots of tracks had been seen they were unsuccessful in securing one of those rare animals. Neither Mr. McMillan nor Doctor Grote had been idle meanwhile. The Doctor, who was an expert photographer, had recorded the country on his plates and films, while Mr. McMillan had been inspecting land with a view to purchasing a suitable site for a cattle ranch. A purchase of 10,000 acres was finally made from the Government at a place some twenty miles east of Nairobi.

As the main object of the trip, to bag rhino and lions, had been successfully accomplished, the party made ready for their return journey in order to prepare for the Blue Nile Expedition, and on the 9th January a start was made for the coast. It will, of course, be seen that this is only a very brief outline of the journey made by the party, and as I was not along at the time, many incidents of interest must naturally have been left out.

When the party reached Aden a cable was despatched to me, which I received at Duem on the White Nile, as stated in the beginning of this book, and subsequently I met Mr. McMillan in

Cairo. Referring again to the McMillan Expedition through Abyssinia, it will be remembered that I met Mr. McMillan in London after a separation of over a year. He was then preparing for a second journey to British East Africa in order to start a cattle ranch on his land near Nairobi, and I was allowed to go with the party. Elaborate preparations had been made, and materials for a couple of bungalows and storehouses, an electric plant, an ice plant, a machine shop, a water tower, stables, stores, etc., etc., had been ordered and shipped to Mombasa.

CHAPTER XX.

JUJA FARM.

ON September 22nd we started off for British East Africa. The party was now made up as follows:—

Mr. W. N. McMillan.

Mr. W. Bayliss, General Engineer and Manager.

Mr. Kay, Electrical Engineer.

Messrs. Marlow, Towell, and the Writer.

Without going into details, Nairobi was safely reached about October 24th, and arrangements were immediately made for the shipment of all goods and materials to Mr. McMillan's estate. I was given charge of the shipping from Nairobi, and remained stationed there for some months, while the rest of the party attended to the erecting and building of the houses, etc. As Mrs. McMillan and Mr. Bulpett were expected out during January 1906, everything had to be rushed, and we worked Sundays and weekdays for a couple of months. Great credit is due to the engineering staff at the farm for the expeditious way in which the main bungalow was erected, as they actually succeeded in having some rooms ready for Mrs. McMillan upon her arrival during the middle of January.

The farm, which, for some reason, had been called "The Juja Farm," lies at the western escarpment of the plateau bordered by the rivers Therika, Ruwero, Athi, and N'Derugo. After the building operations were commenced, some more land

had been bought, including Major Ringer's farm, and, consequently, the estate now comprises an area of 20,000 acres of land. As the farm is in possession of its own refrigerating plant, electric light plant, machine and blacksmith shop, water tower, stables, stores, dairy, etc., etc., in connection with which there are stables, stores, and residences in Nairobi, I have no doubt that it is the best and most completely equipped farm in the whole of Africa, if not in the whole world.

MRS. McMILLAN & YOUNG ZEBRA, JUJA FARM.

On the lands belonging to the farm, innumerable herds of game roam about at will, and as the land is surrounded by perennial rivers, all having a good flow of water, the game is kept from wandering away. The rivers are full of fish, crocodiles and some hippos, so on the whole it will be seen that, besides possessing a farm, Mr. McMillan owns a perfect game preserve. The land itself is flat, treeless and grass covered.

In the valleys along the rivers, however, some good timber is found in places, and the soil along the banks is excellent for cultivation, and almost any kind of garden produce or grain will grow there. The soil on the plains is also very good, and produces enough grass to support any number of cattle. The game on the plains consists of the same species as before mentioned on Major Ringer's farm. From the farm-

GRASS LAND ON Mr. McMILLAN'S FARM.

houses the roaring of lions and the howling of hyaenas is heard every night, reminding one of what a very wild country it is.

Towards the north, some 125 miles distant, the snow-capped peak of Mount Kenia, about 18,200 feet high, is plainly visible on a clear day. Due west the roofs of the houses in Nairobi are seen glittering in the sun, while to the east the view is hemmed in by Mount Donyo Sabuk.

Southward the magnificent Athi plains stretch away to the horizon, with here and there a grass-covered hill or mountain protruding to relieve the monotony.

The mountain tribes living in the immediate neighbourhood are composed mostly of Wakikuius and Massai, and some Swahilis in Nairobi. These latter natives make splendid porters, but demand higher pay and better food, etc., than

A CHRISTMAS PARTY ON MR. McMILLAN'S FARM, 1905.

the other tribes. Any Swahili will carry a load up to a hundred pounds for miles over a rough country. As a rule they are contented and cheerful and willing workers. The Kikuius, on the other hand, are an inferior race, and, although willing to work, they are only worth the half of a Swahili. The Massai are the most powerful race in the neighbourhood, and, although small and slim, are of a warlike nature and very proud. They are a cattle-raising tribe, and consequently are

mostly requisitioned for transport work, and very good they are at it too. They drive their cattle at will all over the plains. Some hundreds of Kikuius, Swahili, Myanwezis and Massai had been employed, both for transport and building work. As the light rains were on in the beginning, we had great trouble in getting the goods out to the farm from Nairobi, a distance of about twenty-two miles. The roads were anything but ideal, and drifts had to be made across all rivers. Oxen only were used as draft animals, as horses or mules were all but unobtainable, or were very dear. However, everything had gone fairly well so far.

As this is not intended to be a description of the country or its people, but only a rough chronicle of some of Mr. McMillan's many ventures, I will omit going into further details.

As before stated, Mrs. McMillan and Mr. Bulpett arrived about the middle of January, and as the whole country teems with lions, it was not very long before a hunting party was organised in order to give Mrs. McMillan a chance to have a shot at one. The party had been away some time, and had been having varying success, when one day three rhinos were encountered in a valley, and chase was made at once. Mrs. McMillan was put up into a tree, much against her own will, from whence she could watch the hunt in safety, and had the pleasure of seeing two of the rhinos killed by Mr. McMillan. It was an exciting hunt, as at one time one of the boys had been chased by one of the animals, and the poor fellow had to run for his life.

A day or two later, while in camp on rough ground beside Donyo Sabuk, Mr. McMillan had the good fortune, so he called it, to come across a lion in the open, which he succeeded in securing without much trouble.

The skin was brought back to camp in triumph by the Somali shikaries, who, as usual in such cases, announced the

successful termination of the hunt by firing off shots and singing songs of prowess.

Mrs. McMillan expressed a wish to have a look at the scene of conflict, and consequently Mr. and Mrs. McMillan and Mr. Bulpett started off with their skikaries the next morning.

On the road Mrs. McMillan, who is a crack shot by the way, killed a waterbuck.

When the party finally arrived at the spot of the previous day's kill no sign of the lion's body could be found, but it was apparent that some large animal had dragged it away, as the trail made by the body being dragged through the long grass could easily be made out.

The trail led to a bush in a dry mullah close by. The bush was approached with the utmost caution by a shikari, who presently returned and reported that he had heard the sound of crunching bones, and expressed the opinion that there was a lion inside the bush, actually engaged in devouring the remains of his own brother.

The party at once posted themselves around the bush—too near to it for prudence be it said—and told the Somalis to fire the grass; they had not long to wait before out dashed a fine lion, close to Mrs. McMillan, who quite undaunted by the close proximity of the king of animals, gave him two barrels of the Mauser rifle she was carrying.

Though badly wounded the shots failed to bring him down, and he galloped off and disappeared behind the thick vegetation.

The Somalis, who had followed him on mules, succeeded in rounding him up, and drove him into a bush about a quarter of a mile away. Everybody followed, and positions were again taken up around the bush and the grass fired.

Before many minutes had elapsed out jumped two lions, one evidently the same Mrs. McMillan had wounded.

MRS. McMILLAN'S LION.

The unwounded one got away scott free although some shots were fired after it, but the wounded one, on seeing his enemies so close at hand, made one tremendous jump over some very high bushes back into the thicket again. It was a marvel where he got his strength from for that last grand leap.

Though he was mortally wounded, nobody was rash enough to go into the bush after him, and it was decided to wait a bit and let him die where he was.

Presently a roar was heard, then another and another, the monarch of the forest was singing his last song, and a grander or more awe-inspiring concert no human being can imagine. At last quiet was restored, and after a while some Somalis ventured into the bush, where, after some searching, the lion was found lying dead.

It took some dozen men to pull the big fellow out into the open, where he was photographed with his conqueror—a lady—sitting on him. It makes a man hold his breath with wonder and admiration for a lady possessed of such undaunted nerve and pluck as that displayed by Mrs. McMillan. I know of a man not far away from the pen I am writing this with, who would have felt rather funny had he been there, and as we are talking about lions I may as well record a little incident which befel me one day while returning from the farm to Nairobi.

There were only the driver and I in the wagon pulled by four hor—I had almost said horses, but will not disgrace that noble breed of animals by applying their name to those awful looking brutes. Anyone who has had occasion to hire horses from Ali Khan in Nairobi will know what I mean, however. We had gone about six miles when the driver drew my attention to something yellow lying at the edge of some long grass not ten yards from us. It was a lion, but its colour blended so perfectly with the surroundings that it was difficult to recognise. I set my field glasses, which were very powerful, and had a

look. Taking into consideration the close proximity of the lion one can imagine my surprise when I found myself apparently within a foot or two of his face by looking through those glasses, and I saw he was grinning at me. I did not level my rifle at all to have a shot, but told Mitchell—that was the name of the driver—to go on at once. This he very promptly did; and no sooner had we started than two more lions stood up in the grass just behind the first one. After we had gone about fifty yards I told Mitchell to stop again, as I wanted to have a last look. The first lion had now mounted an anthill to have a better look at us, and as he was in plain view I thought I would try a shot, and accordingly got hold of my rifle—a ·303. Try how I would that rifle would not keep steady. I had used it many times before, but never once had I seen it behave in such a disgraceful manner. I had to give it up; and when I arrived in Nairobi I promptly put that rifle up for sale—the coward.

That is how it happens sometimes; and yet one of the biggest lions on the plains had just been laid low by the unflinching nerve of a lady. How many animals had that lion killed, and how many men had it either been watching, or perhaps frightened the life out of or, worse still—who knows—perhaps it had killed some human being?

However, if you want to see it now, just call at 19, Hill Street, Berkeley Square; and when you open the door—look out—for there it is just inside, grinning at you.

I do not know if the party did much more shooting after that, but the next thing I heard was that they were all going on a visit to the famous Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River.

Shortly after that I was allowed to go home in order to finish up the work done on the Blue Nile.

May those who remained out there among the rhinos and lions live long and prosper.

APPENDIX.

GEOLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF THE COUNTRIES TRAVERSED BY THE W. N. MCMILLAN EXPEDITION, 1905.

The first part of the geological conditions along the route which we took is an extract only from Mr. L. C. Scott's Geological Journal, describing the soil, etc., of the countries lying between Melut on the White Nile, Kerin in Abyssinia, and Abu Shanina on the Blue Nile.

The second part dealing with the conditions along the Blue Nile, etc., has been taken verbatim from Mr. Scott's own report.

APPENDIX.

PART I.

FROM THE WHITE NILE TO KERIN AND BLUE NILE.

THE ground around Melut, on the White Nile, and to the north, south and east, as far as the Burun country, was composed of the conventional cotton soil, earth which has pretty much the same composition as red clay. In the rainy season it becomes plastic and adhesive, and baked, either by fire or sun, producing a very fair kind of brick. It is used to cement the exterior of the houses, and on burning away the organic matter, turns a very dark red.

As to its chemical composition I can say but little, except that it is almost entirely composed of sub and metasilicates of the alkaline earths. It contains a large percentage of ferric oxide, which is clearly demonstrated by its change of colour.

It also contains a large amount of organic matter, which probably extends to a depth of ten to twelve feet. As to the nitrogenous composition and condition of the phosphates I am unable to state, the quality of a soil depending largely on the nature of the vegetable growth upon it and the amount of nutritive matter returned upon the decomposition of the culture. I should say in the case of this soil it is a question of cyclic changes, in which nutrition is drawn to the plant and subsequently returned to the earth in death and decomposition, that in fact nothing is taken away and practically nothing added. With irrigation it would produce strong crops of durra, cotton,

maize, and even corn. This, however, is only speculative, and it is impossible to say definitely what a soil will best produce under existing circumstances until the matter has been tested experimentally.

With regard to the water in the Kor Adar it was found to contain finely divided clay in suspension, and a few of the minute varieties of water plant life. In places the water was badly contaminated by cattle, but as a rule no contamination such as would render the quality of the water unfit for drinking purposes was found.

The vegetation was very sparse all along the Kor Adar, and from it northwards until the Burun country was reached.

The roots of the trees seen, mostly mimosa and higlek, must have penetrated the soil to a considerable depth, as everything was dried or burned up. The ground was full of large cracks to the depth of eighteen inches, and as the country was a perfect plane surface, the subterranean moisture must have come down from the Abyssinian mountains and rising ground to the east, or was the remains of rain-water. It could probably be found at a depth of from six to twenty feet.

After reaching the Burun country near Kaloang the conditions changed considerably. The vegetation became very thick, and the soil more compact, containing much free sand, losing at the same time much of its colour of dark organic colouration and assuming a feruginous tint. The water was good and clear, and was found in deep water holes. A test in the sediments gives the usual calcium, magnesium and aluminium silicates, with iron and free silica. This sediment corresponds pretty well with the composition of the surrounding soil. These conditions prevail pretty nearly all through the Burun country. In places the ground becomes more sandy and pebbly, and as we approached the Yabus river some cotton soil, in one place a swamp, was encountered. On

reaching the Kor Yabus the water was found to be clear and excellent for all purposes. The ground was strewn with small pieces of quartz and granite, gneiss and porphyry, otherwise the condition of the earth was the same as before.

On reaching Jebel Belshingi the ground became covered with large boulders of granite, of which the mountain itself seemed to be composed. The earth in places contained a large amount of hematite. Huge rocks of silicates, basalt, porphyry, granite and gneiss were prominent. All the formations appear to have been the result of excessive heat and pressure, and subsequently volcanic action, followed by the erosive action of water. No observations of fossils of any kind were made during the trip. The rocks for the most part were of an igneous nature.

Approaching Kerin the whole country became mountainous, greatly furrowed by the erosion of water. The mountains were of the usual granite, gneiss composition, while some mica schist and incipient sandstone formations were also noticed.

Alluvial gold was found here by washing the sandy soil found in certain localities.

Advancing north towards the Blue Nile from Kerin the soil became sandy and full of pebbles, and sandstone was noticed along the kors. There were many rocks, none of which were interesting, being for the most part granite or sandstone, except in the kor bed at the Sudan military station at Jerok. There the rocks were composed of granite on which the basalt had run, which was veined with irregular streaks of silica. The banks of the kor were composed of sandstone.

PART II.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE GEOLOGY OF THE BLUE NILE FROM FAMAKKA TO THE RIVER GUDER.

MY observations of the geological formations along the river began at Abu Shanina, some fifteen miles north of the old ruins of Fort Famakka. From here I extended them inland, when the irregularities of the path prevented me from seeing them along the river itself, for a distance of about 250 miles to a point of leaving for the overland track.

I took particular notice of the formations of the cataracts, and wherever these formations closely approached the shores. As is well known, the whole country of Abyssinia partakes more or less of a volcanic nature, and owes the contour of the mountain ranges principally to subterranean upheaval and subsequent erosion by water. This characteristic is particularly apparent in the rocks along the Nile in its bed where the water permits of seeing it, also in the gravel or cobble-stone beaches, which are of frequent occurrence along the whole course.

For the most part the mountain rocks are covered with a thick layer of soil, frequently heavily wooded, and they are found projecting in huge boulders, or they are distributed in small short pieces over the ground.

Leaving the river and ascending to the tablelands we find a complete change in the geology of the country. The

igneous rocks disappear, and the surface is covered with a brown to dark red sandstone. The land itself, when not obstructed by boulders, is tillable, and apparantly more or less fertile.

The sandstone occurred until the Nile was again reached and crossed to proceed on the final stage of the journey. The river itself is bordered at this point with precipitous walls of sandstone on either side. On the opposite side of the crossing point the sandstone suddenly ceased, and shale and slatey rocks containing nodules of ferric oxide took its place. Reascending, however, to the succeeding tableland, the rock formations are again uniformly sandstone all the way to Adis Abeba.

The river at Abu Shanina is lined with beaches of igneous pebbles, as is also its bed for a long distance. These, however, change to larger rocks along the banks at the cataracts near Abu Shendi. The rocks here are arranged in strata. First as a base there is coarse red granite near the water level. Above this come variations of finer grade rock, resembling it in nature, and above all is a strata of steatite, of varying degrees of hardness. Beside this, chlorite and foliated talc are of frequent occurrence.

The cataract extends for several miles, and is interspersed with wooded islands and broken by huge granite boulders. Beyond here, as far as Famakka, the rocks are all granite, but a few miles above the latter place their nature changes to a black volcanic variety, which produce smaller cataracts. This condition extends with but little interruption for a distance of over one hundred miles from Fasogli; the land along the shores partaking to a greater or less extent of rocks of the same nature.

Along the river are beaches, strewn with pebbles of basalt, porphyry, and quartz, and inland the ground is covered in

patches with gneiss, chalcedony and allied rocks. In many places the strata have been altered, appearing to have been raised, broken and twisted by volcanic disturbances.

In the river the granite and basalt rocks are much eroded and blackened by the action of the water; in many places the strata are heavily veined with quartz; the path along the bank was frequently obstructed by patches of sharp rocks, having a light green colour, and a grainy silicious structure. This colour is apparent in almost every rock, varying in shade from a dark olive to pistachio green.

The mountain sides are covered with jagged rocks of gneiss and varieties of coloured granite, projecting through the soil. This is a common characteristic of country all along the river, as far as we followed it, and in few cases were there exceptions to the coarse grained red granite boulders, or the small sharp broken pieces of finer grained gneiss, grey and red granite.

Aside from the granite, gneiss, porphyry, and mica schist were of most frequent occurrence among the rocks on the land, the beds of the kors and the beaches showed many pebbles of these rocks, no doubt brought down during the high water from the surrounding mountains.

In one place along the river where the granite formations had ceased, I came upon micaceous sandstone and schist intermingled with steatite rock, some were grey with a pearly lustre, some leek green, others brown or of a greyish brown. These were arranged in foliated masses projecting from the ground, and in many cases extending down to the water's edge. Chlorite and other micaceous rocks were also plentiful around the same place.

Another curious formation, and one which occurred quite frequently among the granite rocks along the shores, was a fine grained red granite occurring frequently in huge pyramidal

crystals. None of these crystals, however, were complete, there being usually only one or two, at the most three, well developed faces present. The crystals were always large, the faces never being less than a foot or two in length. I found only one inland, in the bed of a dry kor. Whether or not this was an accidental form or an attempt at crystallisation I am unable to say; they occurred so frequently, however, as to almost bring me to the conclusion that it was a natural crystalline formation. It had no cleavage.

In summing up the varieties of the rock formations along the river I found that the essential ones were red and grey granite, and basalt, together with many varieties of quartz, sandstone, and micaceous rocks.

The granite occurred in huge boulders producing the cataracts, and in places descended to the river in a vertical wall, where the mountains approached the shore. It piled up along thc banks frequently to the height of twenty or thirty feet. Red granite is the most common, being the principal constituent of the mountain as well as the river formation, and this extended, as far as I was able to observe, up to the point where the sandstone completely replaced it near the junction of the Nile with the Bir river.

Basalt in boulders was more general for the first sixty or eighty miles after leaving Famakka; beyond that it seldom occurred, except in large pebbles on the beaches and in the river-bed.

The micaceous rocks were seldom present, except in the form of pebbles along the beaches and in the kor beds; quartz occurred in pebbles and in veins in granite rocks. I have found large areas along the banks completely covered by sharp-edged pieces of flint, rock crystal, and chalcedony. Aluvial gold dust was washed out of the river from Famakka up, over a distance of about 150 miles.

Felspar occurred in only one place covering a length of the shore of perhaps forty to fifty miles up to the River Durra. Beyond this it was seldom seen except in small irregularly broken pieces.

This is only a brief enumeration of the principal rocks which compose the geology of the Blue Nile district in Abyssinia, and flank the river for miles and miles of its winding course among the mountains. There were, however, many of lesser importance occurring but rarely, and then only as pebbles or boulders in kor beds and on cobble-stone or sand beaches.

Starting from Famakka, the Nile is flanked on both sides with mountains of varying height, receding from and approaching the river throughout the whole length. In many places they leave wide flat stretches of land which is fit for cultivation, where the natives raise cotton and durra. In others they come so close to the river that their sides descend in perpendicular walls down to the water. They are frequently covered with broken and irregular sharp-edged rocks or huge boulders of stratified or unstratified rock lying about in the utmost confusion, heaved up and broken by subterranean action, which formed these mountains from Seribanti and Dongab, the highest in this region, to the fertile and extensive tableland around the region of the river Bir.

The Nile itself has apparently always held to the present bed, since there is no evidence of its ever having had, or is there any apparent possibility of its ever having any other. The mountains on either side are high, and its present course must have been the result of centuries of erosion through the tortuous curves it was compelled to follow, which nature in producing the mountains happened to leave, a course most appropriate to the drainage of this portion of Abyssinia by the Nile and its innumerable tributaries.

A Few Words of the Boma Language.

Eye, keberi	mouth, odo	teeth, negada
hair, éma	ear, edani	foot, akeju
water, ma	food, tela	beads, kelbeni
brass, lalang	cloth (calico), rom	spear, dela
iron, siggie	knife, kava	man, eda
sleep, onga	stone, bei	wood, biri
string, gein	walk, wask	come, boda
come on, ja	pillow (wood), ali	finger, valai
neck, inja	stomach, kenga	arm, ai
leg, so	tobacco, etoba	mule, etigera
sun, tamo	fire, go	I, anda
he, ni		

1, odde	6, torkono
2, rama	7, torgeri
3, io	8, torge
4, oe	9, torgogo
5, tur	10, omodo

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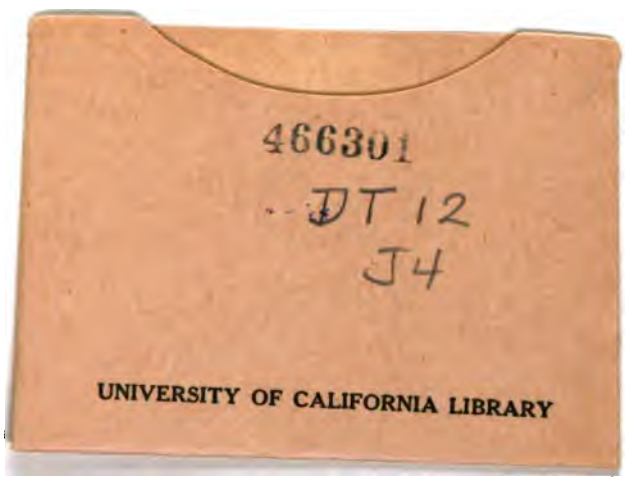
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